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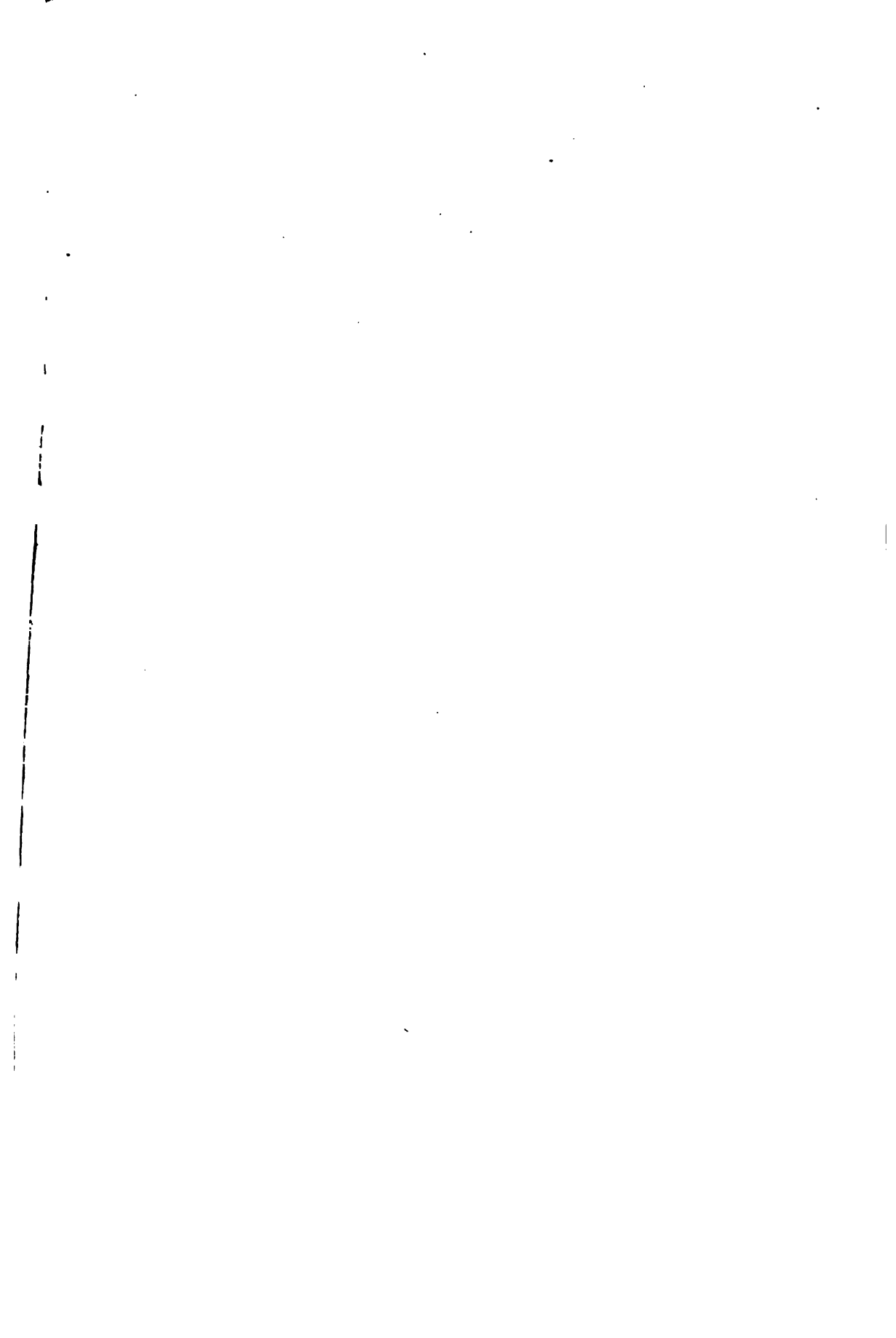
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Middlebury College



CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

1800—1900





A. H. JONES & CO. LONDON

JEREMIAH ATWATER

President of Middlebury College, 1800-1809

RECEIVED
JAN 10 1964

1800

A RECORD

1900

OF THE

Centennial Anniversary

OF

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE



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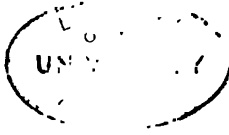
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MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

A SKETCH OF THE CENTENNIAL

THE purpose of this volume is to preserve the formal utterances of the centennial anniversary. That they may be given their proper setting, however, the various addresses are prefaced by this running account of the proceedings of the week.

Two committees cooperated in preparing for the celebration. The one appointed on behalf of the Trustees consisted of President Ezra Brainerd, '64; Dr. Henry H. Vail, '60; Hon. James M. Slade, '67, (died Sept. 13, 1899); Dr. James L. Barton, '81; Professor William W. Eaton. That appointed on behalf of the Alumni consisted of Hon. John W. Stewart, '46; Dr. Charles M. Mead, '56; Professor Edwin H. Higley, '68; Professor Walter E. Howard, '71; Charles M. Wilds, Esq., '75; William H. Button, Esq., '90. From these committees, President Brainerd, Professor Eaton, and Professor Howard were chosen to serve as an executive committee. The following additional committees were appointed from the Faculty: on Transportation and Entertainment, Ernest C. Bryant, '91; on Decoration, Edward A. Burt; on Music, Theodore Henckels; on Luncheon, William W. McGilton; on the Roman Drama, Myron R. Sanford; on Printing, Charles B. Wright.

The official programme for the five days of the anniversary was as follows: —

Sunday, July 1st. **BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.**

10.45 A. M. Baccalaureate Services in the Congregational Church. Sermon by President Ezra Brainerd, LL.D., '64. Subject: "Our Indebtedness to the Past."

8.00 P. M. Anniversary Services of the Christian Associations of the College in the Congregational Church. Mr. J. Earle Parker, '01, President of the Young Men's Christian Association, will preside. The Rev. Samuel W. Boardman, D. D., LL.D., '51, President of Maryville College, will deliver the address. Subject: "The Contribution of the First Century of Middlebury College to Christian Progress."

Monday, July 2d. **UNDERGRADUATE DAY.**

10.30 A. M. Class Day Exercises of the Class of 1900 on the College Campus.

3.00 P. M. Preliminary Meeting of the Associated Alumni in the College Chapel. The chief object of this meeting will be the appointment of committees to report at the Annual Meeting of Tuesday.

4.00 P. M. Game of base ball on the Athletic Field between the Alumni and the Students of the College.

8.00 P. M. Merrill and Parker Prize Speaking in the Congregational Church.

Tuesday, July 3d. **COMMENCEMENT DAY.**

8.30 A. M. Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni in the College Chapel.

10.00 A. M. The Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, and Students will form on the Campus and go in procession to the Congregational Church. Seats will be reserved in the Church for all in the procession.

- 10.30 A. M. Commencement Exercises in the Congregational Church. No one will be admitted without ticket until the procession has been seated.

The Annual Meeting of Vermont Beta, Phi Beta Kappa, will be held in the Lecture Room of the Church at the close of the exercises.

- 3.00 P. M. Dedication of the Egbert Starr Library. The address will be delivered by Professor Brainerd Kellogg, LL.D., '58, Dean of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

The period following the dedication is suggested as available for Class Reunions.

- 8.00 P. M. Commencement Concert in the Congregational Church.

Wednesday, July 4th. EDUCATIONAL DAY.

- 10.30 A. M. Educational Conference in the Congregational Church. The Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, D.D., LL.D., '48, President of Howard University, will preside. Addresses will be delivered by President William J. Tucker, D.D., LL.D., Dartmouth College; President Matthew H. Buckingham, D.D., University of Vermont; President Franklin Carter, Ph.D., LL.D., Williams College; President Charles S. Murkland, Ph.D., '81, New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

- 4.00-6.00 P. M. President's Reception at his residence, to which all the Alumni and Guests of the College are cordially invited.

- 8.00 P. M. A Roman Drama in the Centennial Building, under the direction of Professor Myron R. Sanford.

Thursday, July 5th. CENTENNIAL DAY.

- 10.30 A. M. Procession from the College to the Congregational Church. The Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, and Students will assemble at the Chapel, and the Invited Guests in the Egbert Starr Library.

11.00 A. M. Centennial Services in the Congregational Church. Hon. John W. Stewart, LL.D., '46, will preside. The Oration will be delivered by Professor Walter E. Howard, LL.D., '71, of Middlebury College; the Poem by Professor Edwin H. Higley, A.M., '68, of Groton, Mass. Tickets as on Tuesday.

Conferring of Degrees.

There will be a luncheon in the Centennial Building at the close of the exercises. Brief addresses by Invited Guests and Alumni.

8.00 P. M. Promenade Concert in the Town Hall, under the management of the Class of 1900.

The programme as planned was carried through without variation; the detailed account here given includes but a portion of its features.

At the baccalaureate services of Sunday morning, the sermon by President Brainerd was on John iv. 38: "Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours;" at its close the congregation joined in the hymn, "For all thy saints who from their labors rest." The prayer was offered by President Cyrus Hamlin (1880-1885), who, vigorous in his ninetieth year, and the most honored guest, was received everywhere throughout the week with the enthusiasm and affection due his distinguished record and delightful personality. The sermon, with the other addresses of the anniversary, will be found in full on later pages.

At the evening services of the Christian Associations of the College, Scripture was read and prayer offered by the Rev. James L. Barton, D.D., '81, Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The address by the Rev. Samuel W. Boardman, D.D., LL.D., '51,

outlined the contribution to Christian progress made by the College during its century of existence. A choir of fifty, composed largely of college students, sang the Hallelujah Chorus from "The Messiah."

An unscheduled feature of Monday morning was an 8.45 chapel service, crowded beyond the doors and conducted by the Rev. Sylvester B. Partridge, '61, of Swatow, China.

At the close of the annual meeting of the Associated Alumni, on Tuesday morning, the Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, and Students, headed by a band of music and marshaled by Col. Thad. M. Chapman and his aides, marched from the campus to the church, the procession being the largest in the history of the College, unless, indeed, it was outnumbered by that of the Centennial Day following. At the close of the Commencement speaking, degrees were conferred upon a graduating class of thirty, the largest senior class in sixty years. The master's degree was conferred in course upon two graduates who had fulfilled the College requirements as to study and examination; and the honorary degree of A. M. was bestowed on Mrs. Sarah Stoddard Williston, of Northampton, Mass., and on Mr. Julian Ralph, the journalist.

At three o'clock the newly completed Egbert Starr Library was dedicated, more than five hundred people overflowing the reading-room to listen to the dedicatory exercises. President Brainerd presided, and gave the history of the gift that had made a library building possible. The Rev. G. R. W. Scott, D.D., '64, conducted the devotional services. The address of Professor Brainerd Kellogg, '58, on "Books, their Contents and Uses," was a presentation of the paramount claims of literature in education. At its close the audience joined with the student choir in singing

to the air of Duke Street the following hymn, written for the dedication by Professor Charles B. Wright: —

The sacred aisles of praise and prayer
Are not alone Thy temples, Lord;
Within this portal springing fair
The treasures of the times are stored —

The garnered wisdom of the years,
A wisdom, Lord, not ours but Thine,
And where Thy wondrous thought appears
O may we recognize a shrine —

A hallowed shrine where eager youth,
For generations yet to be,
Shall enter, ardent for the truth,
And seeking truth shall learn of Thee.

The exercises of Wednesday began in the church at 10.30 A. M., with an educational conference. All taking part in this conference were college presidents. President Jeremiah E. Rankin, '48, of Howard University, presided, and President Rufus C. Flagg, '69, of Ripon College, read the Scripture and offered prayer. Five papers were presented: the introductory address of President Rankin on "Home Life and the Country College," and addresses by President Charles S. Murkland, '81, of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, on "The College and the Industries;" President Franklin Carter, of Williams College, on "Text-book versus Lecture;" President Matthew H. Buckham, of the University of Vermont, on "The Moral Life of the College;" and President William J. Tucker, of Dartmouth College, on "The College Curriculum." At the close of the addresses, President Rankin expressed to the speakers of the con-

ference the thanks of the College for their weighty and suggestive contributions.

From four to six o'clock in the afternoon, a reception was tendered at their home, by President and Mrs. Brainerd, to the guests of the College, the Alumni, and the entertaining townsfolk.

At eight o'clock, the Roman drama, "*Temporibus Homini Arpinatis*," the student contribution to the centennial festivities, was given in the Centennial Building before an audience of more than a thousand. For the splendid success of this presentation, credit is due to many. The faithfulness of the students in labors whose extent the uninitiated can hardly appreciate, should be given a generous recognition; and the work of others was also most valuable. The guiding spirit of it all, though, from the inception to the close, was the head of the department of Latin, Professor Myron R. Sanford. The play itself, a most artistic piece of work, was of his own devising, while every detail of preparation was given his personal oversight; and since the drama, unlike the various addresses, cannot be preserved in the present volume, it is felt to be fitting that this recognition should be accorded to the rare taste, scholarship, and unwearied enthusiasm that for one memorable night made a dead past live again.

The illumination of the campus at the close of the drama, while simple, was of rare beauty, long lines of lanterns bordering the walks and stretching out across the lawns from the chapel as a centre. The decorations throughout were dignified and impressive, and contributed much, during the anniversary, to the gala appearance of the college hill.

At 10.30 A. M., Thursday, the Trustees, Faculty, Alumni, and Students again gathered on the campus, and with the invited guests went in procession to the centennial services at the church. At these services Hon. John W. Stewart, '46, the senior member of the Board of Trustees and President of the Alumni Association, presided. With him upon the platform were the orator and the poet, the invited guests, those who were to receive degrees, the Trustees, and the Faculty. Prayer was offered, with Scripture reading, by the Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D.D., '62, after which came the singing of Luther's hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God," by the centennial chorus, and then the oration by Professor Walter E. Howard, '71. The poem was delivered by Professor Edwin H. Higley, '68. The following centennial hymn, its words by President Jeremiah E. Rankin, '48, and its music by Professor Theodore Henckels, was then rendered impressively, under the direction of Professor Henckels, by the united chorus, orchestra, and organ :

Where thy familiar spire appears,
Dear Alma Mater, we, to-day,
Rise up to crown thine hundred years
Of patient, wise, maternal sway.
Each pulse the wonted landscape thrills;
The same the valley's graceful sweep,
The same the strength of God's green hills,
The fields of gold the farmers reap.

Thy founders were a stalwart race,
Who had the faith to do and dare;
They laid thy corner-stone with grace,
And built thy walls with humble prayer;
From thrifty domicile and land,
To fill thy halls, their offspring sent;
The heirs of yeoman heart and hand;
Home-ties, their joy and sacrament.

In all earth's climes thy work is known,
Dear Alma Mater, sacred shrine !
Thy sons thy teachings still enthrone,
Thy daughters call their laurels thine.
Or East or West, or South or North,
What though no foot the path have trod,
One standard marks their goings forth,
" For freedom, virtue, and for God ! "

So long as greets the earth the sun,
As Otter's liquid waters glide,
Still be thy noble office done,
Be truth and grace in thee allied.
Thy sons among the good and great,
Thy daughters, excellent and fair,
In home, in school, or church or state,
The world give welcome everywhere.

At the conclusion of the hymn, President Brainerd said : —

By virtue of authority committed to me by the President and Fellows of Middlebury College, on this memorable day that completes one hundred years of the history of our Alma Mater, in the presence of these distinguished guests and of this large assembly of Alumni, I am about to confer the highest honor which the College can bestow upon men eminent for learning, culture, and service to mankind.

GEORGE THOMAS SMART, scholar and theologian.

HENRY WOODWARD HULBERT, preacher, and scholar in ecclesiastical history.

CHARLES SUMNER MURKLAND, educator, President of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

FRANCIS HIRAM SEELEY, pastor, exponent of devotion in the Christian ministry.

All these I create Doctors of Divinity, and bid them enjoy all the rights, privileges, and honors which are recognized among Christian nations as belonging to that degree; and I direct that their names be enrolled as Honorary Graduates of Middlebury College.

HENRY SANGER SNOW, jurist, patron of letters, President of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

RICHARD SILL HOLMES, scholar, leader in ecclesiastical work.

SAMUEL BILLINGS CAPEN, leader in municipal reforms, President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

JOHN GRIFFITH McCULLOUGH, jurist and orator.

WILLIAM ROLLIN SHIPMAN, scholar, educator, for thirty-six years Professor of English in Tufts College.

MATTHEW HENRY BUCKHAM, teacher, administrator, President of the University of Vermont.

BYRON SUNDERLAND, veteran preacher, beloved pastor, promoter of Christian philanthropies.

All these I create Doctors of Law, and bid them enjoy all the rights, privileges, and honors which among civilized nations are recognized as pertaining to this degree; and I direct that their names be enrolled as Honorary Graduates of Middlebury College.

The anthem by Dudley Buck, "In Thankful Hymns Ascending," was followed by the benediction.

The luncheon in the Centennial Building followed at 2.30 P. M., and over five hundred repaired thither at the close of the services in the church. The sloping floor of the playhouse had been leveled since the evening previous, and seven tables stretched the length of the hall. The invited guests, the speakers, the President, and the

Trustees were seated at tables arranged upon the stage, and the after-dinner speaking was from the platform. The gallery in the opposite end of the building was occupied by the students of the College and the musicians. The decoration of the interior of the hall was elaborate and effective, the flags of the various institutions represented at the celebration mingling with the Middlebury colors. Rev. Charles M. Mead, D.D., '56, officiated as chaplain. The duties of chairman of the after-dinner exercises were performed by Governor Stewart; the responses were interesting and varied, ranging from the lightest of pleasantries to the vivid portrayal, by Doctor Capen, of Middlebury's work in missions, and the eloquent eulogy on Mr. Phelps, by General McCullough. Governor Smith was the first speaker, followed by Professor John H. Wright, representing Harvard, Rev. Cornelius L. Kitchel, representing Yale, President Matthew H. Buckham, President Franklin Carter, Rev. William C. Winslow, who brought the greetings of Hamilton, President Henry S. Snow, Rev. Byron Sunderland, Rev. George N. Boardman, Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, Hon. Samuel B. Capen, General John G. McCullough, Rev. John C. Labaree, Rev. Richard S. Holmes, Colonel Aldace F. Walker, and James M. Gifford, Esq. The interspersed music and the well-timed cheering of the college students as the various representative speakers were introduced added much to the enjoyment of an afternoon that had passed beyond the hour of six when the hall was finally cleared.

The centennial ball, a brilliant affair at the town hall under the direction of the Class of 1900, was the closing feature of the crowded week. A majority of those in attendance during the week left for their homes on Friday,

though it was not until well after Sunday that the village resumed its normal summer look.

The following were the invited guests who were present :

PRESIDENT OSCAR ATWOOD	Straight University.
PRESIDENT MATTHEW H. BUCKHAM . . .	University of Vermont.
HON. SAMUEL B. CAPEN	Boston, Mass.
PRESIDENT FRANKLIN CARTER	Williams College.
REV. CYRUS HAMLIN	Lexington, Mass.
REV. CORNELIUS L. KITCHEL	Yale University.
GEN. JOHN G. MCCULLOUGH	North Bennington, Vt.
D. MCGREGOR MEANS, ESQ.	New York, N.Y.
REV. GEORGE W. PHILLIPS	Rutland, Vt.
HON. REDFIELD PROCTOR	Washington, D.C.
REV. CHARLES R. SEYMOUR	Bennington, Vt.
GOV. EDWARD C. SMITH	St. Albans, Vt.
PRESIDENT HENRY S. SNOW	Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.
PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. TUCKER	Dartmouth College.
REV. GEORGE N. WEBBER	Northampton, Mass.
REV. WILLIAM C. WINSLOW	Boston, Mass.
PROF. JOHN H. WRIGHT	Harvard University.

There were many interesting letters of felicitation, among them this cabled message from the University of Upsala, Sweden: —

"Collegio Medioburiensi saeculum feliciter peractum ex animi sententia gratulor eidemque in posterum omnia laeta ac fausta precor.

"Rector Universitatis Upsaliensis."

Many gifts of value were received by the College during the centennial week. The Class of '71 presented a portrait of President Harvey D. Kitchel, '35, (1866-1873); a portrait of Dr. Miron Winslow, '15, was the gift of his nephew, Dr. William C. Winslow of Boston; and one of

President Cyrus Hamlin was received from President Rankin. The following letter from the Rev. Wilson A. Farnsworth, D.D., '48, received by President Rankin and transmitted to the College, has reference to one of the most interesting of the contributions inspired by the occasion :—

CÆSAREA, TURKEY, May 7, 1900.

MY DEAR OLD CLASSMATE :— I have put up my present for my Alma Mater, — one hundred ancient coins. My intention was just one hundred, to indicate the age of the dear old lady. They have been marked, dates given, etc., by my missionary associate, Dr. Dodd. There may be one or two more or less, but one hundred is in my heart and what I mean.

I take great pleasure in sending these with my compliments, best wishes, and prayers. There are forty-one different packages to make out the one hundred. There are a good many duplicates, though strictly they are not duplicates at all. For example, there are several of Septimius Severus, but with different reverses. I think the Roman emperors are nearly, if not all, complete ; but this I have not verified.

No one of these coins is quite so old as the gentleman I had the honor to send many years ago from Nineveh, but some are about as well preserved as he, and doubtless have had an experience quite as varied. I am sorry I cannot be with you at Middlebury on the joyful occasion.

Returning to coins, I want to say that the dates of the Cappadocian coins are given according to an old book I have ; but I find that Head, a later authority on Greek coins, differs somewhat from this book. I have some anxiety whether these packages will reach you in season, but I will get them off at the first opportunity.

As ever yours,

W. A. FARNSWORTH.

One of the most attractive features of the anniversary was the collection of Alumni portraits. While this collection was, of course, incomplete, the response from the

living graduates and from the families and descendants of the dead was most gratifying to those having the matter in charge. The reading-room of the Painter Hall Library was used for the exhibit, and was filled throughout the week with interested students of the collection.

The Centennial Building, erected for the Roman Drama and for the luncheon of Thursday, stood directly west of the Egbert Starr Library and southwest of Starr Hall. It was a wooden structure one hundred and forty-five feet long and sixty feet wide, with an auditorium sixty by eighty feet; the stage was at the western end, and a gallery extended across the eastern end, above the entrances. The building was taken down when the celebration was over.

It is natural that those to whom the interests of Middlebury are dear should have looked forward to the centennial anniversary with eager anticipation and high hope. To say that the hope was realized is to speak well within the fact. From first to last, everything conspired to make the days ideal. The weather was perfect; it may well be doubted whether the century to come will furnish another set of days from July first to fifth so absolutely fitted for such a celebration. The manifold details of preparation, too, had been thoughtfully arranged. To carry to a successful close a crowded five-days' programme, an intricate machine was necessary, but so well was every bearing oiled that jar and friction were done away, and the ease of movement added much to the pleasure of the week. Occasional slight delays were for the most part chargeable to the Alumni themselves and to the unlimited sociability of the occasion, with class reunions and informal receptions, here and there between scheduled events, wherever opportunity

offered. To the marked social character of the whole reunion, the open-hearted hospitality of the people of the village and vicinity contributed much. The cordial cooperation of the New England colleges was also most gratifying. Their words of congratulation, the representatives they sent, and the papers offered by their presidents at the educational conference were notable features of the occasion. Best of all, however, was the response of the Alumni. Of the five hundred and seventy-four who were living, fifty-one per cent. were present, among them the oldest living graduate, Dr. William M. Bass, '32, of Neponset, Mass. When it is remembered that the list extends over sixty-eight years in time and over the world in place, this showing is remarkable. As an index of graduate loyalty and an earnest of good things to come, it was perhaps the most significant fact of the celebration.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

By PRESIDENT EZRA BRAINERD

Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours.

— JOHN iv. 38.

THE more we know of human life, the more intimate appears the dependence of man upon his fellows. Man is by nature the most gregarious of all animals. The adult may isolate himself from his kind; but the hermit is an abnormal creature, often a relapse to the plane of the beast. The shipwrecked sailor may survive for years upon some lone island; but it requires a genius like that of the hero of Defoe to keep mind and heart from starving in such solitude. Man can attain to the realization of his proper selfhood only when he comes into intimate connection with his fellow-men. Great achievement in art or science or business is possible only when men work together with a common purpose.

So absolute is this interdependence of men that many thinkers have held that human society is an organic unit like a tree. The branches, leaves, and flowers can none of them live apart from the tree; nor can the tree thrive when deprived of these members. Its normal life results only from the union and cooperation of all the parts. St. Paul,

with an insight which only our modern science is beginning to appreciate, has represented the society of Christian believers as constituting one body,—an organism with feet and hands and head, with eyes and ears,—each member having its special work, indispensably needful to the rest, but dead and useless when dissevered. “Whether one member suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or one member is honoured, all the members rejoice with it.”

This union of human beings in one common lot, for better for worse—this fellowship in weal or woe, in victory or defeat—is strikingly seen in the life of the family, or of the local community. But the mutual interests of a people in their national life are quite as profound, though less obtrusive. It is not without significance that our fathers spoke of the State as the Commonwealth,—the guardianship of the common weal. And as civilization advances, the solidarity of the whole human race is coming to be more and more pronounced. Our modern railroads, steamships, and telegraphs have brought the nations of the whole earth into a closer intercourse with each other than existed between the original States of the Union a century ago. With even more propriety than the sage of old we may say to-day that, as men, we are concerned with whatever affects the interests of men the round world over. Self-protection requires this: the horrors of the plague are felt in the distant cities of India; but in another season,

through the myriad ships that cross the ocean, the disease is at our own doors. But more than self-interest, more even than the needs of trade, a growing human sympathy is bringing all members of the human race together. We hear the cries of the hungry and the oppressed even in the remotest parts of the globe; we burn with indignation at the cruelty of the oppressor; we are eager to establish the institutions of science and education among less enlightened nations; we are zealous to send the gospel of Christian peace and salvation into every land. Thus the essential unity of the race is coming into fuller recognition. Every man is learning to feel the needs of his fellow-man; and we are advancing to a fuller realization of a universal brotherhood.

But this dependence of man upon man may be viewed historically as well as geographically. Not only the aggregate of human beings now living on the earth are bound together by the closest bond of mutual interest, but we are also bound with equally close bonds to the generations of men who have preceded us. This is the special thought of the text. Christ recognized the fact that the opportunity of the hour was due to the labors of prophets and saints who had preceded them. These had sown the seed; the apostles were privileged to reap the ripened harvest of that sowing. Other men have labored, and ye are entered into their labor.

It is eminently fitting on this occasion that we should consider OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO THE PAST. The educated youth of to-day go forth into the world, enjoying a higher degree of privilege than ever fell to the lot of their predecessors. Born of worthy ancestry, in as fair a land as the sun shines upon, surely they can say with the psalmist, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Let us pause to-day to contemplate the greatness of this heritage, and to learn some of the lessons that it teaches.

I would speak first of the blessings that have come to us from the past through *the channels of natural heredity*. Theologians have had much to say of our inheritance of native depravity. Every man is indeed born with animal traits, and attains to proper manhood only after a struggle with selfish and sensual instincts, acquired not only by Adam's fall, but by the misdeeds of centuries of savage ancestry. But if the modern inductions of heredity prove anything, they prove that good traits of mind or heart are transmitted to offspring as truly as bad traits. The Lord visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation; but he also shows mercy unto a thousand generations of them that love him and keep his commandments.

The more carefully we study the various races of men on earth, the more pronounced and persistent

appear their racial peculiarities. Education and custom have much to do in bringing this about; but inborn tendencies play a most important part in shaping character. In spite of the training of the school, in spite of social and religious culture, every man shows in his make-up certain tricks of manner, certain ways of thinking and of acting, that he owes to the parents or grandparents from whom he sprang. If they were men and women with brave hearts and steady brains and honest lives, it should be easier for him to attain to all manly grace and stature.

There is, indeed, a pride of race or of family that is vain and despicable. Rank and reputation are the extraneous things of a man, and cannot pass from father to son by any law of natural heredity. But it is a proper occasion for gratitude if one belongs to a race of men who for centuries in the past have stood for what was noblest in thought and literature, who have fought bravely for civil and religious liberty, who have sought to maintain justice in human society, and to guard the purity of the home. We have good reason to glory in the staunch character of the forefathers of New England. We may speak with just pride of the godly lives and the wise foresight of those pioneers of Vermont who founded here a Christian College a hundred years ago. If the blood of these men, or of other men such as these, flows

in our veins, it is a priceless inheritance from the past.

I ask you to notice, secondly, our indebtedness to the past for *our present treasures of wisdom and knowledge*. The important truths of science, which are now so plain that the schoolboy cannot fail to understand them, were at first but slowly and painfully apprehended. It took the world two thousand years to find out with certainty whether the sun moved daily around the earth, or the earth revolved daily about its axis. When the present century opened, almost nothing was known of the laws and possible uses of electricity. When, however, through some happy accident, or by some insight of genius, the problem is solved and the secret of nature is discovered, all men share in the knowledge and transmit it to future generations. Some of the greatest inventions of the race, like the printing-press or the steam-engine, were strangely slow in coming; but once made, they were made for all future time. The lessons of past experience have often been dearly bought. History is replete with the wrecks of foolish enterprises, with the failures of unsound methods of government, with futile schemes of selfish ambition. But the men who come after may, if they will, learn wisdom from the mistakes of the past.

In this way the human race, through all the centuries of its history, has been building up and

equipping a vast treasure-house of knowledge and wisdom,—grander than any cathedral, more enduring than the pyramids. The glory of the finished structure, when our knowledge and mastery of nature shall be complete, it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive. For the plan is not of man's devising, but the creation of a divine Architect. The earnest thinkers of the past have been often unconscious of the value and significance of their work; their labors have rather been prompted and guided by a God-given instinct.

Now the extended knowledge of nature and of man already accumulated in modern science and literature is all at the disposal of the new generation, who are soon to be the active members of the human race. It is as though all the great and good and wise of the past had been laboring for them. We of to-day are the heirs of all former generations, and are enjoying the rich inheritance which they have left to us. Hardly more could have been done for us if the worthies of old had had for their sole aim our happiness and well-being. The wonderful creations of Shakespeare, the eloquence of Burke, the beauty of Tennyson, the inspiration of Browning, are all for *our* benefit and delectation. The sublime thoughts of Milton and of Dante we may think over after them. We may walk in the intellectual footsteps of Newton and of Locke. All the poets and sages and inventors

of the past are to-day our servants and benefactors. If we live in intellectual luxury, it is because *they* lived before us. If we achieve great things, it is because they have paved the way.

But we are furthermore indebted to the past because of *the social and civil institutions that have been established*. What we call modern civilization is a most complex and recondite affair. We are surrounded constantly by its benign influences, as by the fresh air and sunshine of heaven. Its blessings are so universal and so continuous that we commonly fail to appreciate them, and forget at what enormous cost they were purchased. We live under a wise and just government which aims to protect the rights of its millions of citizens. Peace, order, and personal freedom prevail as a rule over this great republic. But only those who have studied the history of constitutional law know of the bloody battles, the fierce controversies, the prolonged struggles through which our fathers had to pass to establish the principles of law and just government under which we live to-day. The right of free speech, freedom of worship, the privilege of trial by jury, the abolition of slavery have been secured to us only by the sacrifice of unnumbered lives and countless treasures.

There are also other institutions than those of government which the past has bequeathed to us, no less valuable, though established by methods

less violent. Take, for example, our modern system of education. The establishment of free schools for the thorough mental training of all children, the founding and generous endowment of colleges and universities have done more to elevate the average intelligence and character of our people than any other secular institutions that can be mentioned. The modern age is noted for its charitable and philanthropic institutions—its hospitals and asylums, public libraries and galleries of art, founded by generous men for the good of posterity—institutions that contribute vastly to the comfort and dignity and refinement of our present civilization. In these matters, surely, other men have labored, and we are entered into their labors.

But there are still other influences more subtle and yet as potent that descend upon us from the lives and labors of past generations. There are unwritten customs, time-honored usages, rites of courtesy, that give character to our social life. Our forms of speech, language itself, is an inheritance from the past. Our love of the beautiful, our sentiments of honor, our code of morals, our religious hopes and beliefs, have all been instilled into us by the lives and teachings of noble spirits who came before us. Thus our lives are inextricably involved in the lives of our predecessors. In body and soul we are largely the resultant of forces that acted in former generations. For a few short years we are

permitted to enter into the perennial life of the race, and to inherit the wealth and power and attainment of the past.

Consider now two of the practical lessons of our theme. One is that *to the great and good who of old labored in our behalf we should ever cherish the deepest sense of gratitude.* It is not so easy a thing for us to be thankful to the dead as to be thankful to the living. The ears of the dead, we think, are deaf to all our praises. They have ceased from their labors; they can do no more for us. They dwell afar in the silent land, busied with higher concerns than those of earth; and we doubt at times if their thoughts and love go back to those who have taken up the weapons that they let fall when summoned from the conflict of life.

In the living presence of a personal benefactor our gratitude is spontaneous and finds ready expression. Perhaps there is a selfish element in it, and we think to insure a continuance or repetition of the benefit. Gratitude for the absent or the departed, gratitude to a giver who never knew us as individuals, is a virtue that pertains to the higher planes of character, and flourishes only when properly fostered. In the sphere of animal life but little account is made of filial affection. The love of parents for offspring is strong; the vigorous perpetuation of the species has required this. But in the

state of nature there is no reward offered to elicit love of offspring for parents. The young take from the old what they can get, as a matter of right; rendering a certain measure of respect and obedience, but never gratitude. We sometimes see in human beings these traits of the animal; but it finds no place in any proper conception of manhood. The human soul is susceptible to the noble sentiments of grateful reverence. Man alone of earthly creatures has learned to kneel and to adore. He alone lifts up the voice of prayer and praise to the unseen Father; he alone bares his head in the conscious presence of the infinite mysteries of life and death; he alone can appreciate and venerate the heroes of his race, and pay the homage of gratitude to unseen benefactors.

We cannot overestimate the uplift of character that comes to us from the cultivation of a grateful reverence for the past. We learn to value the blessings of our birthright when we realize what they cost in toil and sacrifice. A grateful reverence for the past begets in us a proper spirit of conservatism,—not that we think the men of former days were perfect, or their work complete, or their beliefs infallible, but that they laid well the foundations which we should maintain. We are come “not to destroy, but to fulfil.” In the contemplation of their virtues, in the study of their thoughts and purposes, and by the grateful recognition of their brave deeds

and glorious achievements, we catch something of the same spirit; we are changed into the same image, and become less unworthy of our noble heritage.

Nor is it any vain homage that we render to the dead. Think not that their ears are altogether deaf to the utterances of our thankful hearts. Even in the silent land whither the immortal spirits of just men have departed, there may come memories of earthly scenes, and affection may turn back with tender interest to the workers upon whom their mantle has fallen. The martyr who laid down his life in the defence of a great cause cannot but rejoice in its final triumph, even while he stands before the great white throne. We honor not the dead who lie cold and silent in their graves; we honor rather the living saints of the Most High God who have gone on to glory. Our gratitude for the good that has come to us from the labors of our forefathers floats not away like vain incense into the vacant air; its fragrance is borne on, as by angels' wings, through the gates of the heavenly city into the very presence of the mighty dead, who still live and love and care for men.

Our subject has for us a further practical lesson. If we are deeply indebted to those who have gone before us, *we are under corresponding obligations to those who shall come after us.* In God's providence we are not here in this world as the idle and passive

recipients of his bounty. The divine command is: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

We are indeed heirs to all the riches of our predecessors. All their science and literature are ours; we own all their wonderful devices by which the various forces of nature are subdued into service; we possess all the civil and social institutions which they established at such great cost. But we are not the last generation of men on the earth; only the latest. We are but a link in the chain of countless generations that extends through the centuries of human history. It is our duty to transmit to posterity the great legacy of the race, not simply unimpaired, but adorned and enriched and enlarged.

True greatness of soul is never found in living for self as the supreme end, in caring most of all for one's own ease or happiness, or fame or self-culture. The Master has said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it." The great soul is he who more and more, as the years of life pass by, learns to forget the things of self. For the Master has further said, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

The inheritance of the past comes to individuals in various forms. It comes often as material wealth. In these latter days there is an increasing number of men who have large fortunes, the fruit of industry and enterprise, — the earned or unearned increment of a prosperous age. It is one of the most

hopeful signs of the times that so many who have great possessions are recognizing the moral obligations that wealth imposes; that instead of wasting their substance in luxury and ostentatious display, they are using it to establish permanent benefactions to bless the coming generations. Here is to be found the true solution of the problems of socialism,—in the voluntary recognition of the Christian doctrine that all men are but the stewards of the Lord's bounty; that in God's kingdom "none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself."

But the legacy of the past may come to men in other forms than wealth. It may come as intellectual talent, or as opportunity for education and culture. But here, too, the divine law holds: "Freely ye have received, freely give." They of old who hoarded the heavenly manna found it in the morning but a mass of pollution. Knowledge and culture are vain, unless they can be used in the service of others. It is fixed in the eternal nature of things that self-worship is hollow and ghastly, but self-sacrifice glorious and godlike.

Dear Pupils of the Senior Class: Your college life draws to a close at a most interesting epoch,—as the nineteenth century is about to end, and as your Alma Mater completes her first hundred years of service. It is a time when we naturally contrast the past with the present. And as we do so, we are amazed at the increase of privilege and opportunity

that has come to young men and women during the century. The strides that have been made in the sciences, the clearer light with which history is read, the broader culture,—new books, new methods, new appliances, make college life far other now than it was in former days.

Nor has the wide world into which we send you ever before offered to earnest youth more golden opportunities. The human race is awake to great enterprises as never before. The fight is on, all along the line, between the hosts of darkness and of light. Men of character and ability are sought after everywhere to fill posts of importance and responsibility. For the earnest soul, strong in principles and faithful to high ideals, the world has never before offered a more glorious field for endeavor. Thank God that you live as near as you do to the latter days, when so much of the evil and imperfections of the past is behind you, and so much of the glory of the future seems to be opening before you.

As we bid you God-speed on leaving us to enter upon the life-work to which Providence may assign you in the grander era of the new century, I would impress upon you the saying of the Divine Teacher, that he who would become great should be the minister and servant of all. A noble life is a life of self-forgetfulness. As the years pass by, become more and more identified with the grand life of the race. Enter heart and soul into the great interests of our

common humanity. Work for your fellow-men; live for your fellow-men; and, if need be, die for your fellow-men. So shall you follow in the footsteps of the blessed Master, and enter into his reward.

ANNIVERSARY ADDRESS

BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

By PRESIDENT SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN

CHRISTIANITY is inclusive of all true religion; Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. It is exclusive of all other religions: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me;" "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Christianity is, however, like all things human, progressive. Of the increase of His kingdom there shall be no end. Every Christian college contributes to build up that kingdom, as the zoophyte to build up the coral island in the sea. The occasion suggests "The Contribution of the First Century of Middlebury College to Christian Progress."

As Abraham Lincoln ceased to breathe, Secretary Stanton, standing near, said, "He now belongs to the ages." The first century of Middlebury College now belongs to history. There is, of necessity, a deep pathos in such an occasion. No one human life covers the whole of its history. Life and death, mortality and immortality, time and

eternity are mingled in the review. To one standing on the summit of Mount Marcy, the landscape extends in one view from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson, and from Lake Ontario to the White Mountains. Boston and Montreal are at once under the eye. So we at this summit of time survey the whole field of our College history, from Aaron Petty, the solitary graduate of 1802, to the large Class of 1900. If this discourse shall be long, it must be charged to the alumni who have achieved so much that demands commemoration; and pardon may be asked on the ground that the audience will not be tasked again in the same way for a century.

Environment moulds institutions as well as individuals. Few places in America are more affluent in elements of romance, in history, or in natural beauty than the Champlain Valley, in the midst of which stands Middlebury College. It is full of stirring associations from the struggles and conflicts of French and English colonization in America. The names Champlain, Vergennes, Vermont are all French. The French built forts on the Lake, and held possession of this territory till the French and Indian War; nor was this region open to English and Protestant settlements till after the conquest of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759. On July 5, 1758, just one hundred and forty-two years ago, and eighteen years before the Declara-

tion of Independence, the British were badly defeated by the French near Lake George. The able French general, Montcalm, with thirty-six hundred active French and Indians, defeated the incapable British general, Abercrombie, with fifteen thousand brave British and American soldiers, accompanied by a fleet of one thousand and thirty-five boats and by abundance of artillery mounted on rafts. The battle was almost in sight from Chipman Hill, being fought a little north of Fort Ticonderoga. It resulted in the death of Lord Howe and the loss of one thousand nine hundred and forty-four soldiers, mostly British regulars. This valley, between the Green and the Adirondack Mountains, was thus charged with the spirit of one of the most strenuous conflicts in the history of civilization. At Crown Point and Ticonderoga, almost in sight from our College belfry, the French bestowed great sums of money in fortifications, and afterward the British expended ten millions of dollars on the same defenses. Parliament, in 1759, voted sixty million dollars for the conquest of French America. The spirit of the elder Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, reigned throughout this valley, and left his name on one of the fords of Otter Creek, Pittsford. This was only forty-one years before the founding of Middlebury College, and these events had much to do in forming the character of the population out of which soon afterward Mid-

dlebury College rose. The subsequent struggle for American independence, and the peculiar position of the inhabitants, between the rival claims of New Hampshire and New York, gave in addition a unique flavor of character to Vermont. The first seal of Vermont was the "beech seal." Ethan Allen impressed much of his strong, though unpolished, character upon the State. From Quebec, where Wolfe triumphed, to Saratoga, where Burgoyne surrendered, this valley was alive with heroic memories. Nor has it been less distinguished in later days, when McDonough triumphed on the Lake, or when the body of John Brown, "whose soul went marching on," was brought back from Virginia, through Middlebury, to be buried in a nook among the Adirondacks. The first students of Middlebury College were the sons and grandsons of the heroes of Quebec, Ticonderoga, and Bennington. Dr. Beman told us at the semicentennial that his own father participated in the capture of Fort Ticonderoga under Allen and Arnold.

Our fathers found ozone on the mountains and iron in the hills; and both entered into their blood. By a marked Providence, the College was located at Middlebury, a settlement made by notable and superior men. Daniel Foot, Gamaliel Painter, Seth Storrs, Daniel Chipman, Samuel Miller, Darius Matthews, and kindred spirits, were an uncommon assemblage. The tide of immigration from the older

New England colonies had been recently turned toward Vermont, and many of the ablest young men came hither. President Dwight three times visited Middlebury, and directed to this place several of the most promising graduates of Yale of that day. He encouraged the establishment of the Academy and College, and afforded valuable counsel and assistance. Presidents Atwater and Davis, Professor Hough, Seth Storrs, Senators Seymour and Samuel S. Phelps were prominent students from New Haven; Chipman, Swift, Merrill, and Hall, from Dartmouth; Starr, from Williams. Dr. Merrill took the valedictory from Daniel Webster at Dartmouth, and President Bates from Chief Justice Shaw at Harvard. President Davis was the first choice for President of Yale to succeed President Dwight. Such a collection of valedictorians, college officers, and other superior men in any country village is very rare. There were early settlers at Middlebury who, though not college graduates, were scarcely inferior. Such a body of early inhabitants imparted an elevating influence of great value to the College, which has continued from the first. For one-quarter of the century past Middlebury has been represented in the United States Senate, and for the same length of time by members in the House of Representatives. It has been the home of three governors, and always of many influential citizens. The time

when the College was founded is worthy of notice. Washington had just died. The Federal Constitution had been in operation only eleven years. The heroes and statesmen of the Revolutionary period survived, but were rapidly passing away. Napoleon was beginning his marvellous career. Burns and Cowper had recently died. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were beginning to write. Byron, Shelley, and Scott had not yet risen to notice. The population of the United States was 5,300,000. Its financial resources were probably not one-seventieth part of what they now are. The Christian Church was much smaller in proportion to the whole population than it now is.

The village of Middlebury had emerged from the primeval wilderness only ten or fifteen years before the founding of the College. An academy had been established three years before, in 1797. A college charter had been sought for two years, but delayed. Gamaliel Painter, Seth Storrs, and Samuel Miller, however, were enterprising and level-headed men, and at length prevailed. The Legislature met here in 1800 and granted the college charter on Nov. 1. Immediately a choice selection of youth were gathered together for study. They were like the people of Middlebury, of a superior class. Dr. Beman related in 1850 that, leaving Williams in order to find a college nearer home, and passing through Burlington, where, stimulated by Middlebury, the University

had been commenced, he was so impressed with the ability, diligence, and earnestness of the teachers and students here that he was constrained to cast in his lot among them.

The century which we now review as at a single glance, yet measures an important part of the history of the world. It is one-nineteenth of the Christian era. It is one-fourth of the time since the discovery of America, the revival of learning, the development of the arts, and the Protestant Reformation. It is more than one-third of the period since the settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth. It covers nearly the whole of our independent national life as an American Union. Yet the memory of two generations easily covers the whole. Henry Chipman of the Class of 1803, the first class that really appeared at Commencement, was a brisk, alert, efficient youth in 1800, yet several persons who are now present heard him, at the Commencement dinner in 1865, relate familiarly incidents of the very first years of the College, and especially the formation of the Philomathesian Society, of which he was the chief founder, and the account of his puzzled studies in constructing the name "Philomathesian." I saw Daniel Chipman, one of the charter members of the Board of Trustees, borne to the grave in 1850. I called upon President Atwater in New Haven in 1856; I took college notes, used in the preparation of this address, from Daniel Hopkins (1804); I con-

versed with Salem Town (1805) respecting the early days of the College; and many of us were familiar with the presence of Governor Slade and Doctor Beman of the Class of 1807.

In this place the intellectual life of fifteen hundred graduates has been formed. Upon this College the eminent achievements of many of them have reflected charm and lustre. They were once here. They went out to large and earnest service in all the world. Most of them are not, and yet they live and will ever live, here and in the many fields of their active life-work. There are peculiar emotions attending a college brotherhood. We are one family. We have but one Alma Mater. She may be less richly endowed in finances than some other colleges, but she is ours, and we love her with an undying affection. She is *our* dear mother; *our* Alma Mater.

We are not here to boast of superiority over other similar institutions. It is enough for us that we have an honorable place in the noble fraternity of American colleges. We, however, confidently challenge a place with the best. Though no one of our number has occupied the presidency of the United States, yet one, an illustrious senator, who went from a farm almost under the eaves of the College, refused the vice-presidency; declined a place in the cabinet, and a seat in the Supreme Court of the United States; and was regarded, had he lived, to be as sure of the presidency as any one can be before nom-

ination and election. Another of our number often presided over the Senate, and the dignity of his presence, as Charles Sumner expressed it, seemed to fill the whole chamber, as of one every inch a senator. A third brother was long an honored Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. A fourth was an exceptionally distinguished ambassador to the Court of St. James; at whose illness and recent death expressions of tenderness and condolence were sent to the private citizen's home in New Haven, Conn., by the sovereign lady, the Queen of the British Empire. The universities by the sea have sometimes spoken of the institutions of the interior as fresh-water colleges. But when we recall the names of Webster, Choate, and Chase; of Wright (1815), Nelson (1813), and Phelps (1840), it may well be questioned whether the mountain air is less favorable for the development of able men than the breezes of the ocean. It is our delight on this occasion to congratulate all American colleges, and especially those that are nearest to us, on their grand achievements. Middlebury was necessarily modeled after Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth, from which it received its first instructors. Dartmouth almost belongs, according to original intention, to Vermont; separated from it only by the silver thread of the Connecticut River. It holds lands in Vermont, donated to it by our legislature when it was perhaps expected that one college would suffice

both for New Hampshire and for the New Hampshire grants. Dartmouth has received from Vermont Asa Burton, Ebenezer Porter, Daniel Chipman, Thaddeus Stevens, James and George P. Marsh, Asa D. Smith, Walbridge A. Field, and many others of her most illustrious sons. It has furnished two presidents to the college, one of them a native of Vermont. The two present worthy senators from Vermont, both natives of the State, were graduated in the same Class of 1851 at Dartmouth.

Especially are the other colleges of Vermont to be congratulated on this centennial occasion: Norwich University, on such students as Generals Partridge, Ransom, and Jackman, Admiral Dewey, and many others. Captain Alden Partridge, the founder of Norwich University, was the first Commandant of West Point, and also the founder of what is now the Wesleyan University in Connecticut. Norwich University is deserving of high honor for having furnished a long list of brave, skilful, and patriotic officers and men for the defense of the Union.

The University of Vermont, though chartered earlier than Middlebury College, was not set in operation till a beginning had been made in this place. If its establishment had immediately followed its charter, it is not likely that Middlebury College would have been chartered. The University has accomplished a noble work in philosophy,

in science, and in literature, and has sent forth efficient representatives into every part of the world. Its genial relation to our Alma Mater is seen in the fact that it at one time invited one of our own number to its presidency. For a century of Christian education, these two towers of learning, somewhat unlike but not unequal, have stood side by side, like the pillars of Hercules, opening the way out into the broader realms of human knowledge. Education in Vermont has had more amplitude, variety, and completeness than it could probably have had with either alone. Presidents Marsh and Torrey, from Dartmouth, were not precisely the same as Presidents Davis and Bates and Professors Hough and Stoddard, from Harvard and Yale, yet the teaching of each institution to some extent affected and supplemented that of the other.

In a review of the history of Middlebury College for the past century, to form some estimate of its contribution to the Christian progress of the world, it is unnecessary to repeat what was so well said at the jubilee fifty years ago by Professor Hough and others concerning such of the earlier graduates as had then deceased, and yet in any aggregate estimate of the College they cannot be wholly omitted. At that time eight hundred and seventy-seven men had been graduated, and about seven hundred were supposed to be living. Many of the most eminent were present at the jubilee, and any very specific

account of their talents and work was then, from considerations of delicacy, impossible. The number of the deceased is now so large that lack of time forbids such minute details of individual lives as were then given. The English catalogues since published by Mr. Pearson and others, and especially the one about to be issued, render this entirely unnecessary.

Some specific account, however, of the work done by our alumni as a body is essential. In this it is not desired to exaggerate anything, but in plain and simple statements to recount briefly what has been accomplished, and leave the record to speak for itself. Good scholars have entered here. It was said that Dr. Richards, of Meriden, N. H., who fitted Solon Albee (1851), remarked that he had never trained a better student. Of his brother, Hon. Sumner Albee (1848), of Boston, Professor Andrew P. Peabody, of Harvard University, said at his funeral that he never knew a better man. These were representatives of many Middlebury students. No average estimate can, of course, wholly exclude the living from our review, though they must, for obvious reasons, be spoken of much less freely than we speak of the dead. The work of more recent alumni cannot be brought very largely into the account, since their life-work is as yet in great part unachieved, and even what is done is less known than is that of the older graduates.

Although Christian ministers, and especially foreign missionaries, are most conspicuous in the promotion of Christian progress, yet the work is by no means restricted to their agency. When there was no preaching at Canton, N. Y., Silas Wright was accustomed to read a sermon to the congregation. Such elders as Calvin T. Hulburt (1829) and John C. Churchill (1843) are scarcely less efficient in the church than clergymen. When I asked the pastor of one of them if he was not a valuable worker, he replied, "Invaluable!" Wherever in any profession, or in any sphere of life, our alumni have made the world better, they have contributed to Christian progress. Only Omniscience can estimate the exact value of their lives. Beneficent influence is too subtle, too elusive, for perfect measurement by man. It is pleasant to consider ourselves, for the time at least, at this Centennial, as one brotherhood, without distinction of time or space, of profession, or denomination, or politics,—each sharing the honors of all, and every one valuing every other as an honored member of the same body. The breadth and catholicity of our work afford us especial satisfaction. All the great religious bodies have been represented. In the Roman Catholic communion, the Right Reverend Bishop Edgar P. Wadhams (1838) was known as a resourceful and indefatigable prelate. In the Protestant Episcopal Church, Bishops John P. K. Henshaw (1808) and Ozi W.

Whitaker (1856), of Rhode Island and of Pennsylvania, have been distinguished for fidelity and usefulness. In the Methodist Episcopal Church, President Stephen Olin (1820) and many others have been eminent. In the Baptist Church were George B. Ide (1830), Ira Chase (1814), and Professor Thomas J. Conant (1823), a great scholar and member of the Bible Revision Committee. Of Presbyterians, there have been three Moderators of the General Assembly, and many prominent pastors and teachers. Of Congregationalists, a still larger number have held positions of prominence. Among Universalists, few have stood higher for scholarship and literary ability than Thomas J. Sawyer (1829). Dr. Sawyer but recently passed away, seventy years after graduation, having been long ago honored with a doctorate from Harvard, and having held the highest appointments of his denomination. He was one of the first two or three men in his denomination, according to a competent judge. Nearly the same would be said, on similar authority, in their respective denominations, of Beman, Olin, Howe, Conant, Post, Whitaker, and Wadhams. Our brethren, in almost all the various walks of life, have received most of the tokens of public respect which are possible to American citizens. For one of our number, Senator Silas Wright, the merchants of New York City contributed a service of plate valued at eighteen thousand dollars. In honor of another,

a professorship of law has been endowed in Yale University; and the same Ambassador Phelps, although a Democrat, was appointed by a Republican President on a most important case of international arbitration.

The desire for a college in Vermont before its establishment was quickened among the aspiring and enterprising pioneers of Middlebury by the visit to Colonel Storrs, in 1797, of a farmer, Mr. James Evarts, the first representative in the legislature from his town of Georgia, Vt., who was taking his son Jeremiah, then sixteen years of age, to Yale, because, although the University of Vermont had already been chartered, no college had been as yet established in the State. It illustrates what may be involved in the education of one Vermont boy, that there are now over a hundred living descendants of that lad, more than twenty of them in professional life. That youth had a genius for hard work, and made "Ad astra, per aspera" his life motto. He became a Christian lawyer, of whom Dr. Gardiner Spring, his college associate at Yale, himself at first a lawyer, said that he was abundantly competent to have been Chief Justice of the United States. He achieved perhaps a higher usefulness as Treasurer and Secretary of the American Board, in which service his genius contributed essentially to the establishment of the methods and the policy of American

missions in the foreign field. His son, William M. Evarts, as reported by Schuyler Colfax, was declared by Abraham Lincoln to be, in his judgment, best adapted of all the Americans of his day to be Chief Justice of the United States; and besides being a Senator, Attorney-General, and Secretary of State of the United States, was declared by Mr. Blaine to have been employed on more illustrious arguments at law than any other American lawyer. Other such lads did enter at Middlebury College almost as soon as it was opened. What a magnificent output was that of the first fifteen years, while the College, with as yet only three or four professors and tutors, was still confined to the old Academy building, which stood from 1797 to 1868, and which many of us remember. In those few classes it sent forth four Governors, six members of Congress, an illustrious United States Senator, an able Judge of the United States Supreme Court, a Chief Justice and several Judges of the highest State Courts; an Episcopal Bishop, a Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly; distinguished preachers and missionaries; with many others, lawyers and ministers, scarcely less eminent. President Timothy Dwight, writing at that time, said: "The local situation of Middlebury, the sober and religious character of the inhabitants, render it a very desirable seat for such a seminary. . . . All its funds have been derived from

private donations, chiefly from the inhabitants of the town." In 1811 he wrote: "The number of the students is now one hundred and ten (as many as Yale had in 1796, when Dr. Dwight became president), probably as virtuous a collection of youth as can be found in any seminary in the world." "Twenty-five years ago," he added, "this spot was a wilderness."

As a result of this work of the College, and of the University of Vermont, which was also now exerting extensive influence, and of the schools and academies, Vermont early obtained an enviable reputation for intelligence; so that Daniel Webster, a little later, is recorded to have declared that there was not on the earth a more intelligent average population than that of Western Vermont. It may be doubted whether any of the older colleges in the country can show, from 1800 to 1815, while the work was still confined to the one old Academy building, a larger proportion of students who attained eminence than can Middlebury College.

Vermonters have always been characterized by a certain sturdy independence. When Ethan Allen was promised the governorship of Vermont if he would submit to British rule, he referred the delegation to another tempter, who promised all the kingdoms of the world on a similar condition,— "while the poor tempter knew, all the time," said Allen, "that he did n't own a foot of it." In gen-

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eral, Vermont has been characterized as in favor of sound principles, sound morals, sound philosophy, sound theology, sound politics, and sound money. There is at least a slight distinctive characteristic differentiating the graduates of every college from those of another. It is a difference determined by their origin, history, environment, students, traditions, resources, and teachers. One college is superior in one respect, and one in another. The whole body of educated men is enriched by these varieties. There has been a peculiar flavor of college character in Middlebury, as in Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth. There has been an independence and downrightness, reminding one of Bennington and Seth Warner. In their sermons, their speeches in Congress, their books, their wit, their politics, and their theology, they have done their own thinking and stood for a positive quantity, a little distinguished from that of any others. The speeches of Silas Wright are easy reading—plain, simple, and forcible. He says a thing, and then goes on to something else. So of Beman, Olin, and Hall; of Nelson, Roberts, and Phelps. A keen critic said he thought the sermons of President Theodore D. Woolsey the most terse and condensed he ever heard, till he listened to one of our alumni.

Early in the century there sprang up numerous societies for evangelization, philanthropy, and re-

form. Of these, many of our alumni have served as secretaries and agents. Walter Chapin (1803) was Secretary of the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society; William Slade (1807), of the Board of Popular National Education; Miles P. Squier (1811), of the Geneva Agency of the American Home Missionary Society; Otto S. Hoyt (1813), of the American Education Society; Benjamin Chase (1814), of the American Bible Society; Orson Douglass (1814), of the Colonization Society and of the Seaman's Society; William Patton (1818), of the Presbyterian Education Society; Ira M. Allen (1820), of the Baptist Tract Society; Henry B. Hooker (1821), for many years, of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society; Ova P. Hoyt (1821), District Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; George C. Beckwith (1822), for thirty-five years Secretary of the American Peace Society; Walter Follett (1825), of the American Tract Society; John Spaulding (1825), for sixteen years Secretary of the American Seaman's Friend Society; Benjamin P. Stone (1828), for twenty-two years Secretary of the New Hampshire Home Missionary Society; Sheridan Guitteau (1829), of the Maryland Tract Society, and of the Sunday School Union, for twenty-eight years. Edwin F. Hatfield (1829) was Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly for thirty-seven years, and also a Moderator of the

General Assembly. John W. Chickering (1826) was Secretary of the Massachusetts and also of the Congressional Temperance Societies. Enoch C. Wines (1827) founded and was Secretary of the National Prison Association; Washington Roosevelt (1829), of the American Protestant Society. James L. Barton (1881) is now a Secretary of the American Board. This is by no means an exhaustive list, but it is sufficient to show how widely and actively our alumni have been employed in the progressive work of the Church, and in the service of society in all directions.

Of the twenty-four members of the Class of 1824, eighteen became clergymen: four Presbyterian, six Episcopal, seven Congregational, and one Baptist, illustrating the variety of fields in which our graduates have always been employed. Time forbids even a brief specification of the services which have been rendered by our brethren in the various departments of philanthropy and reform. A volume, rather than a brief address, would be required.

The removal of slavery has been one of the great events of American history during the past century. John Dickson (1808) is said to have made the first important antislavery speech in Congress. William Slade was a coadjutor of John Quincy Adams in the same movement. David Root, valedictorian of the Class of 1816, was prominently identified with the same cause. David T. Kimball (1829) was one

of the sixty-two original members of the National Antislavery Society. Beriah Green (1819), Jonathan Blanchard (1832), and Jesse Caswell (1832), espoused that stirring and divisive cause. Charles Cleveland (1824) devoted himself to the elevation of the African race. Later, Luke Dorland (1841) labored long and successfully among the freedmen. William A. Howard (1839), as chairman of the Congressional committee investigating, on the ground, the border irregularities of the Kansas-Nebraska troubles, before the war, promoted effectively the same issues. These, of course, are but representatives of many others equally devoted to the securing of emancipation.

Many unique and striking services to Christian progress have been rendered by our brethren, of which only a very few can be noticed. Hall J. Kelly (1813) endeavored to colonize Oregon. Daniel Smith (1810) made an early missionary exploration of the Southwest, with Samuel J. Mills. Edwin James (1816) was attached for three years to Major Long's exploring expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and published the journal of that expedition. He also published nine different works, five of them in the Ojibwa language, among which is a translation of the whole Bible. Henry Stowell (1816), and William D. Cook (1832), especially promoted the interests of the deaf and dumb. Moses Ordway (1820) organized the first Presbyterian church in

Michigan, at Green Bay, in 1836. Edwin F. Hatfield was the first Presbyterian home missionary beyond the Mississippi. Hiram Chamberlain (1822) was the first Protestant minister settled in the valley of the Rio Grande. Jonathan A. Shepherd (1838), as chaplain, opened the first Confederate Congress with prayer. John Thompson (1826) suffered imprisonment as a missionary to the Cherokees. Enoch C. Wines was almost the father of prison reform in America. Jonathan Blanchard was the great enemy of secret societies. If any of these our ardent brethren were called cranks, yet cranks have their use; they bring up water to refresh and invigorate others of less active temperament.

As preachers and pastors, our alumni have occupied pulpits in almost all the principal cities as well as country districts of the United States, from Bangor to New Orleans, and to the Pacific coast. In many of these they have been eminent. We need only name Nathan S. S. Beman (1807), Carlos Wilcox (1813), Sylvester Larned (1813), Stephen Olin (1820), William Patton (1818), Reuben Post (1814), Thomas Charlton Henry (1814), Truman M. Post (1829), Samuel C. Aiken (1814), Harvey D. Kitchel (1835), Henry Smith (1827), Joel H. Linsley (1811), George B. Ide (1830), Thomas J. Sawyer (1829), among the deceased, not to notice living preachers equally distinguished. Some of our brethren have rendered very long professional service.

Luther Sheldon (1808) was pastor at Easton, Mass., for fifty-two years; Calvin Hitchcock (1811), in Randolph, Mass., thirty years; Samuel C. Aiken (1814), in the First Presbyterian Church of Utica, N. Y., and the First Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, Ohio, forty years; Reuben Post, in Washington, D. C., and in Charleston, S. C., about forty years. William Patton was pastor in New York City about thirty years; John B. Steele (1818), fifty-two years; Isaac N. Sprague (1822), sixty-five years; John W. Chickering, in Portland, Me., thirty years; Martin M. Post (1826), in Logansport, Ind., thirty-five years; Erdix Tenny (1826), in Lyme, N. H., thirty-seven years; Cyrus B. Drake (1834), in Royalton, Vt., forty years; Truman M. Post, in St. Louis, thirty-one years; Charles Goodrich (1834), in New Orleans, thirty-three years. Byron Sunderland (1838) has been a pastor in Washington, D. C., forty-five years. George Howe (1822), having taken the valedictory here and at Andover, and having been appointed Phillips Professor of Theology in Dartmouth College, at the age of twenty-five was compelled, for the sake of health, to remove to South Carolina. He was there for over fifty-one years, Professor and President of Columbia Theological Seminary. The semicentennial of his inauguration as Professor of Biblical Exegesis was celebrated, with great interest, in November, 1881. His pupils came together from all parts of the South. "With

grand and massive head," said the journals of the day, "saintly and venerable was his appearance." He continued to be a severe student and careful author to the end.

Some of these men have wielded surprising power in the pulpit. Professor Fitch, of Yale, used to cite Carlos Wilcox as a model sermonizer. Sylvester Larned probably stands alone among American preachers for the impression he made and the fame he achieved at so early an age, dying at the post of duty the day he was twenty-four. Thomas Charlton Henry became so conspicuous that Yale conferred upon him a doctorate when he had been only ten years out of college. "Doctor Beman, when aroused," said a graduate of the University of Vermont, "was equal to any three men you ever heard." Stephen Olin would at times hold vast audiences entranced and breathless with his burning logic and the irresistible power of his earnestness. Few American preachers have mingled more of logic and of poetry than Truman M. Post. Assuredly we have had our place among the sacred orators of the American pulpit. Several of our number have been chaplains in Congress, in both House and Senate, and also in the State legislatures and in the Army and Navy. A still higher place is due, perhaps, to those who have gone forth to the work of home and foreign missions. It shows how widely diffused the influence of this College has been, to notice how many of our

alumni have done an important part, or the whole, of their life-work in the South,—Beman, Larned, Olin, Thomas Charlton Henry, Keith (1814), Henshaw, Rhodes (1815), Chamberlain, Chase, Gildersleeve (1814), Reuben and Truman M. Post. Eleven of the twenty-eight members of the distinguished Class of 1814 made their homes in the South. Howe, Sunderland, Rankin (1848), and many others in more recent years, have labored south of Mason and Dixon's line. Some of our number have long had a fixed place, as stars of the first magnitude, in the history of the evangelization of the world. Pliny Fisk (1814), though he died at the age of thirty-three, preached in five languages. There is something akin to genius, though higher, in the mingled natural and spiritual endowments with which God seems pleased, in every generation, to enrich some favored individuals. They become ensamples and especial witnesses to the ever-living power of Christianity. Such were Fisk and Parsons. Their names will ever be associated, like double stars, in the galaxy of our heavens. Both died young. Though superior, they were not very much distinguished for scholarship while here in College. They sought things above. They were often found with Winslow, Morton (1812), Messer (1816), and others engaged in revival meetings, in the school-houses about Middlebury. Perhaps they did not enough set their hearts upon things on the earth, especially

in the recitation-room. It is certain that they did mount up with wings as eagles. They became different and superior beings. Men took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus, and had learned of Him. Professor Park says that for ten years after he had left, the personal influence of Pliny Fisk was felt as a spiritual power in Andover Theological Seminary. Secretary Rufus Anderson said that Mr. Fisk's niece, Miss Fidelia Fisk, seemed to him more like our Saviour than any person he had ever known, so perfectly unobtrusive and so perfectly appropriate seemed her every word and act; and in this, he said, she reproduced the singular personality of her uncle. Levi Parsons (1814) died at Alexandria, Egypt, in 1822, at the age of twenty-nine. Mr. Fisk was with him to the end, and their conversation was of the things of the kingdom. Even after Mr. Parsons had fallen asleep for the last time, as if his heart wakened, his lips still murmured, in beatific tones, words of Holy Writ. Suddenly there came a startling change,—the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken,—and our brother who had been familiar with these college scenes passed into a world where he was more at home than on this earth. The foreign consuls and other Europeans in Alexandria followed his remains, with tokens of the highest honor, to the grave. The exact place of his burial was afterward lost, and no man knoweth the place of his sepulchre to this day.

Professor Hough well said of him, fifty years ago, that some of Mr. Parsons' last written words would do honor to any intellect. They evinced powers which, if employed in other channels, might have made him not less conspicuous in public life than his nephew and namesake, the donor to Middlebury College,—diplomatist, governor, and Vice-President of the United States, Hon. Levi Parsons Morton. The death of Mr. Fisk, at Beirut, a few years later, made a still deeper impression. He seemed indispensable to the mission. The whole population, native and foreign, diplomatic as well as missionary, deplored his death. His triumphant end was a fresh demonstration of Christianity. The Arabs wondered, and could not conceive it possible that a human being could be so ready to die. Of such sons, and of others seeking the same aims, in every department of life, doubtless our Alma Mater says with Cornelia, "*These* are my jewels."

Middlebury College has sent forth five hundred and seventy ministers, of whom thirty-nine were foreign missionaries, all with substantially the same spirit as Fisk and Parsons. They have been useful and honored in every part of the world, and their graves are scattered among all people. When the sea shall give up its dead, Warren (1808), Winslow, and Keith, and perhaps others, will come forth from its depths to glory. Their names will hold places of honor on the final roll of the church

triumphant. When George C. Knapp (1852) died at Bitlis, Turkey, where he had labored for forty years, the whole city mourned for him; the Gregorian ecclesiastics tenderly desired to bury him in their own consecrated ground, and, when this could not be granted, they attended his obsequies, as a token of respect, in their full canonicals. Miron Winslow (1815) rendered such eminent service to Oriental linguistic studies by his Tamil Dictionary that Harvard University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Hiram Bingham (1816) will ever remain one of the most conspicuous figures in the history of the Hawaiian Islands. He became the pastor of one of the largest local churches of modern times, composed of natives converted by hundreds from the lowest heathenism. Several of our alumni have been employed in the translation of the Bible into heathen languages. Lyman B. Peet (1834) translated the whole New Testament and a part of the Old Testament into Chinese. Sylvester B. Partridge (1861) has also translated a part of the Bible into one of the dialects of China. All this is a record of peculiar honor. The foreign missionary work seems to be in many respects the highest allotted to man on earth. If God became incarnate to save men, and if men are destined to eternal sinfulness and suffering if not so saved, what other enterprise can compare with that of bringing this salvation within their knowledge? In Christian

lands all men have that knowledge, and can be saved if they will. When the inmates of a burning house have been awakened, and can escape, they certainly have less further claim than those sleeping in other burning houses, who are not as yet aroused. The thousand millions of the race not yet evangelized seem to make the greater demand upon Christian effort.

Much of the best work of the College has been done in furnishing the country with teachers. Thirty-two of the alumni have been college presidents, and ninety-eight professors in colleges and theological seminaries. Others have been prominent teachers of academies or founders, benefactors, or directors of important schools. Salem Town (1805) opened the first teachers' institute, and was the author of numerous school-books. Miles P. Squier (1811) effected much through the Geneva Institute, which he founded and sustained. Henry Howe (1817) was a leading teacher at Castleton, Vt., and at Canandaigua, N. Y. At Castleton Academy there were said to be at one time six students who subsequently took the valedictory at Yale and in the other colleges to which they went. At Canandaigua, Mr. Howe instructed Senator Stephen A. Douglas and other distinguished men. Middlebury has furnished two presidents to Marietta College, and two to Knox College. Chauncey W. Fitch (1825) was the first President of the Uni-

versity of Michigan. Alonzo Church (1816) was President of Franklin College, Ga., for thirty-three years, and educated many prominent Southern statesmen and clergymen. Carlisle P. Beman (1818) was long President of Oglethorpe University in the same State. Franceway R. Cossitt (1813) was a college president in Tennessee for twenty-five years. Benjamin Chase (1814) was the largest early donor to Austin College, Texas, giving to it \$25,000, under the presidency of the Rev. Daniel Baker, D.D. Norman F. and Truman K. Wright (1839) were successful teachers in Central New York for about fifty years. Albert Hurd (1850) has been connected with Knox College, and Allen P. Northrop (1851) with Flushing Institute for nearly half a century. The late Daniel D. Gorham (1847), of Northampton, Mass., was an efficient teacher nearly as long. Edward J. Hallock (1833) was Principal of Castleton Seminary for eighteen years, and fitted many students for Middlebury. Nine members of the Class of 1851 had been under his instruction.

In other ways the alumni have promoted the great work of education. Hon. Stephen A. Walker, valedictorian of the Class of 1858, was for ten years a Commissioner of the Board of Education of the City of New York, and was esteemed one of the ablest, most faithful, and most successful occupants of that important office. Of vigorous intellect, sound judgment, and thorough discipline, he

was a man of continually increasing reputation, which promised further advancement in public life, if he had not been cut off in the full vigor of manhood. Solomon Foot (1826) did some of his best work as a tutor in the University of Vermont and as the builder of the present spacious edifice of Castleton Seminary. Howard University, established for the elevation of an emancipated race, has for eleven years flourished under the administration of Dr. Jeremiah E. Rankin. Maryville College, founded by Southerners but opened to all races, has been enlarged and strengthened during the same period.

The work of the teacher is peculiar in this, that his pupils remain of the same age. The waters change, but the river is the same. The pupils whom I have taught during the past year are of the same age as were my classes here of 1860 and 1861. I can scarcely realize that the graduates of 1860 now average sixty years of age, and are here to-day with their children and grandchildren. I cannot forbear to recognize the manly work done in life by the members of the five classes who came under my instruction from 1860 to 1864. They have in a good measure obeyed the injunction of the text from which the Baccalaureate was preached by me forty years ago: "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily." Forty-nine members of those classes entered the Union army.

The first and tenderest tribute is due to those who paid the last full measure of devotion to their country, dying on the battle-field or in the hospital: Bennett, Eaton (1862), Converse (1862), Crane, and Williamson. To these I must add the names of Miles P. S. Cadwell (1859), who was my pupil at Castleton Seminary, and of John Q. Dickinson (1860), who was later assassinated, scarcely less in the service of his country. Fourteen of the forty-nine who were enlisted were captains or held higher offices. Members of these five classes have become distinguished as clergymen, lawyers, jurists, physicians, journalists, financiers, and teachers. Seven of them are on the present Board of Trustees, and it is an especial gratification that one of them has been for the last fourteen years President of the College,—one who had before that rendered an honorable service as instructor from the day of his graduation, with the exception of two years at Andover, amounting to a longer term of service than any other teacher but one has rendered to Middlebury College. May he long continue with growing usefulness and honor to adorn this high and arduous office. It is also a matter of gratitude and pride that members of these classes have contributed so liberally to the recent endowments of the College and the erection of new buildings.

One can scarcely forbear to notice on this occasion how many of our alumni of great promise have

been cut off in early life. Charles G. Haines (1816) was declared by Daniel Webster to be the most brilliant man in the country, though he was spared only nine years after graduation, and died at the age of thirty-two. Fisk, Parsons, Wilcox, Larned, Henry (1814), and Allen, all died early; in later years, Samuel M. Conant (1844); Eber D. Munger (1842), who was expected to become Professor of the Natural Sciences; Thomas S. Pearson (1851), biographer and historian; James E. Pierce (1861); William H. Button (1861); and many others. The thoughts of the Divine Disposer of human lives are above ours, as the heavens are above the earth.

Christian progress has been promoted through all the professions. In the nature of things, laws must be chiefly enacted and executed by those learned and skilful in the law. Law is a noble, a beneficent, a sacred profession. While the ministers more directly study the word of God, and strive to bring individuals and communities to righteousness, yet it must ever be the province of Christian lawyers to guide public sentiment into right channels, to practicable measures; and to consolidate it into safe and useful legislation. The late Edward J. Phelps was a great lawyer. He loved the study of law for its own sake. He traced back its principles to their Divine origin in natural and revealed religion. Judge Swift relates, in his history of Middlebury that Samuel Phelps, in his discourse on the

death of Daniel Webster, in 1852, dwelt much on the conviction, by which he was deeply impressed, that the perpetuity of our civil and political institutions would depend wholly on the prevalence of Christian principles among the people. His son, the late eminent Ambassador to England, and Yale Professor of Law, was yet more decidedly of the same opinion. In the early history of Middlebury College there was a professorship of law, filled by Daniel Chipman, LL.D., and Nathaniel Chipman, LL.D., who erected an ample building for a prospective law school, thus looking toward a university scheme, which, however, was never realized. Professor Hough also held for several years a professorship of sacred theology, and a number of young men studied divinity here. A large body of medical students likewise, although they attended lectures elsewhere, received their diplomas from Middlebury College. Through its lawyers, the College has achieved much of its best work; three hundred and sixty-seven of our alumni have been lawyers, and fifty-two judges.

The medical profession has been not less useful and honored, ninety-three having become physicians. The care of that body in which man bears the image of God, is committed to the physician. It is a body in which Christ became incarnate; in which the Holy Ghost dwells as His temple; a body which shall yet be changed, in the resurrection,

and become incorruptible and immortal, like unto Christ's glorious body. The care, with scientific skill, of such a tenement of the immortal spirit is a noble, a sacred calling. To relieve pain, to heal disease, to restore and preserve health, to promote physical vigor, development, and enjoyment, is a beneficent service. Among the alumni, how many have been known, in thousands of grateful homes, as beloved physicians. Gowdy (1819), Platt (1812), Cutter (1814), Eaton (1825), C. C. P. Clark (1843), the Allens (1842 and 1845), Bass (1832), Ross (1852), Walker (1860), Eddy (1860), Hemenway (1864), and many others come to mind. When the body of Alfred J. Long (1851), who had practised medicine for forty years in Whitehall, N. Y., was borne through its streets to burial, places of business were closed in token of a public bereavement. For many of our brethren who have died as village or city pastors, the general mourning has been deep and sincere. The casket which contained the body of Edwin F. Hatfield (1829), who addressed the Philadelphian Society in 1850, and who had been one of the most successful winners of souls in New York City, was left, after all the public ceremonies of burial were over, on the border of the grave, for private interment; several gray-haired men, who had been won to Christ in their youth by the fervid ministry of their then young pastor, were seen bending tenderly over his casket, each to secure a memorial lock of

hair commemorative of one who had long before led them to become reconciled to God. The same affection has followed hundreds of our brethren to their final rest.

In respect to literary work, our alumni have done much as editors and authors. Salem Town, David B. Tower (1828), Henry Smith, John J. Owen (1828), R. D. C. Robbins (1835), Henry N. Hudson (1840), Thomas J. Conant, Brainerd Kellogg (1858), Clarence E. Blake (1873), and others have furnished approved and widely used text-books for academies, colleges, and professional schools. In romance, the works of Daniel P. Thompson (1820) seem likely to be read as long as the Otter Creek flows and the Green Mountains stand. We have an assured place in poetry; the poems of one of our number, John G. Saxe (1839), have gone through more than forty editions in this country and in England. In criticism, also, we have a place through the works of Henry N. Hudson; in biography, through Daniel O. Morton (1812), Joseph H. Barrett (1845), and others; in reports and digests of law, through Daniel Roberts and others; in projects for civil reform, through Dr. C. C. P. Clark; in authorship and collections of hymns, through the labors of Beman, Burnap Hatfield, Rankin, and Hiram Mead (1850). It is certainly something that wherever English-speaking people meet and part, they sing, in the words of one of our number, "God be with you till

we meet again." Especially in classical and Biblical criticism have Owen, Robbins, Smith, and Charles M. Mead (1856), a member of the Bible Revision Committee, rendered eminent service to American scholarship.

Many of our graduates have been ambitious of post-graduate and foreign study. In Germany they have attended the lectures of Neander, Schelling, Hengstenberg, Jacob Grimm, Carl Ritter, Gesenius, Roediger, Ewald, and others of more recent times. In later years, several of the younger alumni have distinguished themselves as specialists in different departments of science.

The higher education of American women was inaugurated in Middlebury by Mrs. Emma Willard. Its first school was conducted by her here from 1807 to 1819, when it was removed to Troy, N. Y. It there acquired a national reputation, and contributed as much, perhaps, as any other institution to promote the higher female education throughout the world. For seventeen years Middlebury College has contributed to Christian progress by the education of the daughters as well as the sons of the people.

In respect to philosophy, theology, and practical religion, Middlebury College has always held a high position. Revivals were frequent from the beginning. Here Beman, Larned, and many others first heard the call of God to preach, and became flames

of fire. Here the lips of many ministers, evangelists, and foreign missionaries have been touched as with a coal from off the altar. Few classes have been graduated without passing through one or more such seasons of especial spiritual blessing. This place is favorable for such influences. There is something in mountain scenery which constrains the human heart to say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," and to repose in the assurance that as the mountains are round about, so the Lord is round about them that trust in Him. The first settlers of Vermont, whether professedly religious or not, felt these influences, and spontaneously went back to first principles and to God. It is historic that Ethan Allen, when demanding the instant surrender of Fort Ticonderoga, did it "in the name of Almighty God;" and that Judge Harrington, when refusing to surrender a fugitive slave, based his decision on the ground that no claim to a man could be valid which did not include a bill of sale from his Creator. There were bands of praying women, elect ladies, in the early days of the College, in Middlebury and elsewhere, who bore it on their hearts, aided needy students, and were a source of influence in bringing the College to permanence and power. Indeed, Middlebury College was for many years, we hope it still is, a part of the religion of the Congregational churches in its vicinity. Especial answer to prayer

was certainly manifest in the brilliant product of the first fifteen years.

Our Alma Mater has not been identified with any limited philosophic school. As Dr. Bates said in 1850, her system has been substantially natural realism, or rather, theistic realism; holding all knowledge, both subjective and objective, concerning both mind and matter, to be real, and vouched for by the benevolence and veracity of God. In theology, her standard has always been truth; her creed, the Bible; and her faith, that once delivered to the saints. Not less than twenty of our number have been professors in the theological seminaries of the different denominations, and others have declined similar appointments. Their influence has been at once progressive and conservative. They have, in general, accepted nothing and surrendered nothing, except upon sufficient evidence. George Howe was president and professor of a theological seminary for fifty-five years; Marcus T. C. Wing (1820), twelve years; Thomas J. Conant (1823), twenty-two years; Edwin Hall (1826), twenty-two years; Ira Chase (1814), twenty years; Eli B. Smith (1823), twenty-eight years; Henry Smith (1827), twenty years; James A. B. Stone (1834), in seminary and college, thirty-one years; Thomas J. Sawyer (1829), fifteen years; George N. Boardman (1847), twenty-two years; Hiram Mead (1850), twelve years; Charles M. Mead (1856), twenty years; Francis B.

Denio (1871), eighteen years. Besides these, Burge (1806), Beman (1807), Henshaw (1808), Hascall (1806), Winchester (1847), Squier (1811), Herman Hooker (1825), and many others have published able works on theology and philosophy. General Thomas was called the Rock of Chica-mauga, because, as an impregnable tower, he withstood and turned back the assaults of the enemy. Edwin Hall (1826) was the Rock of Orthodox Theology. While ready and eager to welcome light from whatever source, the influence of Middlebury graduates has been on the whole conservative; and it is so now, in respect to the present movement of philosophical and theological thought. When we were here fifty years ago, the idea of development, derived from German speculations, was familiar. We had here distinctly before us, ten years before Darwin published his startling hypothesis, the question whether the universe is a creation or a mere development of impersonal and unconscious forces. Yet notwithstanding the scepticism that has to some extent prevailed in varying forms during the past century, there can be no reasonable question that the prevalence and power of evangelical religion have been steadily on the increase. When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him. The proportion of those professedly religious, in the whole population, is much larger in 1900

than it was in 1800, especially in the colleges. In Yale it is probably four times as large. Notwithstanding much infidelity and much immorality, revivals have been frequent and powerful throughout the century. About the end of the first decade, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was formed, and during the second decade, or soon afterward, the Bible, Tract, Temperance, Home Missionary, and many other societies were established. Later came the Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Association, and women's societies in great numbers, and of large variety; still more recently Societies of Christian Endeavor and innumerable leagues for Christian work. The material dominion of Christian nations over the world has probably been doubled within the past century, and Christian missions have entered almost every unevangelized land. In wealth and in militant power, Christianity is already in undisputed ascendancy. It cannot but be matter for sincere congratulation with us that our College has been permitted to have so large part, and in so many ways, in this great Christian progress.

The people of Middlebury have always given a genial welcome to the College and its alumni, as they did in 1850 and do at this Centennial. Indeed, the College was founded, not by the Church or State outside of Middlebury, primarily, but by

the intelligent, aspiring, benevolent, and religious people of this place. No alumnus ever failed to receive a cordial greeting on his return, so long as Philip Battell lived, and he lived to cheer us with his suavity and kindness till he was ninety years of age.

The seven classes with whom we were associated in student days, from 1847 to 1851, remember all our instructors with pleasure and with high respect: President Labaree, prompt, faithful, friendly, orthodox; Professor Meacham, resolute, racy, aspiring, capable,—a natural orator, whose versatility of talents gave him a prominent place both in the pulpit and in the halls of Congress; Professor Robbins, accomplished, accurate, conscientious, industrious; Professor Parker, practical, candid, patient, persistent; Professor Eaton, intelligent, urbane, diligent, genial, genuine. They made a good Faculty.

Middlebury has always been a progressive college, and never made so rapid expansion of its appliances, methods, and agencies for the most recent and up-to-date instruction as within the last one or two decades. It is doubtless doing better work, in many directions, now than ever before. But it has always been an enterprising college. The Philological Society, founded by Professor Patton, produced Conant, Smith, Post, Owen, Robbins, and others,—a remarkable list of linguists. Professor Conant says that Middlebury was the first American college

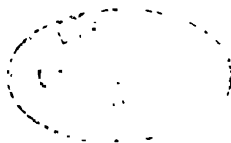
to introduce German into its curriculum, Harvard following a year later.

These surrounding mountains and all this Vermont and Middlebury scenery were our teachers. They lifted up our thoughts to God. They rendered literature more real and science more significant. The beautiful environment in which we were educated wrought itself into our souls, and its influence shall, with them, endure forever. President Edwards says that soon after his conversion, watching the tremendous thunderstorms that rolled along the Connecticut valley, with pouring floods of rain and blinding sheets of lightning, he found them "exceedingly entertaining," as exhibitions of God's power and glory. What student of Middlebury, as he sat on the window-sill of his room in Painter Hall or in Starr Hall, and saw the vast masses of summer clouds fold themselves in and out among the peaks of the Adirondacks or the Green Mountains, has not richly shared that entertainment? Though not born poets, the environment compelled us to write, up there in Old Painter Hall, fifty years ago, or, rather, wrote for us:—

"The teachings of these scenes shall live forever,
Engraven on the tablets of the soul.
Time hath no power their influence to sever
From memory. Its wheels shall cease to roll,
And heaven be wrapt together as a scroll ;

The unsubstantial earth shall fade away,
Melting like mist from utmost pole to pole ;
But Nature, in the soul, shall live, a ray
From the unclouded Sun of Everlasting Day."

Some of us remember with perfect distinctness the semicentennial, the jubilee of 1850. It is a wide stream to be spanned by a single arch. We heard President Labaree's admirable address of welcome. We heard Doctor Bates, in this very place, take leave of mountains, river, and college scenes. We heard Professor Hough's elegant and discriminating delineations of the lives and characters of deceased alumni. We witnessed the felicitous discharge, by Congressman Alexander W. Buel, of the duty of presiding officer at the jubilee banquet. We heard the addresses of many distinguished alumni. We can still recall the tones of James D. Butler, as he said that industry was not necessarily *industry*; and the inimitable wit of Saxe's "*Carmen Lætum*," when we saw an old valedictorian double himself up like a jackknife, as afterward General Sherman used to do, when our poet compared the translation of Enoch by faith to the translation of Horace by Professor Hough. Some of us come back, after nearly or quite half a century, almost as to a final examination. Though college classes come and go as waves upon the sea, the time at length arrives when all must be at rest. Every tent must at last be folded. We had hoped that Roberts and Phelps



and Sawyer, and others who have but recently fallen asleep, would have seen with us this Centennial ; but they are gone. So it has been and so it will always be ; and it is well.

It was pleasant at the jubilee, fifty years ago, to hear Beman and Olin and other strong men express their deep love for this College. How often did Truman M. Post and Mark Skinner give utterance to their strong affection for Vermont. Professor Post continued to speak affectionately of the College for more than fifty years of absence and return, and to the last. His son relates that a few days before he died, in 1886, he rose from his sickbed, had himself dressed, and walked across the hall to a window, where he imagined he was looking upon the waters of Lake Champlain and toward the Adirondacks. He stood at the window for some time, and tried to discover the lake and the hill country beyond, but at length gave up the attempt, saying it was too dark to see the peaks on the other side. The wealth and the glory of the College is in the love of such children.

We have, however, no place for sad thoughts as we look forward to the future, either for individuals or for the College, but rather we have solid grounds for hope, assurance, satisfaction. Men die, and for Christians to die is gain ; but institutions live, and so far as they are identified with the Kingdom of Christ they will become larger and stronger. America will yet have hundreds of millions of in-

habitants, with corresponding growth in every direction. Vermont and Middlebury will share in that growth. William H. Lord used to say that Vermont will yet be considered the most beautiful State in the Union. We believe that the number of graduates of Middlebury College in the next century, notwithstanding the competition of other institutions, will be double that of the past century, and that the appliances of education will be increased in yet larger proportion. It will work in a better century and a better world. Intemperance, Sabbath-breaking, and other vices will, we believe, be gradually diminished in this land and in the world. As the sun melted away the glaciers of the drift period, and clothed the earth in its present verdure and beauty, so will Christianity, by the constant pressure of its holy forces, melt away the obstacles to the prevalence of the promised righteousness. And with the prevalence of righteousness the earth will be filled with an unimagined affluence of all kinds of good, material and spiritual. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, the advantages to be developed under the more full and intense operation of the forces of Christianity.

We gather here on this centennial week, as ships meet in mid-ocean, to salute one another again for a moment; to wish one another, for the remaining way, a prosperous voyage and a safe arrival at a happy final port. The American poet

who is perhaps most widely read in Europe, and whose bust adorns Westminster Abbey, felicitously commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation at Bowdoin College, by the exquisite poem, "Morituri Salutamus." But all believers in Christ are about to live rather than to die, while the church on earth, though its members die, is about to conquer. It is a suggestive fact that the same Latin future participle *victuri*, from both *vivo* and *vinco*, covers both life and conquest. The church is perhaps double what it was in 1800; it may be far more than doubled within the next century. It is not for us to know the times and the seasons, but we have ample reason to anticipate the accelerated triumph of Christianity. The very nature of the system, the agencies employed, the obvious import of prophecy, the manifest tokens of Providence, so greatly enlarging the sway of Christianity in our own times, seem to indicate, if not to demonstrate, its sure and hastening triumph. We congratulate, therefore, the religious societies of Middlebury College, whom we have been invited especially to address on this occasion, and all who shall hereafter be associated with them, on the "high, exciting, and gratifying prospects" before them. It was a classic proverb, "To die for one's country is sweet." In a higher sense, to live, labor, and die for Christ and for the church is sweet. The motto of the first, oldest, and largest of Amer-

ican colleges is "Christo et Ecclesiæ." Christian colleges are the vanguard of the hosts of Christ as He rides prosperously, conquering and to conquer. We, especially, the older graduates of Middlebury College, for whom the day is far spent and the night at hand, — who have borne to some extent the heat and burden of the day and who come, we hope, with some sheaves, — salute you and bid you welcome to the immeasurable privileges of the Christian life and the future harvest field. Before you is a work, in and for Christ, by the Spirit, and unto the Father, of which no human being is in himself worthy, and which angels may well covet. It often seems questionable whether the condition of saints in the millennium, when the world shall have been converted, or of saints in heaven, where there are no souls to be won, can be of equal blessedness with that of those who now and here entreat and beseech and persuade men to be reconciled to God. We, alumni of Middlebury College, who have been permitted to participate in that work, are witnesses for God to these religious societies of the College, to all that are here, to the century that is before us, and to all the centuries that shall follow, that notwithstanding the high hopes which were held out before us when we were here in youth as students, the half was not told us of the ineffable privilege of the Christian life and work. Not one good thing which the Lord had promised

has failed. We ask no higher privilege for what remains to us of life on earth than to continue in this service; and we can conceive of nothing higher in heaven than to be admitted to the more immediate presence and enjoyment of the same triune God, who has been, through life, in all its service, our shield and our exceeding great reward. Many of us have been tried as in the fire, but never has one like the Son of God been so near to us as in the furnace. Here we reaffirm that we know whom we have believed, and we are as sure of the great realities of religion — revelation, inspiration, atonement, grace, God, Christ, sin, responsibility, regeneration, sanctification, the future life, with its awards of good and evil, the resurrection of the body, and, above all, that God is love — as we are of our own existence. It is true that in the interpretation of both nature and revelation man is limited and liable to error, alike in his science and in his theology; but the sun is always behind the transient cloud, and will in due time shine forth. All science will become theistic, and all theology scientific. The Holy Spirit will lead at length into all truth, both in nature and in revelation. To this higher and holier knowledge, we who are about to die in the body, but to live forevermore in the soul, welcome and salute you. The Church Universal, also, which is about to conquer, and to live forever, salutes you. *Victuri salutamus!*

DEDICATION ADDRESS

BY DEAN BRAINERD KELLOGG

FELLOW ALUMNI AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

WE are here to commemorate a rich gift to the College, and to dedicate to its great service in the future this library building into which the gift has been converted. Tell me, I pray you, how your speaker may best do what he has been asked, and has promised, to do in this commemoration. Shall it be in part by lauding the generosity of our departed friend, to whom, though not a graduate, this commodious structure, beautiful in design, tasteful in its appointments, and so well suited to its purpose, is due? Shall it be by comparing or contrasting it with buildings of its kind elsewhere? Shall it be by dwelling upon this significant fact, that of the ten regal edifices of the land, two are libraries—that of Columbia College and the National Library at Washington, and both of recent erection? Shall it be by glorifying the wisdom of our esteemed donor and that of all such donors, of whom the most flaming example of the day is Andrew Carnegie? Shall it be by showing that to such gifts a peculiar honor and value belong in that they inspire so many men to the giving of

books that thus the building may be justified and its purpose fulfilled?

Shall I, must I, spend my hour upon these and kindred subjects? I do not wish to do so, and I think I read in your faces that I need not. I want to speak of books instead of the buildings that house them; books in which are deposited and imprisoned in words the thoughts of the living and of the dead; thoughts loosely related on the page and thoughts traced there to their underlying principles, and built up into stately sciences, into vast systems of speculation and belief, and into the more attractive body of literature itself. Of my own volition, then, and with your approval, I turn to my topic,— Books, their Contents and their Uses.

Their contents are thoughts, created by detecting and affirming the relations that exist between things and hence between our ideas of things; relations between things in the world without, between things in the world within, between the things in the world without *and* the things in the world within; relations existing with little or no agency of ours. To detect these relations and to affirm them in judgments is to think, is to create thought. The thinker, and he alone among men—but the term includes us all—is a creator, and that in the high sense of the word.

Man finds fibrous wool growing, and somehow conceives that it can be spun and woven, and that

out of the cloth garments can be made to protect and adorn his person. He sees ore lying all around him, and there flash upon him successively, in successive ages perhaps, the several processes by which it may be smelted into iron, the iron wrought into steel, and the steel converted into engines. Wood and stone and metal abound, and in some happy moment they suggest to him their utilization to meet human needs, and lo! upon some convolution of his brain there appears his plan of a building. Thus far all is thought, a pure creation; and he, the thinker, is its creator. But when he goes on to change the wool into clothes, the ore into engines, and the stone and wood and metal into a building he is not creating; he is only transforming matter into an outward embodiment of his inward thought, which alone is his real creation. In all these transformations, matter, material, is consumed. There is, in illustration, just so much less of wood and metal and stone left for others to use as the builder of this structure took for his own use.

But the things out of whose relations the thinker creates his thoughts are not even touched by the operation. They remain for others to use in other ways, for others to use in the same way; for, out of the same relation between the same things, thousands have successively created the same thought, each thinker ignorant that he was not its original

creator. And, if wholly ignorant of what had been done before him, each was the original creator.

My friends, it would not be irreverent in me to suggest that the matter out of which the worlds were wrought, nay, the very stuff, whatever it be, out of which our minds were formed, may not have been created by the Almighty, but that it was and is co-eternal with him. Perhaps, who shall say? perhaps he only fashioned what he found; made the outer and the inner world out of substance coexistent with himself from the beginning, if beginning there was. But at least he fashioned it all after those archetypal thoughts which he *did* create, and so realized his thoughts in things. Yet, if he did not create this primal matter out of nothing, he differs from you and from me as creator only in degree and not in kind. As his works are not our works, so his thoughts are not our thoughts but far above them; and therein he is the supreme Creator. But, unless he made the original something out of nothing, his creations are not more genuine creations than are ours.

In this power to think, to create, are we made in the image and likeness of God. With what dignity, then, I had almost said divinity, does this power clothe us! What nobility belongs to our thoughts, few and feeble though they be! What sacredness attaches to books that contain these thoughts! And how like a temple should we regard such a building

as this devoted to their preservation! Well might Milton, in his indignant outcry against the censorship of the press in his day, exclaim: "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself."

Our one inextinguishable grief respecting libraries is, that they do not date back to the beginning of human thought. Men did not write as soon as they began to think and to talk. The characters we call letters are not coeval with the sounds they represent. The air, the lungs, and the organs of the mouth and the throat — all things needful for speech — were at hand; but visible signs for audible sounds and the instruments and materials for making these had to be prepared. In no libraries, then, have we any record of what our primeval ancestors thought and said about things and about themselves. Between us and so many æons of our race there hangs an interceptive and impenetrable veil. Of all on the other side we are ignorant, save when a Schliemann unearths thence a buried city, or another archæologist recovers something prehistoric but of human workmanship. Upon everything else we may speculate and speculate, but our speculations are founded, not upon the rock, but upon the sand.

Had words been written as soon as spoken, and had this writing, preserved in libraries, reached us,

perhaps we should know where the human race started and when; whether from one pair or from many pairs; and whether this one or these many by special fiat or from creatures infra-human. Darwin then need never have vexed his brain with the *Origin of Species*, nor Drummond his with the *Ascent of Man*. Perhaps we should know whether the old homestead of our Indo-European family was in Europe or in Asia; when and whither the successive migrations from it set forth; and whether those across Europe and that one over the passes and down into upper Hindostan encountered and drove before them races already there. Perhaps we should no longer conjecture concerning the origin of language; what the first words were and how formed; how some have run down into derivative prefixes and suffixes, and others into grammatical inflections, and what these all meant and mean. Perhaps we might follow the other steps by which man emerged from brutehood into the manhood in which we find him when history gets its first snap-shot at him. Then had our knowledge of our kind been what Macbeth wished to be, — "Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, as broad and general as the casing air."

We are not greatly disturbed that error has crept into books. We are not infallible; and we are all glad of it, because infallibility does not make an agreeable writer or a pleasant companion. And what

a loss to us, if, without testing it to see if it be true, we had to swallow everything books put into our intellectual mouths! — a loss not of enjoyment alone but of profit and of power as well! For nothing is more wholesome and disciplinary than scepticism; and once there was no nobler word in the language than its name, since it meant seeing, looking into things. Error in books is harmless; only error in our premises, our reasoning, our conclusions, our theories, our knowledge, is harmful. There it is as the flaw in the boiler of an ocean steamship, as an air-bubble in the shaft. Only, we may comfort ourselves with the thought that not everything called error is error. Even heresy is but the belief of one with whom we do not agree; and the heresy anathematized in one age is so often the creed of the next. The first weapon of the reader against error is defensive, doubt, which, like a breakwater, holds everything at bay and as long as we wish; the second and last is offensive, thought — thought profound, penetrative, protracted, and exhaustive. The best books are those that stimulate the reader to the most vigorous questioning, that drive the ploughshare through our most cherished opinions and beliefs and compel rigorous reexamination. Not homeopathy but enantiopathy, some one says, is the true medicine for the mind.

But, though books are not coeval with thought, they are of incalculable worth to us. They

enable investigators in every field to begin their labors where those just ahead of them left off. Libraries, to appropriate Hamilton's figure, are the fortresses by which we hold the territory we have conquered; and they become in turn the bases for new conquests. The multiplication of books makes the progress of this and of every century to stand in geometrical ratio to that of its predecessor.

And to those of us who are not investigators, books are beyond all price. Knowledge won by observation and by reflection on what we observe — first-hand knowledge — is better than any other of course; but, if restricted to this, what intellectual starvelings should we be! We should get this knowledge, get all we can of it; but let us remember that second-hand knowledge, knowledge gleaned from thoughtful reading, is good; good in that it stimulates to the other; and good, inexpressibly good, in itself. Let us get all we can of this too.

Show me where libraries — large or small, college or village libraries or, as in my childhood, school-district libraries — abound, and I will show you men keen of eye and ear and tongue and men of stalwart views. They may follow the plough, shove the plane, shoe your horses; but, unlike the dyer's hand, their natures are not subdued to what they work in and with.

But it is time for a distinction. There are thoughts and thoughts, a lower range and a higher; thoughts systematized into sciences, and thoughts forming the staple of literature. May I, without offending any here, call those of the first order facts rather than thoughts? facts disclosing themselves to the unaided eye and to the eye aided by the telescope and the microscope; facts in the worlds above, in the earth beneath, in human consciousness within; facts easily seen, facts tortured into sight by crucial experiments in our laboratories, chemical, physical, biological, and even psychological. Thoughts proper, the thoughts of literature, are these same facts of nature, external and internal, along with their suggestions, added to or taken from, elaborated and applied, carried up in the scale, tinged, if not charged, with emotion, appealing not to our intellects alone but to our whole mental nature, and entering themselves into our intellectual, æsthetic, ethical, and spiritual lives. Facts are as the air; thoughts, as the air flooded with ether, pervaded with light, tingling with heat, and tremulous with actinic waves.

Let me give you more than this glimpse of the distinction. Water becomes ice at 32° F. Water cleanses the body and the clothes it wears. Water expands and rises in becoming vapor; and vapor, cooling, condenses and concentrates and falls as rain or snow. These are simple scientific facts, as

cold and bloodless as the multiplication table or the least common multiple. But now when actually or by implication I carry these facts up and say that the king of Siam, living under a vertical sun, would not believe that water could harden so that one might walk or skate upon it; that water, cleansing material things, is a fit element for use in baptism, which symbolizes purification from sin; and that the water of earth and ocean, stealing upward in invisible vapor, is gathered into the vast storehouses of the clouds, and descends as rain to make the meadows green, to ripen the harvests, and to refresh the toiling and fainting multitudes of men,—when I do this, I am putting life and blood into these cold scientific facts, and am taking them up to where they at least approximate, if they do not become, the thoughts of literature.

So much for the distinction. I pause for a moment to preface what is to follow. Science doubtless will have a public celebration like this when the new Science Hall rises on the other side of the campus to match and to mate the Library on this; and another speaker stands there, as I do here, to dedicate the building. Literature, it seems then, is to have its innings to-day. I have taken a retainer for it; yet I am not a lawyer, and I have no motive for pressing the evidence for more than it fully warrants. But I should be a traitor to my deepest beliefs and to my chair of instruction, once here but

long elsewhere, and should be false to this occasion, did I not proclaim, as from the housetop, that such buildings as this are meant primarily to house the books of literature, in whatever language written and read. Now do not misunderstand me, please. Fill all the stacks of the library you need with books of science—and may they rain down upon you in daily showers,—and send your students here constantly to consult them. But—I speak as a fool doubtless, yet Paul once said he did and that comforts me, I speak as a layman at any rate who wishes he knew ten thousand times as much of science as he does—but, I repeat, I cannot resist the conviction and the expression of it here, that, in spite of its age, science is yet infantile. So many sciences by fissiparous generation, by gemmation and segmentation, are dividing and subdividing with a rapidity that startles one; and books on these divisions and subdivisions are issuing, as bees from the hive,—so many of them, as their authors themselves concede, out of date before they are out of the press!

They are invigorating reading, I grant you; but the misery of it is, that what in them is certain and what is problematical is itself a problem, and that so much must be taken, if taken at all, only tentatively. “What, Mr. Gladstone, is the position of science on this most vital question?” “I do not know, sir,” was the instant response, “I have not

seen the morning paper." The pathway of no other kind of research is so strewn with misfit theories, exploded systems, and abandoned knowledge, not to mention daring postulates, as is that of science.

But even when beyond all question vital and true, scientific facts, I have no hesitancy in saying, do not compare with the thoughts of literature as pabulum for the mind. In impatient moods, one is sometimes tempted to say that in nutritive function science is to literature as the grass upon which the ox grazes is to the sirloin into which he converts it; and it takes his four tough stomachs to do this! Make of the sciences more, if possible, than you do—and may the library aid you vastly in the work,—but remember that there are other and weightier matters in education. Get your students, as often as you may, out of the narrow, and if long pursued the narrowing, grooves of chemistry, electricity, physics, mathematics, and biology, and set their feet on the broad highway of literature, English, Latin, Greek, German, and French. I speak that I do know, and testify that I have so often seen, when I say that a disproportionate, nay, a generous, study of any one of these sciences does not make the best kind of mind; does not make the best kind of intellect even, for to the other departments of the mind it brings almost no sustenance at all. Intellects so nourished lack toughness of fiber and strength and breadth and depth and acumen

and delicacy and the culture we call humanism. It is all but impossible for students to transmute the scientific facts learned into intellect, so that there shall be more of it because of the study, and it shall be able to think more profoundly and discriminatingly, and with keener apprehension of the relations of fact to fact, of truth to truth, and of the unity of all truth. This must be got, if got at all, from the study of literature and kindred studies, I believe. Make without encroachment, I repeat, as much as possible of science, remembering, however, that it would be a prostitution of the College as a college to convert it into a school out of which students at graduation may step into positions where they can earn a living as chemists or electricians or biologists. The business of the college proper, of a proper college, is like that of the dam at Belden's Falls, slowly to accumulate a power which, when the gate is opened, will be able to turn any machinery on the bank. But it is not its business technically to qualify the neophyte alumnus to put up such machinery, or to run it after it is put up by another. The purely scientific school, like the law school in its field, like the theological seminary in its,—the purely scientific school is to supplement the scientific training done in this or in any other college. Now I most potently believe, and hence most urgently insist, that this accumulation of power—in mill phrase, this getting a head—is to

be done by a preponderating study of literature itself.

But of course there are facts to be learned in the study of literature, English, Latin, Greek, German, etc. Most of these it is the business of the preparatory school to teach; but many, I know, are left to the college professor. He may, however, do too much, far too much, of this work, especially if, through bias or through his limitations, he detains upon it students who are ready for the real study of literature. It must be, I suppose, that such offences come; they do come at any rate. I know a professor in one of the great universities of the land, imported from a distant state, and placed at the head of the English department, whose whole work with the undergraduates is the tithing of this mint, anise, and cummin of the text, and who leaves to his subordinates all the instruction in literature that is really vital. Such offences come; but is it not written, "Woe unto him by whom the offence cometh"?

Now in English — and here I hope I stand on ground less slippery — the way has largely been cleared of these bald facts for the college student before matriculation. The reading of good books at home, attrition with cultivated people, English grammar rightly taught, and the required reading done in school have accomplished a good deal; and logic and rhetoric after matriculation have

powerfully aided in the work. Presuming, then, that in these and other preliminary studies the student has learned what to look for in the critical study of authors and how to estimate his findings; presuming, too, that he is not browsing at will but is judiciously guided, and that he does the work himself and has n't it done for him by textbook or teacher, — presuming, I say, upon all these things, what ought the student to show at graduation for his work in English? What sheaves should he have brought home from his long years of gleaning?

He should be able, I think, to tell whether the thought he encounters on the page is true or not, and whether valuable if true; whether original or trite; germane to the sub-topic of the paragraph or alien to it; upon what, in Locke's phrase, the thought is bottomed, and whether well or ill-neighbored by the context; what inferences flow from it; and whether its author dominates it or is dominated by it.

He should know what kind of sentence the author affects, — simple, compound, complex, climactic, balanced, periodic, or loose, — or whether he mingles all these gracefully on the page; whether or not he is felicitous in the choice and marshaling of his words, in the use of imagery that turns a search-light upon the thought, and in a variety of phrasing that keeps the reader ever fresh and alert;

in a word, whether he is master or not of a style always adapted to his thought and level to his purpose. He should be able to read in and between the lines the author's attainments, limitations, biases, tastes, disposition, temperament, traits of character — the man himself. He should know the peculiarities, the *differentia*, of the great authors at least, and be keen in detecting the taste of each and in giving the parentage of quotations and of passages gone astray. He should have made his own, large measures of the thought he has studied, and be able to enrich his discourse by levying tribute at will upon what he has read.

But this is not all. To stop short with mere possessions, even such as I have named, would be to bring the tree to full leafage and blossom, but not to fruitage. His acquisitions, while remaining acquisitions, should at the same time, paradoxical as it may seem, have been transmuted into ability to do and into actual doing what he has learned that it is good to do; and the charming Portia is authority for saying that the one task is not always as easy as the other. At graduation he should be, in a generous sense of the word, a vigorous and discriminating thinker; and he should be able to express his thoughts forcibly if need be but luminously and appropriately always and with an affluence of vocabulary, a fulness of diction, that forever forestalls his riding a few pet, spent, and spavined

verbal steeds to death, when relays of fresh steeds, saddled and bridled and impatient for service, await him all along the line, if only in his wide excursions among authors he has corralled and lassoed these and tamed them to his bidding.

But pardon me, my friends, pardon me! Murder will out, and so will the pedagogue! What I have left myself to say shall be for all and not for the undergraduate and the teacher only.

That man is made for work, and not that work is made for man; that business is lord and he the vassal; that we are not ourselves ends but only means to ends—a livelihood, a fortune, position,—this is not the gospel preached nowadays, but is it not the gospel practiced? And so we light our little candle at both ends, and presently burn out in nervous exhaustion; or, later, drop suddenly dead of heart failure. Vocations, vocations, on every side! But what and where are the avocations? Physical relaxations abound—walking, the wheel, tennis, golf, etc.,—but what intellectual and æsthetic recreations have we, aside from the diversions of home life, life in the church, and life in the club? I know of but one worthy of the name, open and accessible to all, and that is—reading.

What rest and recuperation and rejuvenescence in a good book! What perennial delight to the reader in the thoughts, fresh and subtile, serious or playful, massive or elusive, seen through words

transparent as crystal and as inevitable as fate, through phrases felicitous in combination, and imagery exquisite in function and teeming with suggestion—all the utilities and all the graces of style lavished, if need be, upon the thought that it may have apt incarnation, that there may be “fit body to fit head”! How it charms the reader to see that not alone do sheer weight and strength of thought avail, but care in wording and in placing it as well; that not always does the burly Roderick Dhu prevail, but oftentimes the lighter yet more dexterous Fitz James!

Oh! the luxury of a good book with its “apples of gold in pictures of silver,” hanging these pictures all over the walls of memory, and they streaming their gracious influences down upon us in our dark hours and in all our hours to gladden and inspire! For a Troyon or a Church or a Corot you spend your thousands, if able, and you do well; but for an equal sum you may gather together a modest library, on hundreds and hundreds of whose pages are verbal pictures in prose and in verse, any one of which may yield you a keener and more lasting enjoyment than does the great masterpiece on the wall.

Oh! the luxury of a good book suited to some one of our ever-varying moods and needs! It comes at our call, tarries as long as we wish, and goes back to the shelf at our bidding. If, as Plato com-

plains, the author keeps silence when we would fain catechise him respecting something he has said, so too he never opens his mouth to bicker with us and to insist. He takes no offence, if, weary of his presence, we turn our backs upon him, but waits calm and serene till we summon him again, well knowing that we shall. We bitterly regret that we have not been face to face with some of the great ones of our time; but here in these volumes are the great ones of all time, and at their best estate, mutely pleading with us for an introduction, eager for an intimate acquaintanceship; for what, as Martineau asks, is literature "but the appeal of thought to thought through silent ages; an appeal that is forever forming new friendships, quickening young genius, and drawing forth fresh tears?"

You go to your merchant, and you pay at least its full value for what you buy of him, all it cost the men and the women that had anything to do in its production and its handling. But behold! I show you a marvel, a mystery, a miracle. You move in your social circles, and you shed, each of you, a single influence, the same wholesome influence, upon your hundreds of friends; but in exchange there streams in upon you an ennobling influence from every individual of the hundreds. One influence exerted by each of you, hundreds received! For the hire of a day's labor in harvest time, you purchase the Plays of Shakespeare, the

work of a score of years, bartering your ten hours of manual toil for the mental toil of a lifetime,—the lifetime, too, of the greatest of the immortals! What Rothschilds should we all suddenly become could we buy the material things we need on such terms! We could not derive such advantage from things immaterial, were it not that we live in society, where each may move at the same time upon many; were it not that thought and feeling can be put into words and this wording be infinitely multiplied by the press; were it not, above all else, that thought is of such a nature and is so connected with its verbal expression that, though any one of us should extract from an essay or a poem, and appropriate as his own, all the thought and the passion it contains, yet there would be as much left in it as before for another and another, and so on to the last though millions should read it. Let your undergraduates come to this building and feed, we will say, upon the thoughts of "Hamlet," and from the same copy of the play; yet the thought and the emotion and the inspiration in it will not in a thousand years have been diminished by a single iota. "You cannot feed capons so."

All the principles of political economy are set at naught when we deal with the contents of books and with the influence of mind upon mind and character upon character. It was this fascinating phase of

the subject that moved me at last to accept the invitation of the committee, that I might stand here to-day to present and to press it. He who, like Egbert Starr, puts of his substance into a library or who, like his brother Charles—Charles and Egbert! *fratres nobilissimi et generosissimi*—or who, like his brother Charles, by endowing the College, keeps the living professor in his chair to do even better than books what books do, has invested in something that will not decline in quotation, that can never waste, never lessen; and the revenue from which cannot be computed even in kind, much less be estimated in gold and silver, our vulgar equivalent for things material.

Ladies and gentlemen, I had hoped that Dr. Starr, the distinguished son of our generous donor, would be here to-day. In his absence, I wish we might think that Egbert, the father, had not, in learning his celestial tongue, forgotten his terrestrial, and that he would be willing to absent himself from felicity awhile, and mingle with us to see and to hear what we are doing to his honor to-day. For in some way I want him to know that not to the value of a single penny of his great gift are we Middlebury alumni, present and future, we Middlebury people, present and future, insensible; that we have done with his gift just what we think he would have counseled us to do had he been with us

all along; and that now, conscious of his approval and clothed with his authority, we set apart and dedicate to its mission through coming ages this his building, bearing forever over its portal his honored name.

ADDRESS

By PRESIDENT JEREMIAH E. RANKIN

HOME LIFE AND THE COUNTRY COLLEGE

THE country college is an institution by itself; a product of the country. If a few of our New England colleges have outgrown themselves, have become metropolitan as the nation has grown westward, yet the original product is still repeated, to the shores of the Pacific. It is the country college that will always educate the average American. It is an institution planted by feeble folk in the open fields, with God and Nature as its environment; near to Nature's heart, near to Nature's voices; whose strength is in Nature's God.

I well remember the ejaculation of that great theologian, Professor Edwards A. Park of Andover, when for the first time looking around upon this magnificent circumvallation where our Alma Mater has been for one century intrenched: "This is the place for a college!" This was the intuition of that brilliant and yet reverent nature, so lately introduced to another environment of hills, to other green, to other harvest fields which are eternal; aye, to a seat

at the feet of Him whom having not seen he loved, as only a great teacher is loved by his pupils.

The highest function of the country is ethical; to raise men, not beets and turnips; to raise men, not even plowmen and blacksmiths. We scarcely leave the echoes of the dusty town, striking out upon roads that lead through earth's streets of gold, where the bobolinks are busy with their cataracts of song, before we feel this. We see that the ethical school-master is abroad. We look up to the hills from whence cometh our help. There are heights to be scaled. They challenge us, they inspire us. This is the way youth climbs, in order to hitch his chariot to a star. At the foot of these ladders he has visions of ascending and descending angels, and each day awakes to say, "Surely, the Lord was in this place, and I knew it not."

But the country college is largely peopled by country boys and girls. They nestle here as the birds nestle in the tree tops. In George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, that cold-blooded study in human pathology, she makes the miser Featherstone say: "When I used to go to church, there is one thing I made out pretty clear, — God A'mighty sticks to the land. He promises land, and He gives land, and He makes chaps rich with corn and cattle;" alluding to the nomadic character of the patriarchs, — chaps the most likely to impress his nature. And so when Satan undertakes the overthrow of Job, he begins

with the land, with Job's sheep and oxen and cattle and asses; leaving his sons and daughters to the last.

The country college gathers into its humble walls the country's sacrest and best, the sons and daughters of a hundred households. In them is simplicity as to moral duty; no splitting of hairs, no dodging of issues; God walking in the garden and youth meeting Him there, in the cool of the morning. These young people have been started with their faces heavenward. They come from farms where has been everywhere written, as by the finger of Him who stooped and wrote on the ground, in the Gospel narrative, "The laborer is worthy of his hire;" "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." They come from unpretending homes where, as the morning smoke ascends from the chimney, the occupants, man, woman, child, eat their bread in the sweat of their brow, — *their* bread, for they *earn* it; not like the "man with the hoe," over whose spirit has descended a heritage of desolation, but creatures holding communion with God in all of Nature's processes, workers together with God in all the round year.

All *agricultural* life is *ethical*. Our modern institutions have agricultural annexes. Nature is God's school of ethics and agriculture in one. From this ethical environment, our young people spring as reeds by the watercourses. Into this economy the

God of Nature comes, His reward with Him, His work before Him, putting man to similar direction and stress as Nature herself. He seeks to impart industrial education before the boy leaves the place of his first matriculation. He takes Nature's best from a heredity rich with the slow growth of the spoils of industry, to a high destiny as morally certain as that insured by the four grand movements of Nature which we call seasons, because they are so kindly related, so kindly: "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

The fathers were wise. They made the college come to them and their children, into the country, so that the boys, and now the girls, might retain the wholesome influence of home life: mother's benediction, sister's love; so that, clothing their sons from the wool off the sheep's backs, bringing their provisions of a week from the home pantry and the home kneading-trough and the home oven, they could afford to educate them, while they spared them from the farm. Every week Jesse sent the boy David down with provisions, to see how the battle of life went on with the other sons. Thus they kept home ideals always before the absent ones, and always remembered them as belonging to the home circle. And precisely after this manner, in Middlebury College, have sprung such men of genius in the Christian pulpit as Truman M. Post; such senators as Silas Wright; such accomplished

diplomats as Edward J. Phelps, who was born into our alumnal economy, and whose oratory was destined to help us in this glad hour, but death's angel came and sealed his lips; such groups of men as have made so many Vermont towns glorious; such heroes and heroines in the wilds of the West; such pioneers as, having heard the voice of our Elder Brother from all quarters of the earth, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," have laid their witnessing dust in the Orient; men and women, made great, first, by confronting God in Nature, by taking tuition from the God of Nature on these farms, by serving an apprenticeship in these Vermont homes to Him who said, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." Breaking cattle to the yoke and colts to the harness, plowing out snow-furrows in the winter, and earth-furrows in the autumn and springtime, getting sweetness out of the maples, lifting up axes against the great trees, washing and baking and scrubbing in the home kitchen, taking the brunt of life everywhere; and then rising to the dignity and reward of the work before them.

Since the country is ethical, and since agriculture is ethical, it is not strange that the country college has always been largely a nursing mother to Christian ministers and teachers. This is why the first settlers of New England wanted a college at all. It was not knowledge, but duty, which they sought.

The dust of John Harvard sleeps in a humble cemetery in Charlestown. I have sometimes reverently stood there. The Cambridge undergraduate, with Boston's best blood in his veins, owes more than one-half of the first endowment of Harvard University, with her motto, "To Christ and his Church," to that Christian minister. The first library of Yale University was largely made up of books which Congregational ministers brought from their own study-shelves as a donation and laid upon that altar of sacrifice.

The country college was not primarily to study science,—that which is so largely the legitimate charm of the modern college curriculum. Science, as related to the world's material progress—to help this on and make money out of it, this was not why our fathers planted colleges. Probably we think they thought too little of such things. It was to study God as man's Creator, and man as God's creature. When our first missionaries sailed to foreign lands, as to material resources of locomotion they were a feeble folk; scarcely mightier than the original disciples, as they fished the sea of Tiberias. Dr. Farnsworth was some thirty days crossing the ocean. Now God's messengers, those ministers of His that do His pleasure, even to the laying down of their lives, if it may be to save some, are conveyed by vessels that combine in themselves all the majestic forces of nature; the creation and management of

which require the mastery of science in all her majestic steps. It is by nature's great forces that the soil is opened to the sower, that the seed is sown, that the earth is disemboweled of her hid treasures. Now, when the inventor looks around, in his well-stocked laboratory, inquiring, "Whom shall I send?" all the forces of nature rise up, saying as in concert, "Here am I, send me!" The scientific is a movement under God's guidance and sure to add to His glory. It is man coming to find out what God knows. In kindred directions, that man of olden times called the wisest was great because familiar with the trees and plants and beasts and fowls and creeping things of the earth; but who yet said, "To fear God and keep His commandments, is the whole of man."

The country college must hold fast what she has, that no man take her crown. Her work is especially ethical,—the making of character; the fitting of herself into that holy league and covenant into which the fathers entered when such a college as this was founded, and dedicated to truth and virtue. To dominate material forces, whether in earth or sea or air, whether in Occident or Orient, is magnificent; but to dominate self, the godlike in us, amid those great modern novelties and possibilities, to say, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" to go under the cloud as did our fathers; to pass through the sea, and to be baptized in the cloud and in the

sea; to drink of that Spiritual Rock which followed them, which Rock was Christ,—is better than to know all mystery and all knowledge.

The recipe which John Adams gave a certain Virginian for making a New England of Virginia was this: "Equal parts of meeting-house, school-house, and training-field." Of himself he said that for seventy-six years he had been "a churchgoing animal." A churchgoing animal! A man, made in the image of God, one day in seven inquiring of the oracles of God! This man must still head the procession. The meeting-house must still have something definite to say,—the schoolhouse, the training-field. New England has but to repeat herself in her sons and daughters, after the old method, according to the old type. Unless we lose the key to their language, these hills will never lift their fronts and men's hearts to the skies in vain.

Gentlemen, Presidents of New England Colleges:
At the request of my Alma Mater, voiced by one who in his youth I received into the Church of God, and upon whom the trustees of Howard University have just authorized me to confer the degree of Doctor of Divinity,—a man of modesty only equaled by his scholarship and wisdom,—President Ezra Brainerd, D.D., LL.D., it is my pleasant duty, having thus briefly and imperfectly opened this Conference, to welcome you to its deliberations.

You, President Tucker, come from the banks of the Connecticut, where the greatest of all American statesmen, Daniel Webster—the echo of whose pleading voice for her and for all American colleges still lingers—was educated; you, President Carter, from the hills of Berkshire, where Mark Hopkins, the greatest of all American teachers, once studied and taught; and you, President Buckham, from the beautiful heights above Lake Champlain, with their memories of one alike distinguished in Burlington, at Andover, and in New York, Professor William G. T. Shedd, critic, preacher, historian, theologian, teacher, all in one, always simple-minded, always great; all sons of country colleges, and all illustrating the heights which may be attained by all country boys,—one and all, as well as those from other and later institutions, I welcome you.

We shall gratefully listen to your words of wisdom and congratulation as we sit in the sunlight glory of the old century, and watch for the encrimsoning sunburst of the new,—a sunset and sunrise in one.

ADDRESS

By PRESIDENT CHARLES S. MURKLAND

THE COLLEGE AND THE INDUSTRIES

IT is the function of the college to set men free ; to remove the accidental restrictions which impede the free exercise of our native powers and arrest or distort our normal development. The freedom thus gained is as many-sided as human nature, and the task of securing it is no less varied and complex. There is, for example, an intellectual aspect of it, in view of the bondage of ignorance. It is ethical also, and social and political. But the phase of it which I am permitted to suggest is less obvious than these, namely, the industrial ; that is, the freedom of efficiency in use. Inefficiency is always servile. It is veritable bondage, the denial of a right which should be inalienable, the right to serve. The persistent craving which we all feel, the native desire for a share in the world's work, and for place and recognition among the world's workers, this is so universal and so insatiable that it establishes a natural right not subordinate to any in the familiar triad, " life, liberty, and the pursuit of hap-

piness." Indeed, the idea of liberty is not complete until it includes the conception of freedom in service. Any emancipation of thought, of emotion, of action, is in danger of leading to a new and more vicious servitude if it be not determined and guarded by the freedom of service. Thought is never free till it finds its freedom in its use. Then first it is strong and unhampered. And this freedom of service gives point to the college work. The lack of it makes that work perfunctory and vague,—as it so often is. I doubt if there is any educational need more pressing than that of reinstating the freedom of service as the one educational ideal.

In these latter days, the conception of service itself has gained a new breadth of meaning. Time was, not so long ago, when there seemed to be for the scholar no freedom of use save in the three so-called "learned professions." These vocations are not less learned now than they were a half-century ago, but they can no longer claim exclusive right to the title, save by priority of occupation. Learning has permeated the industries and glorified them. It has made them what Law, Medicine, and the Ministry had so long been,—opportunities for such freedom of use as appeals to the ambition of the scholar. It is no mere accident, perhaps, that when the number of college men so greatly exceeds the number of available chances in the older professions, so many new opportunities elsewhere should be

thrown open. At any rate, such is the fact. For the man in the first vigor of his youth, at the age when one leaves college, for him there are openings almost numberless. If the college graduate does not find them, and I confess that there is some slight prejudice against him, it is partly for lack of satisfactory adjustment of the college to the industries. For these latter have appropriated to themselves the best products of the modern civilization. Is there an important discovery in any science? Straightway it becomes the basis, or the auxiliary, of a new industry. An experimenter in Chemical Physics puts some marble and coal dust into a retort, and fuses them with the electric arc. The porous stone which he takes out he throws carelessly into a pail of water, and observes that bubbles rise to the surface. A few days afterward somebody is manufacturing acetylene lanterns for bicycles. Our every-day facilities, telegraph, telephone, and the rest, are so many illustrations of the industrial appropriation of learning; and they are specific cases, also, of the new varieties of freedom offered to the scholar.

The fact is that all invention, all discovery, all research, have this in common: they enlarge the freedom of the individual in the industries and by means of the industries. We were limited to the pace of a horse or the run and reach of a sailing vessel, when a puff of expanding vapor suggested

the way of a broader liberty. Our intercourse was restricted to the range of a voice, when suddenly we could catch the ear of our friend a thousand miles away. It was like expanding the compass of a prison cell. And every increment of freedom thus gained for men has been at the same time the opening of opportunity for the scholar's free service in the industries. The tradesman of a generation ago, the journeyman who learned his trade by an apprenticeship of three years, or five or seven, is not extinct. He may still find employment. But the industries demand men of a different stamp; men who have attained not only the freedom of the hand, but that of the mind; not only facility in shaping material, but facility in ordering forces. And facility of this sort is the divinely ordained privilege of the scholar.

In order that I may not seem to do less than full justice to the college, let me say that in all this the college, however innocent of any such design, has been the one constant factor. It has given to research a new life; it has been foremost in hailing discovery with welcome and applause. It has not been partial to invention, perhaps, simply because until yesterday invention was so haphazard, so unscholastic, that it had not deserved the collegiate seal. There is no measuring the debt the industries owe to the college. But this very effectiveness of the college recoils upon it with a new definiteness of demand. The college must do more because it

has done so much. Having touched life with learning here and there, it must continue until the two are coextensive. Indeed the two—life and learning—are growing more symmetrical every day. There is no point in either where the other may not touch. Surely every lover of learning will say that there is no point where they should not touch. In getting nearer the ultimate association of the two, we are both enlarging life with learning and quickening learning with life. The burden of it must be borne, as it has been borne, by the college. Never was a time when the college was so absolutely necessary as it is to-day. It is indispensable to the industries. They all look to the college for their development, and for the enlargement of freedom in their domain. And they will not look in vain.

Perhaps even this rather formal relation between learning and the industries is enough for our purpose. But there is a more real association in the reciprocal influence which has given to learning broader scope, and to industry freer range. And I speak of learning in all its inclusiveness, literary and scientific. The multiplication and development of educational facilities, the increasing ratio of educated men and women, these are industrial products,—I had almost said industrial by-products. One university has its genesis in an oil well; another in a thread mill; and another in something

else equally matter-of-fact. And the financial resources of students are the incomes from the farms, factories, shops, ships, and railroads. The industries foster learning and send it abroad.

But learning incurs no obligation it does not require. It puts about the industries a purer, sweeter atmosphere; and, in view of the continuity of domestic life, it supplies a practicable motive, as the father toils not only patiently but gladly because the fruits of his toil will be seen in the learning of his son and daughter. By the inspiration of learning, the father apprehends that larger, truer manhood, and appraises it the more highly because of his own limitations. To separate learning and the industries would be fatal to both of them.

Nevertheless, it is still somewhat grudgingly that the college comes to recognize that after all there *are* industries, and industries without which our common freedom would be curtailed. It is not yet easy for the college to concede that the freedom of the scholar in the industries should assume as large proportions in the college outlook as that of the scholar unemployed, or of the scholar in a learned profession. It is true, but not important, as has been said from this platform, that "industry is not necessarily in-dust-ry." It is also true, and vital, that a liberal and learned profession may be liberal and learned in nothing but profession. The college will not achieve its full use until it educates men for

the industries. Educated in some fashion they will be; and, thus equipped, they are likely to demand the readjustment of some of our common estimates. It is curious how provincial some of these estimates are. We do not easily understand the regard in which the British mind holds the shopkeeper. But, then, the British mind does not easily understand our inability to get at what Emerson meant when he said that the highest genius was the genius of the garden. It is conceivable that a man may be learned and a shoemaker, or a blacksmith, or a lens-polisher, because such cases have been. But it is still hard to conceive of one getting a college education and then becoming a shoemaker, or a lens-grinder, or even a tent-maker, whatever may have been true of the Apostle Paul in his day and of Spinoza in his, so provincial is our common feeling.

It seems to me, after some observation, that the specialized education of the day, in which the demands of the industries have found expression, excellent as that education is, has this limitation: it results in a specialized freedom, and it is always in danger of forgetting that this is not its final aim. It produces better engineers, of one kind and another; better chemists, better manufacturers, better farmers,—men who, by virtue of this education, have wider range and freer play within the limits of their specialties. It supplies the men the indus-

tries want, and at the same time gives the industries a certain intellectual standing. But it does not confer the comprehensive freedom which is the scholar's right; and it is always face to face with the temptation of financial expediency, as if the sole aim of the specialized education were to guarantee to its beneficiaries an increased income.

The financial moment, of course, is not to be disregarded utterly. There is no estimating how much the college owes to it. The college constituency would not increase so rapidly if the college education did not pay so well. The college graduate does have a better chance at the prizes, even when the prizes are estimated at their value in coin. On the other hand, nothing could be more fatal to the freedom of the scholar than the overemphasis upon a fact so subsidiary. The inducement to such overemphasis is peculiarly great as it appeals to the specialized education. And it is no easy matter to resist the appeal and turn a deaf ear to the considerations of immediate profit. Certainly the specialized education has difficulties of its own.

Nevertheless it is gaining a vast constituency. Men are aiming at the industries and ignoring the college. I speak, of course, of the college which is not at the same time a technical school. The attempt to combine the two bristles with difficulties, and not least among them is that of meet-

ing the extraordinary demands of the industries without too great a sacrifice. Only by the sheerest force can the technical training itself be crowded into the space of four years. To cover the ground demands a pace which cannot be kept without unsparing use of whip and spur. The weak drop out; it is sad, but it cannot be helped. The ground must be covered, at whatever cost. There is little place for the humanities, — none at all unless somebody fights for them. And all the while there is the drag of inadequate preparation and of immaturity. Apart from the financial considerations, the specialized education, as applied to the industries is deficient in precisely those items which the college might supply.

I take it that the very stress of technical education gives it much of its attractive force, and makes the industries themselves seem more worthy of respect. It is not the financial aspect of any given industry which repels, or fails to attract, the scholar. It is rather that in the associations, in the conditions to which he must in some measure submit, he fears that he will find no scope for his personal freedom. The handicraft threatens to become a handicap. How shall the college man be made to see, how shall he gain culture enough to see, that even in a commonplace trade he may be less restricted in the exercise of the human freedom, of thought and expression, of feeling and action, than he would be

in a calling with less routine and greater leisure? Here is a point at which the college may come into closer relation with the industries. It is much that the curriculum be wisely adjusted in view of scientific research, social conditions, and psychological requirements; much that the methods of teaching be adequate; much more that the common ethics be made to stand the fierce test of four years' irresponsible receptiveness. But the supreme thing is the fitness to develop a man, or a woman, clear-eyed enough to see the truth, strong-hearted enough to cleave to it and trust in it; large-minded enough to understand that a man is not dignified by the material in which he works, but the material by the man and his works; and all this even in the face of a common sentiment. For the common sentiment still refuses to recognize the industries as opportunities for the freedom of the college graduate.

One thing the college persistently ignores,—that physical activity is a condition of freedom. And physical activity is at its best in the stress of work. The college has no cognizance of such activity, save as it gives a quasi-recognition to college sports, or requires certain gymnastic exercises. In consequence, it is urged on behalf of the industries that the college student becomes incapacitated for the application of his bodily powers in service; that in his devotion to thought, and to thought expressed in words, he has lost or failed to acquire

the faculty of expressing thought in action and embodying it in other than verbal material. The complaint is not wholly without reason, but it is becoming less reasonable every day.

There *are* other materials in which the scholar may embody his vision, finding his freedom in the process. But I suppose the conception of a universe plastic and malleable to his touch comes to no man save as a reflex from his actual manipulation. Moreover, since the gates of Eden were guarded with a flaming sword there has been a certain necessity of bodily work as a condition of perfect sanity. Physical inertness is not far from decay. And four years of it, in college, may be fatal. So, at least, reads the indictment the industries bring against the college; it is for the college to answer.

After all, it is mainly an individual matter. Watson, of the Plymouth Nurseries, the intimate friend of Emerson, the welcome correspondent of choice spirits at home and abroad, the most distinguished member of a college class that included such men as Samuel Longfellow and Edward Everett Hale, is the typical case. His industry is commonplace enough among commonplace men. But he made of it an art, and found in it the full freedom to which his college life gave him the introduction. His case is not unique, but the class is not a large one. One can easily imagine a different state of affairs,

— one in which the first scholars in every college would inevitably gravitate towards the association, say, of the smiths, because only the first scholars would be worthy of such a goodly fellowship. But we have first to imagine the transformation of the guild of the smiths; yet there have been smiths at whose touch the hammer yielded a graphic power as true as that of the brush or the pencil. Such men have been rare in any calling, but it is not wholly outside the province of the college to make them common.

In all this I have concerned myself more with stating the conditions than with offering solutions. Solutions of such problems as that of the relation of the college to the industries do not come ready made, nor before their time. But we are not without indications as to the line of movement towards a better adjustment. The college on the one hand, and the industries on the other, are moving, if not towards a common ground, at least towards positions within measurable reach of each other. On the part of the college the chief indication is in the development of the curriculum. I must not trespass upon this ground save only by saying that in the midst of great uncertainty, and as the result of various experiments, there is a strong tendency to offer the student a variety of intensive courses from which to choose. And it is the idea of intensive study that has determined this tendency, not simply

the idea of variety. This means greater thoroughness, and an added maturity of thought; and these are direct or indirect responses to the demands of the industries. Of similar import is the fact that the two courses which have felt only the change of added emphasis are the courses in mathematics and English; and these are the tools of the industries. The dictum of the famous German chemist, that nine-tenths of chemistry is manipulation, locates the sciences definitely enough.

From the other side, the industries will not be deprived of the service and the fellowship of the scholar. The hit-or-miss inventor is discountenanced. Inventions and discoveries may still be the results of happy accidents, but of accidents which happen in the course of the most accurate research. The very term "mechanic" has risen to new dignity of meaning. It no longer signifies a man whose hands alone are free, but one who moves freely in the whole region where energy is available for use. The name has become a badge of honor, worthily worn only by him who has come into the freedom of efficiency which is the scholar's birthright. So far, at least, the movement has gone, from both sides, toward a better adjustment between the college and the industries.

During the century of honor we celebrate, Middlebury has given to the industries relatively few of her sons. But she has, by her very conservatism

perhaps, steadily stood for the freedom of the scholar in any calling. But Middlebury has felt the pressure of the new conditions. Her development during the twenty-odd years of my recollection has been greater, I suppose, than during the eighty years before. She cannot hope to remain even in the present condition. But this she can do: rejecting every overture from a base industrialism, welcoming every opportunity to broaden the liberty of the man in the industries, she can send forth an unfailing succession of men and women prepared to do with their might whatsoever their hands find to do. This College, which to-day celebrates its majority, which with another century will still be young—may it never grow old save in the richness of hallowed memories and fond traditions, and in the sacredness of ties binding successive generations together in a sodality of interest and use. But with few years or many, this College will always be, to us who have been of its fellowship, the source of personal influences persistent and uplifting, the nucleus of experience that sweetens all of life, the home of freedom and of truth, the same “dear old Midd.”

ADDRESS

BY PRESIDENT FRANKLIN CARTER

TEXT-BOOK *versus* LECTURE

IT has been impossible to note the rapid growth of our New England colleges without raising the question whether in their enlargement and expansion they are losing features of value. That they are gaining in certain ways much more than they are losing is the general belief. Considering the end for which they exist to be partly the training of the intellect, but also largely the establishment of the life in the rules and habits of right living, he should be a wise man who would pretend accurately to measure the comparative value of the influences for the undergraduate now and the undergraduate of fifty years hence. I shall not undertake a comparison involving any such pretension. I wish to make certain observations in regard to methods of instruction.

The greatest advance in the modern college is in the laboratory methods. Whereas science was formerly taught largely by lectures, and in some of our colleges by a very brief course, and the students were left at the close of the course with the vaguest

general notions, at present nearly every college insists on actual work in the laboratory. Even in those colleges where half-year or year courses in certain sciences are required of all students, the facts and principles stated by the professor have to be corroborated by the attainment of actual results in the laboratory. A college with classes of less than one hundred will be more apt to insist that some knowledge of chemistry, biology, or physics shall be secured by every student than a college where the classes run up into the hundreds. If the statement be true that the greatest gain in instruction has been made in the introduction of laboratory work, by which the student is compelled to find his own way to certain facts and laws, and arrives, so to speak, by his own movement at the certainty of relations, we may ask why this is not an argument in favor of requiring some knowledge of science, some actual mastery of the laws and processes of nature, of every candidate for the bachelor's degree. Does not the unrestricted choice in studies allow many young men to be graduated from our colleges without any knowledge of the facts and laws of matter and life, and without any acquaintance with the methods by which scientific facts and methods are determined? Is it not desirable that every educated man should have at least one avenue in the world of nature along which he may walk with knowledge of the objects around him, and with an

ever-increasing knowledge and enjoyment? The extension and application of laboratory methods to studies relating to letters, to the history of man's thought and experiments in society, have added value to the pursuit of these studies in the colleges of to-day. Through the rejection of the narrow text-book, the abandonment of the simple recitation, and the enlargement of the student's vision by personal investigation in the fields relating to man's attainments and achievements and duties, a great advance is claimed in the methods of instruction. Nor can there be any doubt that where these methods are carefully applied, where the student is required by the collection of facts to substantiate principles, or by an analysis of authors to exhibit excellences or defects, or by a comparison of authorities to detect a bias or strike a judicial balance, a larger discipline is secured by him. The difficulty is, that with a large class the professor is unable to superintend such work, and to see that in its minuteness and extent it is honest and thorough. In the scientific laboratory each man is furnished with materials, and during the two or three hours of work the professor or his assistant walks about, notes the progress or the coming failure, discourages or sets right the youthful scientist. But in these other fields the apparatus must be more extensive; the books and authorities are costly and permanent and cannot be indefinitely duplicated; the problems are

more numerous and call for different methods; the professor cannot be constantly with the student in his application of the methods. These difficulties with the larger number of students make laborious supervision often impossible, and too often result in the acceptance of certain general signs that the work has been done. In any large class the temptation is always present for the teacher to content himself with the hour's lecture and an examination on the lectures, often at widely separated intervals, combined possibly with the requirement of one thesis each half-year. If the professor is giving several courses, this amount of work in each course will probably be all that his strength enables him to do. He can remain in actual ignorance of the progress that a great part of his class is making, or perhaps I should say of the neglect in which a great part of his class is indulging. He may be greatly dissatisfied that he cannot know better the attitude and degree of earnestness of his students.

In other cases the careful attention of a part of the class during the lecture will give the flattering impression that work on the subject is prosecuted with diligence. The agreeable satisfaction of imparting knowledge and the occasional question from one of the best-trained students will inspire the feeling that all is going well, a feeling often rudely dispelled by the revelation of the papers returned on the final examination.

I believe that this method of lecture instruction may have very great value for certain mature undergraduates. It is assumed that references to good authorities are repeatedly made; that a requirement is enforced for study of these authorities and the analysis of their opinions and the mastery of the facts involved. The best students will work intelligently and diligently on the subject as a whole, and certain papers at the examination will show results as thorough and encouraging as a teacher could desire. But is it not true that in the competition for numbers existing in all the colleges nearly every class contains many students who will not accomplish more than the actual standard for the degree required? Are there not now in every college men who crowd into the more popular courses because conditions in these courses permit the minimum of work? Something of the popularity of the course depends on the excellence of the instruction, on brilliant presentation of principles, on bold denunciation of systems or even of men as representing systems, on the exhibition of rude iconoclasm, on a stern dogmatism that affects liberality, on the display of large learning or fine taste in literature, on a genuine mastery of the subject. Nor can it be denied that the value, even to those who get the least from such instruction, is something. But students may attend such lectures, lectures presenting real excellences, and derive from them

scarcely anything beyond the occupation of the hour and the influence of dwelling for that hour in an intellectual atmosphere. Possibly there are students whom that atmosphere does not elevate, and courses there are which are not attended for the intellectual stimulus but for the soporific calm which pervades the atmosphere. These, too, help toward the haven marked "B. A."

The activities not laid down in the official curriculum that interest student-life in these days have something to do with the choices of courses by certain students. The convenience of the hours with reference to hours of practice for games; the certainty that a course will not be very strenuous; that the requirements can be mastered in a few hours of study at the end of the course; the belief that a professor gives every student a passing mark,—these are sometimes the determining factors in a young man's choices. Determination on such grounds is contagious, and lectures having such a reputation will be popular. I suspect that it is true that in many of our colleges there are such popular lectures, where the hour is passed by some students in a state of easy-going indifference. A student once complained to me of a professor in a large elective in one of our universities who spoke to one of the members of his class engaged in reading some interesting book and requested him to give attention to the lecture. "It was a beastly act," the young

man said, adding, "as though he had the right to require anything of the student but to pass the examination at the end of the course." It is to be feared that there are professors who do not do even so much as this eminent man did to remind their pupils that they are in an institution of learning.

The remedy for such evils is not always easy to find. The professor claims, and perhaps the corporation admits, that he has a permanent tenure of office. He has not teaching power: I see it is acknowledged in certain circles that teaching power is not to be looked for accompanying high specialization. It is probably true that the power to impart knowledge and to inspire intellectual zeal in a large class has not been in direct ratio to the power to acquire and discover truth. Nevertheless, the question is, How shall our classes, large and small, be best instructed? When in the days of the old teacher a text-book was employed and daily examinations on an assigned lesson were exacted, the use of the text-book was often slavish and formal. No exercise can be more lifeless than one may become, confined to a repetition of the printed page of the required lesson. Nevertheless, the value of the knowledge of the subject taught secured by the pupil under the old method may be regarded in many cases as superior to that secured by the simple method of lectures. In all cases in which the actual study of the subject is deferred until the end of the course,

when an examination must be passed, the value of the knowledge to some students will be very small. A few hours, or at the most two days, of cramming enable the student to pass the examination; and the details of the subject are at once dismissed and forgotten. In order to secure daily attention a few minutes may be given to inquiries on the previous lesson. If these are oral and the replies are oral, the class gets at least the benefit of a review of certain brief points. If the answers are written and cover any considerable amount of matter, there is a probability that a large part of them will not be examined. For true improvement each day the corrected work should be handed back to each student and sometimes discussed with him. That this may be effectively done, every lecturer to a large class might well have at least one assistant whose whole time should be devoted to examination of papers and to interviews with a few men every day at a fixed hour. Such a method would add greatly to the expense of instruction, and would require at least two hours for each ordinary hour of the course. One hour would be for the lecturer and the whole class; one hour for the assistant and part of the class. Such a plan would augment the difficulty of arranging the schedule, but would add greatly, if the assistant were successful (if he were not, the failure would be dismal), to the mastery by each student of the subject.

It seems to me that when the facilities permit it some such method might be adopted, particularly in those courses where the numbers rise to one hundred or more. It would be probably a wise restriction if the number in any course were limited. A professor lecturing to three divisions of fifty each might surely still employ an assistant to know how the work of each student was done. The labor of such assistants would be irksome and exhausting, and the difference between the life of the professor and the life of such an assistant would be extreme. But the attainment of the best educational results in our large colleges calls, wherever the lecture system prevails, for supplementary supervision of the most rigid character. Where the college is smaller and the resources do not permit of this distribution of work, there should be a careful avoidance of the lecture system as the sole method of instruction. If the university can command the highest specializing power, the smaller college ought to aim to secure and develop teachers of the best quality. The impartation, not the discovery, of truth must be the supreme idea of the college as distinguished from the university. Under this view much may be said for the despised text-book, — rightly to be despised if it cover all the truth presented; greatly to be honored if it be only the basis of wider discussion, of careful analysis, of searching inquiry into related questions and cognate difficulties. It may well serve

to determine how much previous thought the student has given to the subject, and how far he can acquire the control of the facts, principles, or logical statements of a master in any direction. It may well serve as a minimum of knowledge to be required for a training of that faculty—often contemptuously regarded in these days by a bumptious leader of college thought—of accurate verbal memory, without which, in certain lines of life, a man will never have even the appearance of being educated. This contempt of a verbal memory has been increased by the introduction of the lecture system and the slighter use of text-books in the preparatory schools.

The verbal memory may indeed be cultivated at the expense of all intelligence. The children who were ready to state that the centre of the earth is "in a state of igneous fusion," but did not know, if this be the case, that the interior of the earth grows warmer as one approaches that centre, may stand as an illustration of the extreme folly of the use of a text-book unaccompanied by intelligent explanation. They might also stand for the absurd confusion in which a phrase caught here and there from a lecture often leaves a college class. The student who wrote, in reply to an inquiry as to the constituents of the body, "The body is mostly composed of water, and about one-half is avaricious tissue," had probably been attending a course of lectures in his junior

year on physiology. By the insistence on exact statements in every line of study in the college class-room, accompanied by searching inquiry as to whether the student understands the statements he is giving, and by the impartation of some new information, the bringing of fresh illustrations into the field to arouse new interest,—in a word, by the combination of the text-book, the lecture, the Socratic dialogue, the examination, and the requirement of research into specified authors,—the old ideal of teaching may be revived. It is for this kind of training that the college ought to stand; for faithful work on the subject outside of the class-room; for the fixed and undivided attention of every student in the room; for the enlarged vision by the introduction of new matter and illustrations,—always with the understanding that at any moment the pupil may be called upon to give the points of any process or movement already presented. It is along these lines of work that the smaller college has hitherto maintained its dignity; and this kind of work, in these days of larger resources and deeper interest in pedagogy and more careful differentiation, still has its place. It matters not how much information is poured into a student's mind if it is not vivified by interest and clearly understood and well assimilated. A very little knowledge imparted under right conditions may produce excellent results in the inspiration to larger attainments. Any

amount of information, unless the interest is keen, the attention fixed, and the student sent out with larger comprehension of the relations of the subject, and quickened to a new sense that strenuous effort on his part alone will issue in training and knowledge, is worthless.

While the exciting of interest and attention may be diligently studied by the lecturer in his presentation, it cannot be denied that in a large class the remoteness of the relation between the lecturer and the average student is such that the best efforts are with some unsuccessful. It is beyond contradiction that the personal contact of mind with mind, by direct question, will evoke a sense of responsibility on the part of the student, and usually that sense of responsibility will result in work. Furthermore, the student's answers and inquiries may lead, under the guidance of a skilful teacher, to an illumination of the greatest value for the entire class. The text-book may be antiquated and yet the exercise wholly invigorating and stimulating. It is equally true that the text-book may be wholly modern and masterly, and its use without profit in the hands of a slow or careless teacher. But the assumption that he who uses a text-book is necessarily a poor teacher and behind the times may be the assumption that the deepest interest in the progress of every pupil, and the most conscientious effort to secure that progress, and the insistence on a high standard of attainment

for each, are worth less than an exhaustive but possibly uninspiring display of the knowledge of the latest literature, or an eagerness to advance theories subversive of the most precious inheritances in philosophic truth.

It is certainly true that for the right kind of teaching with a text-book a class of more than fifty becomes burdensome; but with the use of a text-book under the true method, a class of fifty may surely derive as much benefit as a class of fifty under the lecture system, even where the lecturer has an assistant to examine papers and secure the outside work. This use of the text-book as a basis has the great advantage that it brings each member of a class into closer personal relation with the master instead of relegating him to the assistant. For a class of a hundred this method is less likely to succeed because it is less easy, indeed very difficult, for the teacher to be sure that genuine work is done by each student outside of class. If in this day of material splendor large numbers are graduated to whom many courses have meant little except the requirement of attendance and a few hours' study at the end of the course, will it not be well to turn some of the money which easily goes into costly architecture to such a provision for instruction as will everywhere reduce the size of divisions and make the personal power of each good teacher more effective? The great increase in the number of

those who now pursue graduate studies and get a large fire of inspiration from direct contact with our best masters should make it possible, by multiplying teachers, to give larger significance to the bachelor's degree.

Ought not a closer supervision to be exercised over younger teachers? Is it not possible that the importance of personal liberty in the method of our teachers is exaggerated? Is not the careful training of the undergraduates the supreme end, and should not everything be subordinated to that end? I would also ask whether the title "university," rightly held by certain institutions where the students attending the undergraduate courses still constitute at least one-half of the entire body, may not sometimes give an instructor the feeling that university methods are applicable to all his classes? Are not some of our younger teachers likely to be affected by the conceit that to teach in a university, or even in a college, to a class of fifty absolves from all responsibility for individuals and calls for an elegant or eloquent lecture? Are there not in all our colleges and universities students whose minds are not trained to the mastery of a lecture; to the grasping and retaining, in the brief time of its delivery, the fine definitions and distinctions conveyed by the lecture? And if notes are written for the student by a hearer and printed in a syllabus, to be mastered at the end of the course, we have the old text-book

method in its worst form; for whatever its accuracy, the text-book is probably one-twentieth, or at best one-tenth, of the proper size, and attention in the class-room is made unnecessary. Are there not immature and indolent students, or even well-trained but erratic students, in the classes of our institutions who need much more attention? Many of them fall out, as things are now; but is not the individual, personal student worth more attention than he gets anywhere? Surely we ought not to forget that a careful stimulation rightly applied, supervision in the largest sense of the progress of each student, is the problem, perhaps the greatest problem, demanding now the attention of all responsible for the training of those crowding our class-rooms, and, nominally at least, studying for the bachelor's degree. The only ground of release from such supervision would seem to be that it is impossible.

The recognition of authority has everywhere diminished, and the colleges have much more to contend with than once in this age of increasing luxury, elective courses, and obedient parents. Their greatness, however, will never cease to depend on the efficiency with which the powers of their students are trained and coordinated to the highest service. If supervision becomes impossible, young men will still be graduated who will attain great eminence. Many who do little work in college will get a lifelong advantage from residence and attri-

tion with teachers and comrades in college halls. But the American college will have lost that which has made it a powerful instrument in developing respect of authority and awakening the keenest sense of responsibility to the State and the Church.

ADDRESS

BY PRESIDENT MATTHEW H. BUCKHAM

THE MORAL LIFE OF THE COLLEGE

I SHALL treat my subject under two heads: *First*, the moral life of the college for the sake of the intellectual; *secondly*, the moral life for its own sake.

That the moral life of the college affects the intellectual life for good or evil, affects it widely and deeply, is a fact of such common experience that we dwell on it not so much for confirmation as for reflection. It would not, I think, be extravagant to say that by far the most important element in college life contributing to healthy and vigorous intellectual activity is moral soundness, and consequently moral vitality, in the academic body. And I mean by this all that it seems to mean: that it is impossible to have a high degree of intellectual vigor, a high and fine intellectual tone, without having beneath it and around it and all through it a prevailing and inspiring moral earnestness, all the better and more effective if it reach even to spirituality. I venture the assertion that no college man present can recall a time in his college experience which

was a time of unusual scholarship and which was not also a time of unusual moral and perhaps even religious elevation. And calling to mind our phenomenal classes — we have all had them — do not those classes represent to our memories a personal character as conspicuous as was their intellectual brilliancy? And those other times and other classes that we look back upon with no pleasurable memories, times when evil influences seemed to be in the air, when our days were made anxious and our nights restless by some malign agency which we could not overcome, were not those the times when scholarship was at its lowest, and when we expected nothing better than dull classes and a dreary mediocrity in the intellectual outcome?

For this influence of the moral upon the intellectual life there are two obvious reasons. The first is, that the moral life alone can furnish the requisite conditions for zest in intellectual pursuits. We count among the fundamental and universal endowments of the human mind, desire for knowledge, the pleasure of acquiring it, the joy of possessing it. But this natural desire has full play only when the moral environment is favorable to its exercise. Amid the innocence of childhood it has free and happy scope and range. With what perpetual and insatiable delight the child adds to its knowledge during every waking hour of its existence. Living is mainly learning, and it is pure joy. Nothing

daunts or discourages or fatigues. A child that can learn so difficult a thing as language, especially the English language, and learn it without fret or tears, can learn anything it may ever have to learn, if the conditions are as favorable. This pleasurable acquiring of knowledge continues with the boy or girl so long as physical health is preserved and wise supervision keeps out distracting influences and secures the right grades up which knowledge is easily pursued. But let some untoward influence come in upon the moral life, some influence which even if it is not positively bad yet disturbs the normal condition of the general life, and how soon and how easily this love of learning, love of study, abates and is lost. Healthy sport does not interfere with it, — sustains it, rather, — but any amusement or occupation which either by its character or its excess intrudes a rival or alien element into the moral experience tends to diminish zest in intellectual pursuits. The moral atmosphere must be clear, must have plenty of oxygen, and a due amount of ozone, and must be free from all noxious elements; otherwise the eyes grow dull, the pulse flags, and the intellectual fibre is lost. A healthy college life is one of the essential conditions of high intellectual attainment, — a life of regular hours; of quiet, restful nights; a due amount of happy, exhilarating sport; helpful influences at home or following one from home; leisure from care and all intense feeling; the calm which comes from a

good conscience and a right purpose and a religious trust, — all this furnishes the best, even the necessary condition for the maximum of intellectual zest and enthusiasm.

Another dependence of the intellectual upon the moral life of the college is for the motives which sustain and inspire it. No actual or imaginable vocation of mankind could be more delightful than that of teaching young men and women who were eager to learn. If only the main work of college were to guide into right channels the youthful ardor for knowledge! But this, alas, is not the situation which we have to deal with. It is a great mistake to assume that it is, — the mistake which so many teachers make, and fail because they make. The teacher is fortunate who finds a few in his class who are alert and responsive to his teachings; the rest are for the most part indifferent or waiting. In face of this situation the ordinary teacher murmurs, scolds, threatens, vents his spleen against the lower schools, declares that the only remedy is to weed out this inferior material, and would, if he had his way, make almost a solitude and call it peace. The superior teacher is well represented in what was once said to me by one of the leading teachers in our most famous university: "When things are not going right in my class, I always assume first that the fault is in me, — at least, I always ask if the remedy is not in something I can do." Now in such cases, in all cases

when the wise and loving instructor is studying ways and means for promoting the welfare of his pupils, he will find great help in working upon the moral side of the problem. I spoke of this under the former head under its corrective aspect; we are now considering it on its dynamic side. What one of the many available motives to intellectual effort can I put into action? Shame for low standing or failure in class, dread of the displeasure of parents or friends, the spirit of emulation, — these only as lower motives leading to something higher, — the sense of obligation, the rewards of earnest effort, the prospect of future success, the pleasure of a sense of growth and of power, gratitude, affection, increased power of usefulness, — some or all these prudential and moral forces can be turned into motives for a more strenuous intellectual life. But the effectiveness of all these forces can be multiplied many fold by the personality which transmits them to individual minds. Proper rules, general exhortations, admonitions, — what are they all worth in appeals to souls, compared with strong, engaging, sweet, masterful personality, such as that of Jowett of Balliol, Arnold of Rugby, Woolsey of Yale, Hopkins of Williams, Agassiz of Harvard! From Socrates to Father Taylor, personality has always been the strongest force in education. It is not a discovery of modern times. But our own generation has seen a great change in this regard. More and

more in our time teachers and pupils are coming into those genial relations in which personality becomes most effective, — the relation of older friend to younger, both working together in the same field and with the same spirit, — each contributing to the other something that makes the life of each richer and happier.

And another great force of which the college can avail itself for intellectual ends is the social force. When graduates say that what they most value and cherish in their college career is the social part of it, they mean not merely that this was a source of enjoyment, but that these social influences, the companionship of men of intellect and culture, enlarged and stimulated and sweetened their lives. And this is what academic life ought to do, and in normal conditions does for every student. These social influences come from three sources: from the academic body as a whole, from fraternity life, and from the extra-collegiate community.

The *esprit de corps* of the academic body as a whole is the joint product of the Faculty with their families and the students, of which the paramount factor is, or ought to be, the faculty element, leaving at the same time to the student portion freedom and the full consciousness of it, and the frankest utterance, and all the vivacity and frolic humor which are the privilege and charm of youth. But the Faculty, as individuals and as a body, by their

own intellectual activity, by their leadership in literary and scientific enterprise, by their progressive spirit and pioneership in their specialties, should create a collegiate atmosphere which would be stimulating to the whole academic body, and compel even the dullards either to rouse themselves to activity or betake themselves to occupations in which less intellectual exertion is required.

Of the fraternity spirit and influence in the intellectual and moral life of college, most college men now think favorably. The fraternities are usually confederacies for good purposes through good means. The fears entertained by many good men when these fraternities were first established have not been justified, and in most cases the fears have been given up. In the only institution I know of in which fraternities are prohibited, neither the intellectual nor the moral tone is conspicuously higher than in institutions where they are permitted. The only serious objection raised against them, so far as I know, is the danger that in every institution there will be some one fraternity which will gather into it the few men of the baser sort and give them a power for evil which they would not otherwise have. But such a fraternity, it would seem, would be likely to have a short and miserable existence in the face of its rivals.

This brings us to speak briefly of the moral life of the college in and for itself. There are two notions

which are so commonly accepted as to be regarded as almost axiomatic, but which will bear a little questioning. One is, that school and college are chargeable with responsibility for the moral character of the pupils; and the other, that morality can be secured by instruction. Now, the latter is true to a very limited extent. Children and youth are not made good by teaching them what goodness is any more than they are made rich by teaching them the science of wealth. Virtue is not knowledge,—it is not right judgment merely,—it is right desire, right choosing, right will. It is induced in young minds and lives by training, by discipline, by love cooperating with law, by personality communicating itself to personality, life giving itself to life. The two great agencies divinely appointed for doing this are the home and the church. The school and the college cannot do this work if the home and the church leave their part undone. It can supplement their work; it cannot fulfil it. Parents cannot send to college a boy of unsettled or low moral character and expect the college to make a good man of him. In most cases it is too late for that. This is becoming more and more painfully obvious as the age of entering college has increased. Moral character has already become more or less fixed. The college cannot be turned into a reformatory without lowering the moral tone of the whole college community. But, on the other hand, the college has a unique

opportunity for maturing and enriching character which has passed through its initial stages successfully. What the college cannot do, and should not be called on to do, is to make average good men out of weaklings and reprobates. What it can do, and ought always to aim to do, is work of another sort. It has to do with the picked men and women of the community whom society, by a kind of natural selection, has chosen to perform its higher functions. These few the college should aim to bring up to the highest attainable moral standard; to idealize life in them, and through them to elevate the whole community. "What do ye more than others?" should be felt as a deep reproach by the academic body. Society may fairly say to us, "For what have I given you these special opportunities for self-culture, this seclusion from the humdrum life of the general world, these costly appliances for study; why are so many consecrated gifts bestowed on you; why are you prayed for in so many litanies, — but that you may work out a higher style of living, first for yourself and then for us all?"

And we have one great and special opportunity for accomplishing this. The great Apostle wrote to his young converts: "I would have you wise unto that which is good and simple concerning evil." The great privilege of college life, as also its great duty, is to be associated ever with that which is highest and best in human thought and human

life; to think with its great thinkers; to think God's thoughts and the thoughts of men most like God, after them; to master the great truths of history and literature and art and science; to be separate for the time from all that is mean and low and petty in human life; and by familiarity with all that is noble and good to grow into the likeness of that on which the mind and heart do mainly dwell. And I think we may fairly ask the community to sustain us in this high conception of what college membership requires of us. You pay us no compliment when you excuse in us what you would condemn in others; when you condone faults in us which would shock you if committed by others. The highest service which a community surrounding a college can render to it is to require as a condition of its respect and loyalty a standard of character in its members distinctly higher than it requires of the average man.

If I proceed now to say a very few words on religion in college life, it is rather because it will be expected of me than that I hope to give forth much wisdom on the subject. The old monastic idea of college life which charged the college authorities with the religious culture of the students has gone out of date. The college is not now entrusted with the means to accomplish this, and therefore does not undertake it. But the academic body, though no longer a clerical body, is still a religious body,

because it cannot discharge its high function as a creator of character for public service without including religion as one of the essential elements of character. But it accomplishes this best by co-operating with the Christian Church in the use of those agencies by which it seeks to cultivate religious character. The college gives to these agencies opportunity, encouragement, sympathy, participation. It does not send the student to church to be trained as by a distinct organization; it takes him by the hand and goes with him, partakes with him in its offices, services, ministrations, beneficences. It is not good for students to get the notion of a religion for them different from the religion of others, — a kind of esoteric religion; good for scholars, but too fine for men in general. Better that they scatter among the churches and share the life of a common Christian humanity.

As regards religious services conducted by the college, a great deal of unnecessary and invidious rhetoric has been called forth by what some are pleased to term "compulsory worship," — a term which, divested of its war paint, means simply required attendance at religious exercises, — a practice which students who have come from the homes and churches of New England would never regard as a restraint of liberty if their feelings had not been played upon by those who have no sympathy with any religious exercises. But it may be that the time

has come for modifying this college function, as we have modified most others, so that we may retain the essential benefit of it in some new forms more in harmony with the spirit of the time. To continue morning chapel as it now is and make attendance voluntary, would, in all our smaller colleges, simply end in abolishing it altogether; and very few, surely, desire that. Many of us are hoping that some college will devise and lead the way in establishing some form of religious exercise in which all the academic body, Faculty and students, can heartily join, and thus retain and increase the beneficent influence of religion upon both the intellectual and the moral life of college.

ADDRESS

By PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. TUCKER

THE COLLEGE CURRICULUM

ONE of the first contracts for instruction in Dartmouth College ran as follows; it bears date of November 9, 1777:—

“An agreement between the Reverend Doctor Eleazar Wheelock, president of Dartmouth College, and Mr. John Smith, late tutor of the same, with respect to said Mr. Smith’s settlement and salary in capacity of professor of the languages in Dartmouth College.

“Mr. Smith agrees to settle as Professor of English, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, etc., in Dartmouth College, to teach which, and as many of these and other such languages as he shall understand, as the Trustees shall judge necessary and practicable for one man, and also to read lectures on them, as often as the president, tutors, etc., with himself, shall judge profitable for the Seminary. He also agrees, while he can do it consistently with his office as Professor, annually to serve as tutor to a class of students in the College. In consideration of which,

Dr. Wheelock agrees to give him (the said Mr. Smith) one hundred pounds L. My. annually, as a salary to be paid, one-half in money, and the other half in money or in necessary articles for a family."

I have quoted this early contract, made just before the founding of Middlebury College, to show the utter absence at that time of "questions" touching the college curriculum. Given your professor of languages, with unlimited range, a professor in divinity or philosophy, and a tutor in mathematics, and you had the outfit. The college curriculum remained practically the same far into the present century.

Senator Hoar, in a recent article on "Harvard College Fifty-eight Years Ago," gives this personal reminiscence:—

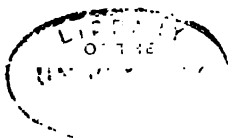
"I do not think Harvard College had changed very much when I entered it on my sixteenth birthday, in the year 1842, in manners, character of students or teachers, or the course of instruction, for nearly a century. There were some elementary lectures and recitations in astronomy and mechanics. There was a short course of lectures on chemistry, accompanied by a few experiments. But the students had no opportunity for laboratory work. There was a delightful course of instruction from Dr. Walker in ethics and metaphysics. There was also some instruction in modern languages, — German, French, and Italian, — all of very slight value.

But the substance of the instruction consisted in learning to translate rather easy Latin and Greek, writing Latin, and courses in algebra and geometry not very far advanced."

If there was anything in education, until within what may be called our own times, absolutely fixed, accepted with unquestioned authority, it was the college curriculum. The college was the acknowledged master in the field of the higher education. The schools which ventured beyond the range of elementary instruction were "fitting schools." To-day if there is any one thing in the higher education unfixed, undetermined at every point, it is the college curriculum. Whether you consider the subject-matter of the college discipline, or its arrangement, or its adjustment to that which precedes or which follows after, you are instantly within current discussion.

In the few moments in which I speak upon this topic I must content myself, and ask you to be content, with the expression of opinion. This is not the time or the place for argument.

The subject-matter of the college discipline has nearly trebled in volume within our generation through the incoming of the sciences with the scientific method, and through the incoming of the new humanities based on history, with its application to economics, politics, and sociology, and upon the modern languages and literatures. The marvel



of this great increase has been the naturalness of the process. The new learning has come in by the way of hospitality. The old learning has played the host with generosity, often to the degree of sacrifice.

There have been, however, two difficulties attending this incoming of the new subject-matter into the college curriculum. The first difficulty has been that of securing preparation for it in the secondary schools equal to the preparation already given for the old subject-matter. A part of this difficulty will pass away with time. The modern languages can be taught, and will be taught, with more and more regard to their academic value, though I doubt if they can ever become in this stage the full equivalent of the ancient classics. French is the language of style. No language admits of finer discriminations. But the sense of style comes late in the process of culture. For the first three years at least, Greek has an inherent advantage over French. The physical sciences, especially physics, are so dependent upon mathematics that it is impossible to carry them far beyond the stage of manipulation in the secondary schools. As a rule, a year of college mathematics must precede the thorough study of physics. History, too, when pursued by a scientific method, is a study of maturity. One may learn dates and become familiar with historic men and events at an early period. But the judgment of

men or of events, the tracing of results to their causes, the study of origins,—all these are quite distinct from the early ventures of the imagination and the memory into the domain of history. The hesitancy in putting the stamp of equality upon the new subject-matter is due in part to the difficulty of guaranteeing the method of entrance into the college curriculum.

The second difficulty lies in the tendency to divert the study of the sciences to the ends of utility. Utility is the long and the high end of a vast deal of the best study. I find myself in full accord with the paper presented by President Murkland, — a paper of such insight and comprehensiveness as an academic audience has seldom the good fortune to hear. It has been the standing boast of Balliol College for years that through its discipline in the classics, mathematics, and philosophy, it made the rulers of India. But it is quite possible to hurry away after the American fashion into practicality. The sciences seem to open the easy road. The new subject-matter can be used prematurely to that end as the old cannot be. But there is no necessity for this use of it. I affirm its higher use. I put it on a growing equality with the old in all that constitutes the training of a broadly educated man. I can no more conceive of an educated man of to-day as devoid of the scientific spirit, or as ignorant of the methods and results of the natural and physical

sciences, than I can conceive of him as devoid of the spirit of the common humanity, or as ignorant of the great historic forces which have been at work in the life of men or of nations. There is a habit of mind born of the scientific spirit which is necessary to utility, but which is not of it. "There is nothing so prolific," President Gilman of Johns Hopkins has said, "There is nothing so prolific in utilities as abstractions." Or to quote the more spirited words of Cuvier:—

"These grand practical innovations are only the easy applications of truths of a superior order, not sought with a practical intent, truths which their authors have pursued for their own sake, impelled solely by an ardor for knowledge. Those who put them in practice could not have discovered them; those who have discovered them had neither the time nor the inclination to pursue them to a practical result. Absorbed in the higher regions whither their contemplations had carried them, they had hardly perceived this movement, and these creations, though born of their own words. These rising workshops, these people's colonies, these vessels which furrow the seas, this abundance, this luxury, this turmoil, all this comes from discoverers in science, and all this remains strange to them. The day that a doctrine comes into practice they abandon it to the populace; it concerns them no more."

I have no time to speak of the introduction of what I have termed the new humanities into the college curriculum, further than to say that they have brought in the element of moral sensitiveness. They are not opposed to the scientific method or spirit, but they give what science does not possess, — the sense of the human.

The only academic question growing out of the difficulties to which I have referred is in regard to degrees. Is the subject-matter of the college curriculum of to-day sufficiently homogeneous to warrant a single degree; or must we continue to discriminate against the new subject-matter through new degrees? Different colleges would doubtless give different answers, according to their requirements for admission, according to their facilities for work, according to their traditions and aims, if an immediate answer were called for, but I think that we are fast approaching a consensus of opinion on this question. I believe that the time is not far distant when a single degree will satisfy the work which can be legitimately carried on under the college curriculum.

The arrangement of the college curriculum under the vast influx of new material must inevitably be a more serious matter than the admission of the material. Practically it involves the principle of electives. By no possibility can all the subjects of the curriculum be made subjects of study with any attempt at

thoroughness. There are three methods of carrying out the necessary process of exclusion ; first by such choice previous to entering college as will reduce the number of subjects which can be taken. Preparation for college may be such that one will be shut up to a given course in college. Second, so many subjects may be required, and for so long a period, that comparatively few can be elected for continuous and advanced study. Third, when the election is apparently free, subjects may be so classified and grouped that the choice is practically conditioned.

The principle of election or rejection is so necessary a part of the present educational system that the only question really is, By whom shall the election or rejection be made, — by the college authorities, treating all alike, by departments naturally related for support, or by the individual student with or without advice? I am quite sure that the tendency is toward some determination of choice rather than away from it. When unlimited freedom appears upon the surface there are usually undercurrents which set in definite directions. We are all agreed that a college education must have two characteristics, a reasonable breadth and thoroughness. A man is not liberally educated who knows but one thing, however well he may know it, neither is he liberally educated who knows many things without a definite and certain knowledge. Neither a narrow

nor a desultory course means going through college. I am disposed to think that we ought to take the risks of breadth in view of the fact that the professional study which follows allows little or no choice. I am further inclined to the use of the elective principle up to the point of its moral advantage. I have seen too many men saved intellectually and morally through the working of the principle to ignore or distrust its moral power. As I have elsewhere said, it is the great intellectual appeal which the college can make to the individual.

The adjustment of the college curriculum to that which goes before and to that which follows after has suddenly become the most practical question before us. It takes the form, — Shall the college course be shortened to three years? The question must be answered, I take it, not upon sentimental but upon educational grounds; but let us understand the question. If it means that some men can do and ought to be allowed to do in three years what other men can do only in four years, very good. This means simply the arrangement of the college curriculum by courses instead of by years. When this is practicable so far as the teaching force is concerned, and the health of the student will allow, there is every reason for the change. If it means that some high schools and academies can place their students in sophomore year as well fitted as the majority of schools can place their students in freshman year, very

good. The example of such schools is a stimulus and incentive to high scholarship. If it means that subjects ought to be introduced into the senior year which will enable the graduate to make closer connection with the professional school, very good. I think that many of our colleges ought to have better terminal facilities. There are many subjects which can be counted as either academic or professional. Let them have place in the college curriculum. But if the question means the absolute shortening of the college curriculum by a year at the beginning or at the end, then I protest against the reduction on educational grounds. The reduction cannot be called for in the interest of the higher education, but rather in the interest of some substitutes for the college within the range of the higher education. The substitutes offered are the high school and the university. The time saved must go to one or the other, with the ultimate liability or expectation that the whole time occupied by the college will be divided between the two. My objection to the proposed transfer of time lies in the fact that the substitutes offered are not substitutes. The high school is local, the university is special. The college in spirit, in aim, and in fact is national. It brings together men of many types of mind. It educates in part through its constituency. It creates the conditions for the best action of mind upon mind. It enlarges the individual environment.

And as related to the university the college stands for maturity before specialization. It demands breadth as well as intensity of interest. It anticipates those interests which lie outside professional life within the wide field of citizenship. If I say that it has primary regard for the development of the man himself, I am not uttering educational cant, but only the very truth upon which we all insist when we are not pleading for some kind of specialism. The college is to-day the chief bulwark against the American spirit of impatience. There is danger that the university, as it is beginning to be administered, will foster that spirit. I am convinced that there is an educational value in the college idea which we cannot afford to lose out of our educational system. There are and can be no substitutes for it, nor, as I believe, any equivalents for it. The American college embodies and preserves the best traditions we have coming down to us from church and state; and it meets the demands of the present both for defense and for advance. It represents the educational privilege of an increasing number to whom the college degree is the final degree. It gives vitality, breadth, freedom, and, as I believe, intellectual security, to the educational training of the people. We cannot afford to consider the abridgment of its power.

I am in favor of every reasonable adjustment of the college curriculum to all other parts of the edu-

cational system, but I would yield nothing which would affect its substantial integrity.

Mr. President and Men of Middlebury,—As I bring greetings to you personally, I pay tribute to your work. I give you the word not only of affection and of honor, but of gratitude. The hundred years of your history is cause for profound and far-reaching thankfulness. The men of noble distinction, of high and permanent influence, whom you have sent out over the whole world, endorse and perpetuate the discipline which you represent. May the years and centuries before you bring in their own growth and expansion, and make their own adjustment to the demands of education, but through all changes and in the midst of all enlargements may you keep your honorable identity.

TEMPORIBUS HOMINIS ARPINATIS

THE dramatization of certain events in the momentous times of Cicero and his colleagues in the government, offered by the Middlebury students on the evening of Wednesday, July 4, the Educational Day of centennial week, was not a new feature in the scholastic life of the College. On the contrary, the presentation was the culmination of three years of effort to reproduce, with some accuracy, not only the sounds of the Latin tongue in actual speech of men and women, but also the environment of scene and background belonging to life in the old Roman city. Without this previous experience it is improbable that the elaborate attempt would have been made on so important an occasion. The story of the beginnings of dramatic venture in this field, the first guesses at costuming, the cutting and recutting of various material in the trial for the right fabric, the making of musical instruments and stage furniture, the search for a competent artist to paint the large amount of scenery necessary, would fill a volume, and but the briefest record may here be given.

The Class of 1900 were asked to read antiphonally an ode of Horace in illustration of the rhythm and cadence of Latin poetry, before a convention of Latin teachers to be held at the College on March 8, 1898. The practice of this reading in the class-room led to the question of a musical rendering. When this had been attempted, and decided to be not too venturesome, the need of some imitation of the ancient accompaniment of pipes was too obvious to be neglected, and there followed the trial of various instruments until those were found which seemed to give the true effect. Each successive rehearsal now encouraged the participants to believe that they were imitating, a little more closely than before, chorus singing not entirely unlike that to which Cicero or Horace may often have listened. As the work went on, there grew, not unnaturally, a feeling for accuracy in all details of the venture, for venture it still seemed. Nor is it strange that, having advanced thus far toward the ideal, there should now be regret at the presence of an inharmonious feature, namely, the modern garments which they wore, and which were characterized by the members as an anachronism and out of tune with the musical effect that they were trying to produce. Although the suggestion of tunica and toga was too bold a solution of the difficulty to meet with entire favor at the outset, a few of the number began to experiment with drapery. The not un-

graceful results of even the first attempts were too fascinating to be abandoned. Little by little, when a number of trials showed more or less success in making and wearing the garments, and the costumes assumed more and more the look and fold of tunic and toga, the doubtful ones were persuaded, until at last the entire chorus committed itself to this final cast. The donning of Caius's toga and Caia's tunic seemed to complete the illusion; and when, after repeated changes of score and costume, the evening of the rendering had at last come, the forgetfulness of self and of the audience, in sympathy with the ancient rôle assumed was so genuinely felt and so clearly shown as to impress the audience with remarkable power.

At a second meeting of the Latin teachers, one year later, a bolder design was formed. The Latin department arranged a drama of certain events in the life of Cicero which centered about the conspiracy of Catiline, basing the text upon the letters and orations of Cicero and the histories of Sallust and Plutarch. It was, of course, venturesome to assign to the eloquent consul, and to others, expressions which they may never have used. Yet the utmost care was taken, in connecting the well-known passages from the various authors, that there should be no sentiments assigned to the speaker other than those which he was known from actual history to have uttered.

Since no room in any of the college buildings was of sufficient size, or suited in other ways, for the production of the drama, it was necessary to secure the town hall. Here, again, difficulty arose because of the limited accommodations for the actors. But a skilful hand was found to temporarily enlarge and adapt the stage to new requirements, though this lessened the seating capacity of the room. Nor were there in the stage furnishings fixtures which could be used in this Roman setting. Tables, curule chairs, lamps, altars, and other accessories must all be made for the occasion, and as there were no patterns available, much time and labor were necessarily required to produce all that was demanded by the presentation.

A more serious question was the scenery. Here the College was fortunate beyond all expectation. Mr. Charles Witham, whose unrivaled paintings for the Roman plays of Booth and Barrett had given fame years since, was persuaded to visit Middlebury to consider the possibilities of the stage, and to offer judgment regarding the paintings needful. After careful estimate, although his services were in continual demand in larger fields, he was influenced to undertake the labor of the decoration. Though unable to show fully his wonderful skill under the limitations of the hall, he generously contributed more of his time and talent than could have been expected, that he might fully harmonize

the scenic effects with the needs of the production. To him is due much of the success of the entertainment. Since the language spoken was strange to many in the audience, plainly no inconsiderable part of the effect must be supplied by the scenery. The magic of Mr. Witham's brush seemed to defy all limit as he wrought out upon the canvas temple, column, atrium, and street. The amazement of the audience, as the parting curtains revealed the temple of Jupiter, the Forum, and the brilliant house interior, was not the least interesting feature of the evening's entertainment. The delusion of the perspective was so great in some instances that it seemed impossible that the stage had not been extended beyond the limit of the building. The remarkable sympathy of the actors with the parts which they had assumed, the graceful costumes, and the perspective in the various scenes, caused the Latin teachers to feel that the representation was of great educational value in thus vividly portraying the life and ways of ancient Rome.

The entire arrangement of parts had been distributed among sixty-five students, and occupied in the rendering nearly three hours. The employment of so many in rehearsals and upon special committees was necessarily something of a hindrance to other departments of the college work. Yet not only did the various members of the Faculty freely overlook whatever embarrassment arose

from this cause, but some gave unsparingly of their time that the essay might bring honor to the College. The drilling of the choruses and assistance in the making of the libretto which was published in connection with the drama were instances of this generous service. To the encouragement and financial aid of the senior member of the Board of Trustees, Governor John W. Stewart, was due the possibility of much elaboration in the details which otherwise must have been omitted.

The vote of the Trustees, at their meeting in June, 1899, that the drama should be repeated during the centennial exercises, brought the Latin department face to face with a number of serious problems. Two seemed difficult of adjustment. First, so many and imperative are the demands of the commencement season, particularly in the case of a graduating class, that great embarrassment would be experienced in trying to secure the cooperation of the students. If the obligations were burdensome at the usual Commencement, it was feared that, at the important anniversary approaching, the part assigned the undergraduates might be too great for fulfilment. The result showed that the apprehension was not needlessly entertained. Another difficult question was the place of presentation. The necessity of a specially erected building for the drama was early recognized by those most interested in the undertaking, but so many were the duties crowding

upon the department, that there naturally was hesitation to add a feature involving so much additional thought and expense. Late in the year — too late for the most successful completion — the need of such a building was seen to be imperative if adequate accommodations were to be provided. A larger stage than the limited one in the hall used in the previous year was also desirable to perfect the dramatization.

The proportions of the Centennial Building — for such was the name given to this improvised theatre — were a fortunate guess, rather than measurements from any other structure. The dimensions were one hundred and forty-five feet by sixty, and the floor space within was divided laterally into an audience room of eighty feet, a stage of thirty feet, and dressing rooms, in the rear, of thirty-five feet. The height was twenty and one-half feet to the eaves and thirty to the ridge. The roof was of a single span in order that no obstacle of even the slightest nature might be interposed to the view. Every precaution was taken to secure the safety of the audience. The floor was doubly strengthened, and emergency doors were cut at the middle of each side, while four large doors for entrance and exit opened upon a generous porch at the front. About nine hundred sittings were provided, but at the last, as the accommodation was seen to be insufficient, a gallery was constructed across the front of the building which would

seat one hundred and twenty more. Even with this addition, every seat was sold before July 4, and the committee were reluctantly obliged to return unfilled the late orders for tickets. A unique feature of the audience room was an inclined floor so supported that it could be brought to a horizontal without interference with other parts of the building. Through this device the floor was leveled by morning and in readiness for the luncheon of the Centennial Day. The roughness of the exterior was somewhat concealed by hangings of bunting, while the interior was beautifully decorated with soft Pompeian browns and blues in harmony with the paintings and curtains of the stage.

It was a matter greatly to be regretted that the delay of the contractor in completing the building should interfere with the rehearsals of the few weeks immediately preceding the presentation; but the patience and loyalty of the students overcame even this, the most serious of all hindrances that threatened at times to seriously mar the success which had been hoped. All the rehearsals took place on an unfinished stage, with scaffolding, half-colored canvas, lumber of all description, and carpenters' equipment scattered in utmost confusion, while the directions of the painter and the hammering of the laborers wearied and discouraged the actors.

By the greatest good fortune, the member of the Faculty in charge of the music of the Centennial

possessed unfailing patience, and, in spite of every hindrance, led the chorus singing to a harmonious end, almost bringing the hammer strokes of the carpenters into unison beats with the antique measures. Nor was there less good fortune in the use of the former skilful hand, at whose inventive touch the continually arising difficulties of stage arrangement disappeared. Yet, in spite of every effort, Wednesday evening overtook the drama still in the throes of preparation. No brief reference can convey an adequate picture of the confused condition of the undertaking even to the opening of the doors.

The evening was fair. Long before eight o'clock a continuous line of carriages crowded the roadway to the entrances, and by a few minutes past the hour the largest audience that ever gathered under a roof in Middlebury had found seats in the comfortable chairs provided.

The first scene was devised to serve as a fitting introduction to all that followed. In the dimly lighted nave of a temple, whose pillars faded far into the darkness, stood a statue of Apollo, while there solemnly advanced in the half light a score of suppliants chanting the Greek words of one of the old invocation hymns. The music swelled through gentle supplication to more earnest prayer to the gods, and then died away in lingering and plaintive appeal.

Practised helpers swiftly readjusted the stage when the curtains had shut out the stately processional, and there then appeared a representation of the interior of the temple of Jupiter Stator, arranged as a meeting place for the Roman senate. In the apse of a temple which seemed to reach away indefinitely in receding columns beyond the marble seats, and which was by some regarded as the masterpiece of all the artist's work, there stood the imposing form of the god. The scene when the senators file into their seats, then rise as Cicero appears, while from a side aisle Catiline also advances to his place, made one wonder momentarily whether these stately moving forms in classic drapery were not the real rulers of the world by some chance revived for a brief hour. The passing over of the senators, the startled looks which are turned to Cicero, who, in composure and yet in wrath, regards his defiant adversary, the bursting forth of the fire of invective no longer able to be controlled, in that masterpiece of oratory which has thrilled so many students of Cicero in the years which have since come and gone, lacked in the presentation nothing which the actors were able to supply. As the words of their chief ring out in accusation, the senators, that they may play well their part, pretend, in face and in gesture, amazement and fear; but as presently the passion of the charge burns to the soul of the now cringing conspirator, both players and au-

dience forget that the action is but feigned. Rarely can it have happened that one speaking Cicero's words after him has so interpreted his thought to others as did the impersonator in this evening's drama. It is an interesting fact, and not unworthy of being here recorded, that during the progress of the rehearsals, the magnitude of this part, and the reality of the transfer to a Roman world and time, at first almost prevented, though it finally inspired, the action. The absolute loss of self in invective, in entreaty, in dignified argument, in the lighter tone of the home scenes, in solemn appeal to the gods, was everywhere a remarkable achievement, and plainly unattainable to one who had not by much study entered deeply into the life and spirit of the consul.

As the great orator finished with words of appeal to the deity sitting majestically above the assembly, Catiline, who had now shown, now repressed, the emotions having play within him, dissembling humility and injury in both speech and attitude, rose to make defence. His words—they are written in Sallust—were few before some of the senators cry, "parricida," "proditor," and "impietas." Wilder and wilder grows the scene, until, in a final outburst, a threat of vengeance, the haughty nobleman flings himself from the assembly now ringing with the angry interruptions of his colleagues.

The citizens pass to and fro with banter and jest, in the next scene, until the consul appears to formally announce the flight of Catiline. The place is, of course, the Forum. The background used was an adaptation of Bauernfeld's painting, which looks up the Via Sacra, past the shrine of Castor and Pollux and the Basilica to the temples of Saturn and Concord, with the arx of the Capitoline showing in the distance. It seemed to extend to impossible limits, not only because of the perspective, but by reason of ingenious lighting.

There now followed the longest scene of the drama, the trial of the conspirators, and the one which best illustrated the troublous times through which the consul was endeavoring to lead the state. The rolling of the curtains shows the senators coming through the aisles and passages to their seats in the temple of Concord. After vows to the gods, under the direction of the pontifex maximus, at the altar, from which the smoke of incense rises, Cicero lays briefly before the senate the story of the arrest of the conspirators at the Mulvian bridge on the previous night. Volturcius, who it is hoped will turn state's evidence, is brought in. With most admirable skill the consul seeks to draw from the unwilling man the details of the plot. It is a desperate venture and hope. Not only is the conspirator on trial, but as well the "novus homo," before his critical and haughty colleagues, many of whom,

through various motives, would be gratified should the evidence be insufficient to prove the case. If the consul fails to convince the majority of the still doubting nobility, his little prestige is lost and his dearly bought power gone. Skilfully does he attack and powerfully plead with the wary conspirator. At first the issue seems doubtful, but the torrential words, now fierce-edged with sarcasm, now persuasive of loyalty, are at least irresistible; they compel compliance, and the consul turns in a burst of triumph to the circle and reads in their faces that he has won.

But the victory is not yet complete. Cicero well knows that the evidence is still too slight to break an opposition so powerful, and the examination proceeds, though the tone of the charge is changed in surety of the outcome. The two Gallic chiefs enter and tell their story. Cethegus, introduced, at first makes light of the accusation, then storms defiance and denial until silenced by the reading of an intercepted letter. Statilius and Gabinius are easier marks. The climax of the scene is the introduction of Lentulus, the praetor, in the rich robe of his office. The senators start from their seats in amazement. It was evident that their consul was playing at a desperate game. Plain, too, was it that he would win or lose all with the success or failure of this final thrust in the conflict with a dissolute nobility. Lentulus,

haughty with dignity and with contempt for the proceedings, is yet forced to acknowledge the seal of an unopened letter addressed to the Gallic chiefs. Flaccus, his colleague in office, breaks the wax and reads the fatal words of betrayal of trust. The magnificent power of the consul is seen in the eloquence which slowly breaks down the haughty defiance of the nobleman. From pride he is driven to anger, from anger to embarrassment, then to confusion and falsification, until at last, in the very abjectness of shame, he confesses his guilt. Then follows the solemn ceremony of putting off the robe of state that impiety may not be shown in the punishment of one made sacred in person because of his office. In the hush which has fallen upon actors and audience alike, Silenus, the consul elect, moves that a thanksgiving be offered the immortal gods because of the deliverance of the city and the citizens from the threatened danger.

After a brief scene showing Cicero in his home, the senate is again disclosed in deliberation. What punishment shall befall the conspirators? Caesar and Cato lead the opposite opinions, but the division of the house, made as the curtains roll together, shows that the majority are with Cato for the penalty of death.

The days of the consulship of Cicero are now over. Again the Forum is filled with moving forms. Flaccus, the praetor, and a number of citizens discuss

the rumor that Cicero is to be prevented from publicly recounting his official acts. The rumor is not unfounded. As the consul appears and begins his address to the people, the tribune Marcellus formally forbids the justification of his year of leadership. He may not disobey. But he makes the recourse allowed him as powerful as an oration. In the silence that falls on the patricians and plebeians before him he solemnly makes oath that he has saved the state. But the shadow of exile is falling.

Once more, a few scenes later, he appears, but now in triumph. It was thought not unfitting that the last sight of the consul should be in illustration of his own words, "When they had made known to me their congratulation in loudest cheers, with thronging and with shouts they attended me even to the Capitoline, and both in the Forum and on the Capitoline itself there was an astounding multitude."

The heavier parts of the drama were alternated by Forum and house views in which, against the brilliantly colored hangings, the drapery of the moving figures was peculiarly effective. Of all these eleven scenes, it is not easy to say with which the audience were most pleased. The admirable impersonation of Terentia and Tullia in the home of Quintus Cicero and Pomponia, when there seemed to return to us the real Romans of the Letters in the stateliness and grace with which in thought we clothe them, or that glimpse of Cicero's house, with

the singing of Publilia to soothe the wearied consul after the fatigue of the trial, proved, to some, the most typically Roman scenes; to others, the Vestals formed the most beautiful grouping of the evening; some were particularly pleased with the choruses at the close; while others, again, preferred the strong forensic element, rather than the lighter scenes, or foils, however brilliant they may have been.

In this drama of Roman life, as in the two presentations out of which it grew, there was made prominent in every feature the thought that the portrayal must be accurate, whatever the toil involved. The end must be educational rather than entertaining. Happily the former aim, in nearly all of the details, insured the latter result. But it continually happened, particularly in the selection and arrangement of individual costumes, that many fell by the way into the temptation to adapt some small detail — it might be the cut of a sandal or a cunningly devised fold of the palla — according to some preconceived idea, or a sense of what was personally becoming, rather than to the exact pattern of some classic model. Yet, whenever inaccuracy was pointed out, the scholarly enthusiasm of the participants always led them to the rejection of every gloss and false effect. It was, therefore, gratifying that there were present so large a number of educators from both the school and college field, since it was believed that, notwithstanding the impossibility of adequate rehearsals, and a con-

sequent loss of that last refining touch which is oft-times so effective, the life passing to and fro before this critical audience did not far belie its prototype. The picture, now hurrying, now loitering, across the brilliant background, from the simple toga of a citizen to the elaborate folds that clad the stately Vestalis Maxima, was Roman in all its dignity and beauty.

To the question whether the end so earnestly sought, a true glimpse of the life under that old civilization which has entered into and moulded all subsequent history, was realized, there came answer in many forms. Words written a few days later by one of the most honored guests are offered — it is hoped not unfairly — as typical of a general impression. "There was no one thing in the entire centennial exercises which made so profound impression on me. The whole thing seemed to be so adapted to the College and to the occasion. For students to take part in such an exercise as that, is worth in the study of Latin, in my judgment, all that I received in my college course."

To have made real for a few hours that old world of nineteen centuries ago, from which we derive so much that is strong and true in our own domain, was, surely, in the elaborate programme offered by the College at her turning of the years, no unworthy ideal of student contribution. To their scholarly toil and patient, self-denying help belong unstinted honor and praise.

CENTENNIAL ORATION

By PROFESSOR WALTER E. HOWARD

THE history of humanity is the record of a struggle. The aggregate achievement of mankind is the measure of it. The ultimate hope of the race rests in the future, as it has rested since that far time when the haggard earth fled through the midnight of unthinkable space—it rests in the initial impulse of that creative mind which bounded the first day by a rosy dawn and a golden sunset. For before the sunrise God was, after the sunset God will be,—the first Great Cause in that infinite series whose final term is the immeasurable possibilities of the human soul. Education began with the dawn, and the earth was led out of darkness into light, out of cold and horror into warmth and beauty, out of chaos into order, out of death and despair into love and life.

A low-browed, lurching creature looking on the ground and muttering with his lips,—brute-eyed, savage, shaggy, with incoherent cries beating the air, snarling at his food,—the savage prototype of him who was to come. A wide-browed man, clear-eyed, clothed, serene, self-poised, doing justice and

judgment, with wisdom and calm speech, from a written law. And this is the educated grandson of the naked savage with the brutal brow.

A wilderness untrod, with mountains unclimbed and streams unvexed, a forest primeval, teeming with wild and lawless life,—that was our father's welcome home. A land that blossoms like the rose,—that is the son's inheritance.

The earth swings on, and Time fills up his overflowing hands with dropping years. Man, the son of God and heir of all the ages, stands upon the uplands of the world clad with glory and honor. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand, thou hast put all things under his feet."

The education of humanity that some men call its evolution, is God's thought for man and man's work for God. The part that man, with fear and hope, has wrought in his own salvation, is the greatest glory of the human race. The part the English man has borne in that gigantic conquest of himself is the greatest glory of the English race. But education is more than learning to read, and more than one factor has entered into the evolution of the race. The cloistered monks of Canterbury did their part with pen and page; the English barons dug liberty into England's soil with battle-axe and sword; the gray old colleges beside the Isis and the Cam poured out their streams of learn-

ing to refresh the world; and grim Cromwell taught freedom of conscience with the headsman's axe. We are heirs of England's law and learning,—children of them that reared Oxford and Cambridge; sons of them who built Westminster Abbey and fill its tombs. But of all the wealth of brawn and brain that we are heir to, there has never been a legacy so rich as the love of learning and the love of books that Young England inherited from Old England three hundred years ago. The men who made New England built it by the Book. Seeking a home in the wilderness, they chose its site fast by the oracles of God; knowing they had no continuing city, they yet built upon a rock. Lifting their eyes unto Heaven, "their dearest country," they were not unmindful of the true foundation of an earthly state.

To rightly tell the story of this College, one must also tell the story of the times in which it grew, and the men who made the times. The men who settled this valley and established this College, a hundred years ago, were sons of the Puritans — were Puritans themselves. In the interval between that forgotten, bleak December day when the Mayflower with its cargo of immortals fluttered into Plymouth Bay and the beginning of the nineteenth century, many changes had come about. We miss from the men of 1800 much that makes the men of 1600 so unique. The earlier men were the product of their

time. They were stern because life was real. They were solemn because death was sure. They prayed with their backs to the wall that they might meet their enemies face to face. They feared God and Him only. They were reserved because they had been set apart. They were just because Justice is an attribute of God. They were unemotional because they had no nerves. They were honest because they hated a lie.

The men of 1800 inherited their fathers' virtues and acquired some for themselves. Conditions had changed — character stood fast. The old world had slipped away. The new world was the only world these later Puritans had ever known. These men had never felt the shadow of a King fall on them as they prayed. They had not cut the leaves of their Bible with a sword. They had not been born under a leaden sky or in an iron age. They had seen the glory of a sunrise in a new world. The trackless forests, the majestic mountains, and the rolling streams not only broadened their minds with lessons of wonderful opportunity in their present lives, but stimulated their imaginations with visions of matchless possibilities in the years to come. The grim severity of the older Puritans had borne in them the sweeter fruitage of a calm and sober life, and yet at no expense of taste or fibre. The times had not yet set themselves to the easy life that saps vigor and rots manhood. The Puritans of a hun-

dred years ago had themselves felt the weariness of great tasks and the exaltation of great victories of peace and war. To grapple with savage nature, to subdue the forests, and to grub the fields, to wrestle with the oak and throw him, — that was the work these later Puritans had to do in this new New England. And they did it well. No servile race was here to do their bidding, but all alone, father and stalwart sons, in sweat and grime, subdued the crocky fields, and laid the sleepers of both home and state. Their hands grew large and wholesome, their joints big and ugly, for their work was hard and endless; but they also lifted hands of faith to Heaven. We reap the fruit of their toil and sacrifice, but let it not be said with thankless hearts or grudging words.

Nor was this all. These, too, had been embattled farmers and the hands that swung the sickle had also held the reaping hook of war. Ticonderoga was just three weeks from Lexington, and Hubbardton and Bennington and Saratoga had proved the valor of simple farmers fighting for their homes. The trying times before and after the Revolution, when Vermont was mistress of herself alone, and the men of Vermont were learning the lessons of self-government in the school of a wilderness, developed in the men of this valley a strength of character and a force of will and self-reliance that have never been surpassed. And they had not outgrown the Bible.

Before the sunrise God was, after the sunset God would be, — and upon that rock they built a church that the gates of hell shall not prevail against; and upon that rock they reared a state that shall endure till men forget.

The belief in a real God, — not an intellectual abstraction, — a God that saw their toil and heard their prayers, a God that loved good and hated sin, a God that in the beginning created the heaven and the earth and had never abdicated nor been dethroned, a God that ruled the world and was yet a very present help in time of trouble, — the belief in God was as strong and unswerving in the men of 1800 as in the men who died at Smithfield, fought at Naseby, or knelt on Plymouth Rock. They had not learned the value of the higher criticism. They had not found out that Genesis is a fable and Job a myth. They had not discovered that the Bible is but a compilation of moral lessons. To them it was the *Holy* Bible and the very word of God. They believed the Bible and believed in it. They lived by its precepts and they died in its hope. They believed in something besides a mere negation, and they believed it with all their hearts. They were positive, aggressive, masterful, and the leaven of their lives, the spirit of their enterprise, the resolution of their character, and the temper of their courage may be seen to this day, even in men who deny their fathers' God and smile

at their fathers' faith. Nor was this all. The pioneers in this wilderness were sons of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Some of them had been nursed upon the lap of those great foster-mothers, Harvard and Yale, and all of them were New England's heirs,—inheritors of those twin New England notions, the schoolhouse and the church. They caught the torch of civilization from the older States and with it drove away the shadow of the woods. They smote the forests, and lo! a church in every valley, a schoolhouse on every hill. They prized learning for they loved truth. They were not afraid of learning, nor scared of its beauty, nor terrified at its philosophy. Nothing would have pleased them more than to pit the truths of the gospel against the philosophy of the ancient world or the infidelity of the new. They felt no doubt and they knew no fear. Such were the men—sublime in their faith, fearless of heart, stalwart of body, steadfast of soul—who peopled this valley, and a hundred years ago laid the corner-stone of this College in poverty and prayer. We do not know the story of that day's work,—we only know results. Even in such a little time the picture has faded and the words are lost. What hymns they sang, what prayers they prayed, what words of hope and cheer and prophecy they said—with what simple form or hallowed ceremony did their work, we cannot tell. But we may well believe that such men at such a

time were not forgetful of their duty nor unmindful of their destiny; and while they built a college for their children, they also built a monument for themselves.

But whether there be shafts of stone, they shall fail; whether there be tablets of brass, they shall cease; whether there be mausoleums and monuments, they shall vanish away. But charity never faileth; and when the ostentatious tomb has crumbled back to dust and betrayed to oblivion even its tenant's name; when those vain men who hoped to bribe men's memory with marble shafts and granite columns have slipped into sudden and deserved forgetfulness, where is neither thought nor mention; when they are dead and gone, these simple, modest lovers of their fellow men who have built a college for the young, a hospital for the sick, a home for the poor, even a fountain where a panting dog may drink, — these choice spirits, lovers of all created life, shall live on immortal, their names enshrined in the love and memory of long succeeding years. The names of some who founded this College, and who have given it life, we know, and even as I speak you softly whisper to yourselves their well-remembered names. But not all. Sometimes upon a battle-field grown green in peace, among the monuments to famous troops and the shafts to famous men, the victors carve a simple stone "To the memory of the unknown dead." So here and

now, with grateful hearts and fond remembrance, pay we our tribute of love and gratitude to those unknown men and women who, in hardship and poverty and sacrifice, on these hillsides and in these valleys, first earned in weariness and yet in hope, hallowed with their prayers, and gave with their blessing their ungrudging gifts. Verily, verily, I say unto you not one of them is forgotten before God; let them not be forgotten by us this day—or ever.

The story of the first half-century in the life of this College has many times been told. It is a wonderful story. I doubt if in the history of New England college life a more wonderful record has been made, or a more wonderful story can be told. The quality of the work done here is measured by the men who were educated in this College during its first fifty years,—judges of supreme courts, bishops mitred and unmitred, scholars and teachers, statesmen and poets. And what was the secret of that success? First of all, good stuff. The students who came here in that early day were the sons of the men and women I have told you of. They were the heirs of their fathers' sturdy piety and their mothers' sturdy faith. Strength of body, power of mind, loyalty to conscience,—this was their Puritan heritage. These qualities they brought to college when they came, and these qualities, strengthened and not enfeebled, enriched and not starved, developed and not dwarfed, they carried with them when

they went. And the world of that time, their world and age, knew them and welcomed them into its life and service. One supreme advantage the boys of that time had. They were for the most part poor, and yet their poverty was not of that abject kind companioned with ignorance, weakness of body, feebleness of mind. Their poverty was of that robust, self-respecting, wholesome sort that lashes the lazy, coaxes the irresolute, beckons the ambitious into sweeter fields, to sunnier heights, than any other guide may know. The man who is born to wealth has clearly missed the pleasure of acquisition; the man who is born great has surely never felt the delight of conquest; the man whose career has been made for him has never felt the exaltation of a man's fight or the charm of a man's victory. To none of these has fate been cruel that she might be kind. Those old boys were, not without exception, but for the most part, poor boys. They came in general from the farm; they were sons of the soil. They had prepared for college as best they could,—some at school; some said their lessons to the wide-browed village minister, who loved to rub a little brighter his college Latin against the charming ignorance of some brave, uncouth, ambitious boy; and some literally learned their Greek at the tail of a plough. They saw visions and dreamed dreams. Few books were in their fathers' houses; but they had read the story of one

Perfect Life. Few pictures were on their walls; but at sunset, as they stood beside the pasture bars, they had seen the glory in the purple sky. And one would be a lawyer and plead for justice in a poor man's cause; and one would be a statesman and make his country great with wider liberty and purer laws; and one would tell the story of that Perfect Life in darkened lands beyond the sea. "And a boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts." And so he left the old homestead—the parsonage and the farm—with the father's benediction and the mother's smile, with the sister to walk a little way beside him on his road and then turn back again, in homespun suit as warm and ill-fitting as loving hands could make, and came to college. The story of one is the story of many. One man, as famous in his time as any scholar of the classics in the world, and not forgotten yet, one evening topped the Cornwall hills, with just six dollars in his pocket, for a four years' college course. He taught school winters, and took his pay in products of the farm, which in due course of nature he transmuted into second aorists and hexameters. Another, known wherever the poet of the world is read, used to carry his shoes in his hands to the schoolhouse door to save their wear upon the gritty road.

It was not an easy life. Hard work, coarse food, self-denial,—these may be the things that the hero

of the scholars' world is made of, but they are things no more pleasant or agreeable to him than to the idle son of the lavish millionaire; let no one think it. But some things are dearer than others are hateful. The recompense of the reward is sometimes more attractive than the charms of Pharaoh's royal court, and commands respect. Such are the compensations of nature: necessity compels labor; but labor gives power, study gives wisdom, practice gives skill. Necessity compels fighting and struggle; but fighting gives courage, and from struggle comes strength. Necessity compels sacrifice; but sacrifice sweetens life. The way is smoother now. The bounty of generous men and the liberality of the State have made a college education so easy now that it sometimes takes less courage and enterprise to go to college than to stay away. We are such devotees to education in this country, the idea that a liberal education is every boy's due is so ingrain with us, and the belief that it will solve all problems and open all doors is so common, that American benefaction has largely displayed itself in freely opening college doors to all who knock. Scholarships, fellowships, prizes are now so common that no one who has nerve enough to convert a half-formed wish into a lazy resolution need go untaught. But the question may well be asked, if all this ease and lavishness of opportunity does not slack the robust twist of inde-

pendence, and steal courage and dull ambition and lull the beating heart of youth. But one thing it certainly does. It takes away necessity. It takes away the struggle. It lessens sacrifice. Let us hope that with freedom from struggle comes not also loss of strength, that with relief from sacrifice comes not also lack of force, and that when helped by others the beneficiary does not also forget to help himself, and even nurse ingratitude.

The raw material in those early days was good — first growth — hard of substance, tough of fibre. What of the workmanship of the first half-century? The Faculty of that day were skilled workmen. They wrought well. They made their impress upon the minds of the young men who came to them, and that influence is still alive and potent, though the men are dead. Their course of study may seem to us a narrow one, but men are more than courses of study. The right man on the other end of the log makes the college. Rugby without Thomas Arnold would have been an English village up in Warwickshire. Mark Hopkins was more to Williams College than all its stone and mortar. It is always difficult to analyze a composite force and to give to each element its fair and exact credit. The students of our first half-century had the advantage of the best heredity that ever produced a man. They were the product of the best blood, the best bone, the best nerve and muscle and sinew, the best brain, heart,

and conscience that ever yet fell into human form. There may have been men with bluer blood, with softer manners and more polished speech; there may have been men with as rugged frames, with intellect as keen, with conscience as true and heart as tender as the New England Puritan, but the combination has never been equaled in a whole race of men since the world began. Our first half-century graduates were the sons of this parentage. They had been born in humble surroundings, nurtured in hardship, and reared in the fear and admonition of the Lord. They had been educated in a little college by big men. They had followed a narrow course of study into a broad and generous scholarship. They had grown from boyhood to manhood driven by noble ambitions and led by masterful duty, and they went out into the world with a splendid, all-round equipment for the truest and highest personal success and usefulness. They went out with strength and courage to achieve success and to do good. These men represented two widely different types of activity, but stood together, not apart, in a common struggle for the commonwealth. In a certain way they represented the church and state. They stood for public service through the gospel and public service through the law. They represented the evangelization of the pulpit and the civilization of the bar, — the law of man and the law of God, — the things that make for righteousness. The time was ripe for great achieve-

ment, and the world was broad in opportunity. Old parties were breaking up, and new combinations were forming. The party of Washington and Adams was going, or had gone, to pieces. The young men of that day could easily grasp leadership, and control the newer combinations. It is the young men who form new and permanent parties, and during the first half of this century two powerful political organizations were formed, and another was made possible, which exercised tremendous influence in this country, and in turn moulded its destiny. And there were great questions at stake, — questions that thrilled men's hearts and stirred their blood. The last generation had fought for the sublime principle that all men are created equal and have the unalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that taxation without representation is tyranny. The next generation of young Americans who had learned their lessons of liberty in fireside tales of Bunker Hill and Lexington and Ticonderoga from the very lips of their fighting sires, — these young New Englanders, brave, generous, impulsive, educated in the gospel of Jesus Christ and in the Common Law, went out into the world with a blush on the cheek when they looked at their flag with the bragging lie of freedom in its folds. A nation cannot exist half slave and half free, and the inevitable conflict that began before the century, gave cause grand enough, and opportunity wide enough, for

the youth of New England to show that Runnymede and Marston Moor, Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill and Calvary were not forgotten. But New England is not bounded by the narrow rim of her six little States. Her parish also was the world, her forum every place where justice lacked a tongue. New England has been the leaven hid in forty-five measures of meal; not the mother of presidents, but the mother of States. And into the empty West our young men went in that early day. And wherever they planted themselves, there was healthy granulation and abundant growth.

Our first half-century was preeminently an era of the intellect — of the lawyer, the minister, the missionary, and the teacher. The law and the ministry were early rivals for the professional devotion of men trained to think, and especially in that time when theology took on so much of the legal, logical, and judicial character. Those who chose the law were men who in stainless character and lofty purpose were not unworthy of their Puritan parentage. They opened law-offices furnished with a deal table, Blackstone's Commentaries, and the Statutes of the State. They literally laid down the law. They carried to the uncouth bar of the lawless West the common sense of their shrewd New England race — the culture of the school and college, the power of real wisdom, the logic of trained minds, the integrity of the Puritan, the strength of the hills. They

adorned the bar, they dignified the bench, and in the halls of legislation they bore a conspicuous and honorable part. The organic law of many a Western state bears to-day the impress of their forming hands. And so in the country villages of Vermont, in the cities of the East and West—across the Alleghanies, beyond the Mississippi, and on the great plains, they made their way, establishing law and doing equity with clear thought and clean hands.

The typical New England minister of fifty years ago, as of a hundred years ago, was *sui generis*. He was a scholar, a thinker, a reasoner, a logician. His intellect was trained. Some might say his emotions were suppressed; certainly they were controlled. These men especially excelled in cogent thinking and in clear and powerful expression of their thought. Their congregations were trained to this intellectual style and habit, and delighted in it. Not a little of the intellectual grip of New England character is due to the training in intellectual processes which the people received from regular and attentive attendance upon the double service every Sunday, year after year, in the village church. It was an education in itself. The stern theology of the older time had not passed away. They still believed every word of the Bible. They believed in foreordination and the eternal decrees, and that theology that has developed the grandest race of thinkers the world

has ever known, — keenest in logic, shrewdest in wit, coolest in judgment, calmest in temper, bravest in danger, heroic in sacrifice, — that theology was their theology, and that faith was their faith. Whatever we may think of it as an abstract proposition, no one can deny that it developed a race of men virile of body and virile of mind, prepotent to this day. And many a man masterful in business, dominating in law, sweeping a splendid swath of success through the world, is the son or the grandson of one of these same old Puritan ministers with the high forehead and the thin lips. Yet as time goes on we can detect a subtle change. While pure reason still holds sway, there creep into their clear and simple style a loftier eloquence and a deeper human sympathy. The imagination comes in play; the sense of beauty, the love of God, are felt more keenly, and, being felt, they find expression in manly, never maudlin, speech. The New England minister transplanted to the efflorescent West did not lose his character or fibre. He did not run to pith and sap; but he did throw out a few new buds, he did develop a more luxuriant foliage. And in his shadow men still hid themselves from the drought of infidelity and the storm of doubt. Our graduates were splendid representatives of the New England Puritan ministry. Pure in life, clear in mind, powerful in reason, classic in speech, in country meeting-house and in city church they pre-

served the ancient landmarks and maintained the ancient standard of Christian thought and speech.

But there was another class of men who must not be this day forgotten. They were men of bone and substance like all those old New Englanders, gaunt, high-browed, bright-eyed. Their library also consisted of two books, a hymn-book and the Bible. They went away in youth and hope. They were not hectic-cheeked enthusiasts, but they were sober men and earnest men, who had heard that divine command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and obeyed. They, too, went into the West and held the frontier posts with the Indians and the trader. They were not spasmodic in their zeal, but tireless. Year in and year out, in summer's heat and winter's cold, they toiled on. They measured endless prairie trails with weary feet; they climbed mountains; they forded streams. They felt the slipping years go by without home or sure abiding place. While others laid the foundation for a fortune, they laid the foundation for a church; while others gathered for the asking fertile acres for a homestead, they had no time to ask or gather. And so they lived and so they wrought, "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." And to-day many of these heroic men, who had in life not where to lay their heads, sleep well and safely in un-

known graves in mountain and plain, where sigh the sombre woods — where rolls the Oregon. But they are not forgotten. While we pay our tribute this day to statesman and soldier, to scholar and poet, let us not forget these soldiers of the Cross who pass before us with their waving banners and their sounding shields. Their banner is the banner of the Cross, their sword is the sword of the Spirit, their armor the breastplate of righteousness and the helmet of salvation. Their conquest is the soul. Hush the trumpet, still the drum, — and let us stand silent before these men of whom the world is not worthy. Soldiers upon the picket lines of civilization! Pioneers and patriots! Servants of God! Well done!

And what is true of these men is also true of those other heroic souls whose sympathies, wide as the world, swept them into foreign fields. Exiles from home, they lived their homesick lives in patience. They built altars on the Bosphorus and beside the Ganges. Their country was the world. In Asia, in Africa, in the islands of the sea, they told the races of an ancient era the story of the new. Scholars who had mastered here the ancient languages of Greece and Rome set themselves to familiar tasks in India and Siam. They translated the Bible into strange tongues. They preached the Gospel to the poor in barbarous dialects and uncouth speech. They endured the fever of the tropics and the pestilence of the horrible East. They were reviled, they

were despoiled, they were scourged. In sublime patience they worked and waited, — sometimes for years without a convert or a sign from heaven, — yet never in despair. They lived with the lowest castes, they fed them in famine, they nursed them in sickness, they held the hands of the dying, they buried the loathsome dead. What a life! Year after year — and life is long. Exiled from country, parted from friends, and all for what? For a soldier's glory or a statesman's fame? Ah, no. Just to tell the heathen the story of the Cross; just to carry an unknown Gospel to the poor, and then to die and be forgotten like one of them. Talk of courage and self-sacrifice and duty! There is no courage and self-sacrifice and duty like this since Time began. And the students of this College in all this work of home and foreign missions have borne a splendid part. The history of missions is largely a history of this College. And it is a story to be proud of, a story that every man may feel his eyes grow dim about without shame, however little he may sympathize with the cause itself, as a record of human courage, fidelity to duty, love of humanity, loyalty to God that has never been surpassed in the annals of mankind.

And there were the teachers. The schoolmaster was abroad in the land. He swarmed in the South and West. Tutors in families, principals of schools, professors in colleges, presidents of universities, —

they were found in every grade of the teachers' profession, and in every rank adorned it. They were pioneers. They established schools and colleges that have flourished for fifty years and still endure. We are familiar with New England's story in the West; it is a twice-told tale. But the influence of this College in the Southern States before the war is quite as remarkable, though but little known. As lawyers they took the highest rank at the Southern bar, as teachers they were unsurpassed, as preachers they sustained New England's fame. As politicians they were mostly Whigs, and therefore little known to official life. But intellectually, socially, and professionally they took the highest rank. Their influence was deep and wide, and has endured. They touched the Southern life at many points, and in all those things that make for law, for education, for Christian character and civic virtue, their work is still remembered and their influence is still felt.

But the century swings into its middle course. Times have changed. The fields are stumpless. Farms stretch out in broad and fertile acres, perfect in culture, clean in tilth. The log cabin has been twice displaced, and now the big white farm-house sheltered by grandsire-planted elms and maples is the evolution of a New England home. Its fire-side knows New England culture, its larder knows New England thrift. "The pastures are clothed

with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing." Highways had broadened, villages had multiplied; and every village was a commercial and industrial centre. Naturally developed by the necessities of thrifty and prosperous agricultural surroundings, these village and rural communities grew into an ideal and balanced industrial life. All crafts and trades and local commerce found healthy and prosperous development. And industry brought wealth and thrift won plenty. The stately mansions that lined the lengthening village street proclaimed the perfection of that tempered wealth and wholesome comfort and healthy industry and professional dignity which New England villages once enjoyed. And let us not forget the debt of gratitude this College and the students of this College owe to the town of Middlebury and its citizens. For a hundred years their homes have been open to us, and their cheer and bounty ours. We have known the lasting friendships of their firesides, and shared the gracious influences of their social life. Their men have helped many a baffled struggler on his way, their matrons mothered many a homesick boy, their daughters inspired the life and glorified the home of many a worthy man. We cannot separate the College and the village in our thought or in our life. It is Middlebury College, and as our outward lives are linked together, so should our spirits be, in mu-

tual love and pride and helpfulness. The New England love of learning, zeal for study, hunger for books had developed by the middle century into a broader culture and a wider intellectual life. Railroads, telegraphs, newspapers, and magazines were the sun and rain in which the New England character bloomed and fruited. And over all, wealth of field, pride of flock, comfort of home, there extended an open-hearted hospitality that never shut its door in the face of a stranger nor closed it to a friend. And yet these people were not rich in the modern sense. That good old New England word describes them fitly: they were independent, and, what is better, the New England character had not been bred out of them nor shamed within them. Their men were still industrious, and their women capable. Plenty had not fostered pride, nor leisure laziness. On week-days, as before, the thriftiest farmers were earliest afield. On Sundays their horses still filled the meeting-house sheds, their children filled its pews.

But the shadow of a coming crisis was already casting its cloud on all this scene of peace and plenty. The slavery question and the Union question, that had dominated the political thought of New England for two generations, were clamoring for their answer. Politics crept into the pulpit, and the schoolhouse became a forum. These questions were debated everywhere, on the farm and at the

fireside, in the shop or at the village store, or where chance travellers met beside the road. In such an atmosphere of life and thought and labor, the young men of that day were reared, and under such influences they came to college. Not that the oppression of the great conflict was consciously upon them. They filled the brimming cup of life with hope and purpose then as now. But yet there was an unconscious preparation for the trying days to come; and when that time came, when the last compromise had been rejected, the last word said, when the flute faltered and the trumpet rang, then the men of Middlebury, like the men of every Northern college, graduate and undergraduate, calmly laid aside the book and pen, or implement of labor, and peaceful hope and fond purpose and young desire, and coolly, as became their race, without passion, as became their cause, enlisted for the war. They fought the battle of the Lord; they fought to free men, not enslave them; and many of our best and bravest paid their last full measure of devotion, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people should not perish from the earth."

Our first martyr in that sacred cause of liberty was Bennett, of the Class of '64. I shall name no other. Let that young life, sweet, pure, courtly, brave, gentle as a girl, stand as the knightly type of all those men who in that contest gave the scholar's proof that "a sweet and pleasant thing

it is for one's country to die." The war is over; but "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there is pansies, that's for thoughts."

Any comparison between the product of the two half-centuries would be manifestly fair to neither, necessarily false to both. The conditions are not the same, the men unlike, opportunities unequal, ideals changed. Theology, law, and medicine no longer monopolize the ambition or dominate the lives of educated men. Manufacturing, commerce, transportation, general business, now draw young men of learning into widening fields of activity, and call the keenest intellects and best trained minds into their exacting service, where rewards are sure and often great, but yet remote from public gaze. Then, too, the men of the first half-century have for the most part done their work. The record is closed. The men of the second half stand now with tasks unfinished; some have hardly started, others not begun. But taking the century as a whole, how does the record of this College stand? Let our scholars tell their story of patient study and years of thankless toil in corners where their fellow-men regard them not, and the babble of the idle world goes past them, while they give the Bible to every tongue to read the story of the Cross; revise the Scriptures for men's faith and hope to rest upon; reread the lines of Shakespeare, and with subtle touch unlock the treasure-house of his immortal

genius; lead the feet of blind old Homer from the halls of ancient kings; tell again the memorable story of the deathless Greeks; or with keen analysis and fine discrimination unfold the strength and beauty of our mother tongue. And there was one who told in epic prose the story of our native heroes and drew a fadeless picture of our early life; and one who dipped his pen in sunshine and wrote to cheer and charm mankind. Let our statesmen tell their story of healthful legislation, wise administration of public affairs, loyalty to liberty, fidelity to justice, obedience to law, with an influence as wholesome as the winds that sweep our northern hills. Let our jurists speak of their unsullied record at the bar, their spotless ermine on the bench. And let those heroic men who on our own frontier and on the wide world's outmost rim upheld the Cross, tell their story of devotion to duty and of love of God. But that would leave the story incomplete. A mountain range is not made up alone of dazzling peaks that lift their shining heights into the solemn sky. But the table-lands and rolling hills with valleys in between, the unnamed mountains, and the sweep of height, all knit the ribs of earth and make the strength of the hills that is also His. So not these famous men alone make up the record of our mothers' household. Let them also speak who have trod with patient feet a narrower round of toil, have carried into their busi-

ness their mothers' lessons of truth and virtue, have done their work, have healed the sick, have loved their God and kept the faith in little corners where their lives have been a constant blessing to their fellow-men — unheralded, perhaps, but not unknown and not forgotten. And more than this must be remembered, for the good men do live after them in lives of other men inspired, ennobled, and enriched, to be by them transmitted to others still, and so on in endless series till the Lord shall come. And this is our record: a hundred years of usefulness, and so a century of honor.

But we should look forward as well as back. We may pay, and we should pay, our tribute to the Past. With dim eyes we should think of our fathers' toil and sacrifice, with pride of their courage, with exultation of their matchless record of faithfulness to truth and duty. And then we should turn our faces to the rising sun of the new century, and meet the future with a steadfast heart. I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth. And it cannot be that man has been brought thus far to be turned back again and made to retrace his steps with muttering lip and sullen brow. But in the future as in the past, mankind will make many crooked paths; we may wander years to gain a little distance. And in the future as in the past, mankind will smart at his own mistakes and stumble over the obstacles of his own seeking.

The lessons of the Past we shall still refuse to learn, and into the darkness of the Future we shall still blindly grope our way. But nevertheless the evolution of the race shall some day be complete. And some day the world will have learned its lesson, that men shall not gather grapes from thorns; that falsehood does not breed truth; that vice does not bring forth virtue, injustice and cruelty do not beget peace and blessing. It is the business of the college to help the world to learn its lesson.

The college of the future, if it hopes to long endure and if it deserves to long endure, must be founded on a rock. Before the sunrise God was; after the sunset God shall be. What I say may seem to some of you trite, old-fashioned, commonplace, *passé*. So much the worse for you and us, if many think so. But the eternal verities will endure — the eternity of God, the immortality of the soul, the power of the endless life. When the New England college, when this College, no longer believes these things, and no longer by precept and example teaches them, the New England college, and this College, with its influence and its power, will also have passed away. The college of the future should give a broad and generous scholarship. Literature, art, science, religion, fidelity to all truth, should mark it. All lines of truth are converging highways that lead to God. Fear it not. Art is long. Knowledge multiplies. A liberal education to-day means much more than

it meant a hundred years ago. But still, if it is to be liberal, it must not be narrowed too soon into the poverty of specialization. A college may pay too generous and too willing tribute to the clamorous exactions of this mortal life. And the college of the future should teach the love of country and the duties of good citizenship. It should not teach a blinded fetishism that says to the evil of a party platform, "Be thou my good." It should not teach a servile obedience to popular clamor that cries, "My country, right or wrong." It should teach that wrong can never be right nor even wise, nor evil good. It should teach the universal truths of liberty, justice, and respect for law. It should teach individual honesty and national honor. It should make good citizens because it makes good men. Young men should not be made to believe, nor be permitted to believe, that politics is simply a field for individual ambition to wrestle in, or that public office is simply big game to stalk for the excitement of the hunt and the personal glory of a great kill. But they should be taught that public office is indeed a public trust; not a fool's bauble for wealth to buy, not a prize for some supreme egotist to clutch, but a crown to be bestowed, for some humble head to wear. And the college of the future should teach the solidarity of the race, the brotherhood of man. Every year the world is fuller, every year the struggle is harder, and every year the competition

for work and place grows swifter and more fierce. Must it be that with this increasing struggle men must grow more savage and relentless, like wild beasts growling over white bones in a jungle? I will not believe it. Against the advocates of the strenuous life that would trample a pitiless way to selfish success, let the college interpose with lessons of gentleness and pity. Against the cynicism of ambition and selfishness let the college pit unselfishness and the love of God. They have the experience of the relentless world, they have the arrogance of success, but we have the blessing of Heaven and the brave heart of generous youth, and on it the American colleges in the coming years may write their will.

Peace is not only the ideal, but it is the normal state of society. Wars are not the rule, but the exception. To fit young men for the peaceful pursuits of life is the function of the college. Creative genius is of a higher order than the savage instinct of death and destruction: to create is better than to destroy; to build up is better than to tear down; to save life is better than to take life. Man has not yet bred out of his nature the taint of the savage, the lust of conquest, and the thirst for blood. The barbaric splendor of shining arms and clashing steel and rolling drums and the thunder of the charge have still their charm; but nevertheless peace and not war is the ideal and the normal life. We do

pray, "Give us peace in our time," and we look forward to that promised day when the nations shall learn war no more. Is that the vision of a dreamer, the dream of a poet, or the promise of God? Is it, then, "Fie on this dull life"? Well, there is left the danger of carrying cups of water to them who die of pestilence, and there remains the excitement of giving bread to them that starve. The work of this College, in the future as in the past, is not to teach the science of slaughter or the arts of war, but rather to teach the science of constructive life and the arts of peace; to make good men and wise men, who shall make an impress not only upon their own time, but upon all time to come; to make scholars who shall master the wisdom of the past and mould it into blessing for the coming age; to make statesmen who shall solve the perplexing problems of the advancing years; to make jurists who shall wisely judge and, without fear or favor, administer the law as those who share with God functions divine; to make preachers who shall still the turmoil in the world's troubled heart and lead mankind into paths of peace; to make citizens to whose wisdom and valor the honor and the destiny of this great nation may be safely left.

But the waiting century beckons us as the other waves farewell. The gates of the new era swing wide open to our eager yet reluctant feet. We pause upon its threshold with crowding recollections

thick upon us. The Past holds us while yet the Future calls — the Past with its splendid story, its sacred memories, and its gracious life. We wait your benediction, Spirits of the immortal Dead! And now we turn our faces to the rising sun of a new day, — a day of promise, a day of hope. Tremendous possibilities await us. The new century is heir of all the ages past, and what we shall be doth not yet appear; but we may not doubt that the coming years will be rich in opportunity for individual development and for beneficent service to all mankind. With high ideals of what this human life should be, with chastened ambitions and unselfish purpose, with minds trained to think and souls to feel, the college men of the twentieth century may conquer the world. Let this college of the future sow the seed of sound learning, wise thinking, and right living, and she shall reap sure harvests of blessing and benefaction in due time, if she faint not.

“Beyond the sowing and the reaping we shall be soon.” But the gracious mother of us all, beautiful in her immortal youth, shall live on, loved and cherished by succeeding generations, extending her influence into wide and wider circles, teaching always the lessons of faithfulness and honor. And may the God of our fathers, who led and guarded them, lead and guard us still.

CENTENNIAL VERSES

By PROFESSOR EDWIN H. HIGLEY

A CROSS the stage of human life
A hurrying throng moves swiftly on;
In joy or grief, in peace or strife,
They act their parts and soon are gone.
Yet over all abides th' eternal sway,
Which counts a thousand years as but a day.

So when a century is told,
By heaven's time 'tis no great age!
Our Alma Mater is not old, —
She's not been long upon the stage!
Still fresh and fair, tho' growing somewhat stout,
'Tis plain her play of life is not played out.

No drama's end, no falling curtain,
Supply to-day a mournful theme;
No direful fears or hopes uncertain
Obstruct the flow of joy's full stream.
The action still moves on without surcease,
And shows 'tis just the opening of the piece.

We seek to scan, with hurried glance,
The actors, as they pass us by.
Successive groups retire, advance,
Or yet await the prompter's cry.
In five-fold column, each with varied mien,
They move across the wide centennial scene.

GROUP THE FIRST, 1800-1820

Eighteen hundred — eighteen twenty,
Sturdy youths with zeal a plenty,
Clustering round the old East College,
Scant of wealth, but rich in knowledge;
Tougher lessons theirs than we knew,
For they studied law and Hebrew;
Theologues with doctrines torrid,
Thinking Jefferson was horrid,
Talking much of searching cargoes,
Raving much of French embargoes,
Now and then a lesson dropping,
When the Plattsburg guns were popping.
Soon, their throng increasing greatly,
Round a structure new and stately,
Praises — that shall ne'er grow fainter!
Hailed thy Hall, Gamaliel Painter!

Sturdy youths with zeal a plenty,
'Twixt those years from naught to twenty,
Sapienter, cum labore,
Diligenter, cum amore,
Making Alma Mater's story.

GROUP THE SECOND, 1820-1840

Fuller in number the column appears,
Wending its way through the next score of years;
Masters were found of endurable stuff,
Fowler, and Turner, and Adams, and Hough,
Setting to rights all the systems of science,
Training a true generation of giants,
Notable leaders of notable men,
Never to fade from our memory's ken!

While, as when Israel sought Canaan's land,
A Joshua guided, with masterful hand.
And now Alma Mater revealed her true worth,
Sending her sons to the ends of the earth,
Judges and jurists and preachers of truth,
Leaders of senates and teachers of youth,
Charming a world with melodious measures,
Op'ning our souls to Shakespearian treasures,
Solving diplomacy's knottiest knot,
Statesmen, who walked without blemish or blot,
These, Alma Mater, thy jewels of gold,
Never to pass from our memory's hold !

GROUP THE THIRD, 1840-1860

And now the scene another picture shows ;
The line contracts, the column thinner grows ;
Yet onward still they move without dismay,
While " Benjamin their ruler " leads the way,
And Alma Mater lays all fears to rest —
('Tis chiefs with Bible names that suit her best !)
Tho' now we call him Benjamin or Ben,
No soul alive had dared to do it then !
A leader prudent, dignified, devout,
Alert to all within and all without.
The culprits opened all their inmost souls,
When he benignly hauled them o'er the coals.
And those who learned of him — we need not name,
The age has felt their power and guards their fame.
Wherever great achievements must be done,
Our Alma Mater sends a proper son ; —
To sound the solemn depths of law divine,
Or set in truer phrase each sacred line,
To punish crime, to solve a railway tangle,
Or do brave battle at the Bloody Angle,

To fill all parts in life's great melodrama,
To govern states, or teach a nation grammar,
To grapple boldly every human ill,
'Tis Middlebury always fills the bill!

GROUP THE FOURTH, 1860-1880

Like a storm swooping down on a landscape serene,
The approach of grim war casts a gloom on the scene.
Thrust aside are the Muses and tasks academic,
For the turmoil of stern preparations polemic.
Vowing Freedom should wear without blemish her crown,
Forth they marched with the song and the soul of John
Brown!

Marched away — many a one — who returned not again,
But whose names, glory-crowned, swell the roll of the slain.
And those names ne'er shall lack our warm tribute of tears,
Though now dimly discerned 'neath the dust of the years.
With great gaps in its ranks, where the bravest were gone,
Through the following years still the column moved on.
By the courage and faith of the faithful and few,
Amid perils and gloom it was guided safe through.
Alma Mater her Parker holds dear to her heart,
Who, her sentinel staunch, watched the darkness depart.
Could she waver or flinch at the stormiest fate,
When her veteran warrior was Cyrus the Great?

GROUP THE FIFTH, 1880-1900

Lo! with motion animated,
Tripping gaily o'er the stage,
Going fast, as tho' belated,
Now appears the modern age.

Age that seems almost demonic,
Flashing incandescent jets ;
Age electro-telephonic,
Age of bikes and cigarettes !

Alma Mater feels the movement,
Glowes with warmer life and hope,
Thrills with progress and improvement,
Looks abroad with wider scope.

E'en the fossil rhynchonella
Has to hear of Kellogg's grammar,
And beneath his stone umbrella
Quakes in fear of Seely's hammer !

Blessings fall in fuller measure
Into Alma Mater's hand ;
In her storehouse richer treasure,
Fairer halls about her stand.

Some men swear by Jove or Juno,
Some by Venus, some by Mars,
But our Alma Mater, — you know —
Says, quite simply, " Bless my Starrs ! "

Bless those orbs that round them cluster,
Still diffusing rays divine,
Lending literature new lustre,
Setting science in her shrine !

Alma Mater, in confusion,
Thought her children all were brothers.
That was but a great delusion ;
Now she finds that there are others, —

Other forms and other faces,
Such as ancient poets tell us
Once adorned the classic Graces
Or the Muses of fair Hellas.

Alma Mater — all the sweeter —
Now a broader flag unfurls,
Makes humanity completer,
Treats alike her boys and girls !

The five-fold column disappears.
A moment, now, the stage is bare.
Yet many another hundred years
Shall follow after, still more fair;
And truth divine, inspirer of the past,
Shall light their progress while the ages last.

THE LUNCHEON

THE luncheon was served in the Centennial Building at the close of the exercises in the church. The assembly having been called to order, prayer was offered by Professor CHARLES M. MEAD, D.D., '56, who officiated as chaplain.

PROFESSOR MEAD'S PRAYER

O GOD of our fathers, we thank Thee that Thou didst put it into their hearts to found this College. We thank Thee for what we and others with us and before us have received here of instruction, of culture, of discipline, of spiritual stimulus, of pleasure and precious fellowship. We thank Thee that Thou hast permitted us to participate in the festivities of this memorable day. And now, on this last great day of the feast, as we are assembled together to partake of this repast of body and spirit that Thy bounty has provided, we pray that Thy benediction may rest upon us all: upon the president of this school of learning; upon its instructors, its students, its alumni, and its friends. Sanctify to us the joys and privileges of the past; fulfill, we pray Thee, our hopes

for the future, and let Thy name have the praise forevermore. AMEN.

At the conclusion of the dinner, the chairman, Hon. JOHN W. STEWART, said:—

FELLOW ALUMNI, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HONORED GUESTS:

IT is a fitting close of the great anniversary which we have so pleasantly celebrated, that we gather in this festival. I have no time, and less inclination, to make an extended prefatory address. It is proper, however, that I should say that this is a day of rejoicing and reunion; a day of good-fellowship; a day of brotherhood; a day of sisterhood; a day of fatherhood and sonship, of friendship and harmony.

It is a happy thing that some assemblies are possible in this day and generation, where there are no differences of sentiment; where we are all at one—perfectly agreed. Whatever we may think of the higher criticism, about which some of my friends differ, we are all agreed upon the higher education. And whatever we may think of the Westminster Confession, we are all agreed that the perpetuity of the institutions of this government, and its security, rest upon the education of the people of this country. So here we are all at one.

I rejoice that I am permitted to welcome you, and I am particularly gratified that I stand some-

what in the place of the so-called speaker, who is called speaker by courtesy, because he does not speak, but is the organ or instrument by which others are brought to speak. It is my happy fortune that I can call upon my brethren somewhat liberally on the right hand and on the left, and I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the honored Governor of the State of Vermont, a man of large affairs, a man very busy with the interests that have been committed to his charge, but a man never forgetful of the greater interests of the Commonwealth which centre around the institutions of learning of this State. I introduce to you His Excellency, Governor SMITH.

GOVERNOR SMITH'S SPEECH

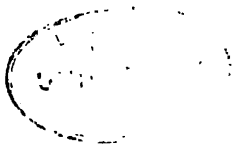
MR. TOASTMASTER, MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

IF there is ever a time when I regret that the lines of my educational life were cast in other directions than the universities of this State, it is upon these occasions when I am invited to take part in their commencement exercises. It is especially so to-day, to me, as my term runs out, and I have been permitted simply to join unofficially in the exercises of the day, in the conferring of degrees, in the songs and laughter.

But I take some consolation, and a great deal of pleasure, in the fact that I can congratulate

you upon having a president worthy of the name; one who has built up an institution, and has maintained its character and its standing. Through him I insist that I am linked to Middlebury College, and if I am not an alumnus, I am just as near it as blood relationship can make me.

It had been my intention to make, in the few remarks that I was assigned to deliver, a suggestion in regard to the relation of the larger colleges of this country to the smaller ones, and to predict, as far as I might in the time that was allotted to me, the future of the small college in relation to the larger one; and I had intended to show that in my judgment the time is rapidly approaching when, with the expansion and development of the wealth of this country, and the multiplying of the people who seek the higher education, there will be competition among them, and that the laws of competition will ultimately force the smaller colleges either into other directions and other channels of thought, or out of the business altogether. I had intended to offer the suggestion that the smaller colleges of this country are destined to be crowded out by the larger ones so far as diversified education is concerned; and that the smaller ones will go or be led into specialties, such as obtain in professions in various ways, wherever there is an aggregation of wealth. And I had intended to say that I believe the principles which underlie this College will crowd it into some spe-



cialty, or will put it into the van of the universities. But I have felt that for two reasons the time is too short to do it, or even to dwell upon it. One reason is, that after an absence of twenty-five years from my friend Carter, who taught me German, at whose feet I sat and imbibed the knowledge that he gave us, the force of habit is still so great that ever since I came into his presence I have tried to conjugate all the German verbs, and to repeat all the German, I could think of. And, again, although this meeting is called to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the College, I judge from the number of speakers that if each were to take all the time that I think I ought to have, we would be celebrating the next Centennial before we are through with this.

MR. STEWART: We had been promised the attendance of the honored President of Harvard University, but an important engagement intervened, so that it was impossible for him to come. I am happy, however, to say that we have a representative of that university which, although located in the State of Massachusetts, belongs to the country and the world. It is too large for Massachusetts; its influence is too wide. It is the university of the country; and I take great pleasure in introducing to you Professor WRIGHT of Harvard University.

PROFESSOR WRIGHT'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I APPEAR before you this afternoon in a double capacity, but chiefly in a representative one, on behalf of Harvard University: I bring you the greeting of President Eliot personally, and at his request the greetings of the ancient college.

It may be of interest to Middlebury College, the missionary college, to know that Harvard University itself is engaged at this moment, and will be engaged throughout a large part of the summer, in a combination of home and foreign missionary work. Finding it impossible to send the university to Cuba, we have invited Cuba to come to the university, and this very day President Eliot is engaged in setting going the Cuban summer school. This morning he was to meet the Cuban teachers and to start them in their studies. It has therefore been impossible for him to be present in person on this occasion.

I should like to take this opportunity, first, to make one or two remarks which are suggested in part by the position that I occupy at Cambridge,—that of Dean of the Graduate School,—but more especially by some things that were said yesterday. As President Tucker then pointed out, with the vast increase of new studies, and the adoption of these studies into the smaller colleges of the coun-

try, a considerable amount of instruction is provided in these colleges which, in a given institution, it is impossible for all the students to assimilate, or even in many cases to take any advantage of. This instruction is primarily of an advanced character, and is instruction that has grown up perfectly naturally in the college. It is the instruction in which, to a great extent, the teachers find the greatest satisfaction. For while the true teacher finds a sufficient satisfaction in introducing his pupils into the elements of learning and science, he always finds an overmastering delight in making them masters thereof. The instruction thus provided is in various departments of intellectual activity, — philosophy, history, literature, language, science, — and, as I have already said, it is impossible for all the students to make all of it their own while they are yet undergraduates; but by the provision of opportunities for students to remain at college for a year or two after they have received the Bachelor's degree, these men and women may be enabled to avail themselves of this body of instruction and to continue their studies, each in some special line, until they shall have become masters in some one department. For such persons an appropriate recognition of this work on the part of their college is the degree of Master of Arts; and the resident graduates who are candidates for this degree form in each college a healthful and vivifying nucleus from which

issue the men and women whose life is to be devoted to scholarship, and from whom ultimately, after they shall have duly continued their preparation, the teaching staff of the college shall be recruited. It is a great satisfaction to behold that in all of the smaller colleges this advanced instruction is gaining in recognition and popularity. We see it in the increasing number of well-fitted men who enter the Graduate Schools of the larger universities.

The second topic upon which I wish to make brief comment is that of the moral tone and character of the student body, — of the American college student.

At Commencement last week in Cambridge, Professor Briggs, the Dean of Harvard College, received the degree of Doctor of Laws; and when this distinction was conferred there was an extraordinary exhibition of approbation such as made the day an ever-memorable one for all who were present. The reason for this expression of feeling you will partly infer from the language used by the President in conferring the degree: "Le Baron Russell Briggs, well-beloved Dean of Harvard College, patient, tender, discerning, candid, just, and cheering, because convinced of the overwhelming predominance of good in the student world."

At Harvard University, of course, there are all elements, and there are all sorts of elements in every

college and university; but I beg you to remember that when there is a special outburst of boyishness which violates good taste and good morals, the student body often takes note of it and visits with condign punishment the perpetrators of the offence. Thus the painters of the statue of John Harvard were drummed out of the university by the students, not by the Faculty. We should not judge the student body as a whole by the escapades of a very small fraction. In every college the students are for the most part highly honorable men, whose ideals are above those of the average young man in the community, and in every healthy institution the Faculty have no more efficient supporters in maintaining high standards of morals and of character than the students.

Early in the century, President Timothy Dwight of Yale visited Middlebury College, and he put into his diary the statement that he doubted whether a more virtuous body of men could be found in the country than was here gathered. This I see now provokes a smile; but if President Hadley were here to-day, and were to translate this sentiment into the language of the present, it would be to the effect that there is no finer set of young men in the country, cleaner and manlier, than the normal college students. And this is true not only of Middlebury College, but of the University of Vermont, of Dartmouth, and of the larger institutions. It is

because the young men who come to our colleges and universities are exceptional men that their escapades, especially the most frivolous, attract public attention; but we should not forget with it all that as college students surpass other men in their opportunities, they in the main surpass them in their qualities.

When Saint Paul came to Rome, we are told that the brethren went out to meet him at Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, and that when he saw them he thanked God and took courage. So you, apostles of Middlebury's culture, when you come back to the place whence you drew your inspiration, and see what has been done in the past and what is now being done, may well thank God and take courage for the future, not only of your beloved college, but of the country.

MR. STEWART: We had a like assurance from President Hadley that he would be present on this occasion, representing Yale University, but unfortunately he has been detained by illness in his family. We are fortunate in having a representative of that institution, and it is perhaps proper and interesting that I should say what may not be known to all of you, that Middlebury is the child of Yale. The first suggestion of the founding of Middlebury College came from the first visit of President Dwight, and it was by the inspiration of his

words, and his advice, that the good men of that time undertook to establish, and founded, this College.

The gentleman whom I shall present to you is a son of Eli, and while he may claim some advantage from that, we can say, I think with equal truth, that we are the grandsons of Eli. He is also a son of Middlebury, because his father was an honored graduate of this College, and at one time its president. I take pleasure in introducing to you Professor KITCHEL.

REV. CORNELIUS L. KITCHEL'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

IT gives me great pleasure on this occasion to bear the greetings of Yale University to Middlebury. I could have wished that our honored president might have brought the message in person. It is with deep regret that President Hadley is not here ; deep regret to himself, and I am sure it is a matter of regret to you. It almost seems as if I ought not to be glad to be here myself, but I can not help saying that it is with the greatest satisfaction I am enjoying the pleasures of this occasion. I feel like a little girl of my acquaintance, about six years old, who had been put to bed when a dinner party was going on downstairs. When she heard the sounds of revelry, she got up and went down and had a splendid time, and when her mother took

her to task she said, "I know I am bad, but I am glad of it." So I am glad I am here to-day. Perhaps I should say I am glad for myself, and sorry for you.

I am glad because I do not feel a stranger here to-day. Although Yale College and Middlebury College are separated geographically, occupying as they do the remote corners of New England, yet they have been so intimately associated in their history, and their ideals and aims are so similar, that no alumnus of Yale can feel a stranger in this place.

Another reason I am glad is because I want to get some suggestions and some ideas as to "how to do it." Ninety-nine years ago we celebrated a centennial, but how we did it we have pretty much forgotten. As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, "It is a long time between"—centennials. But I suppose next year we have got to celebrate our bicentennial, and you will forgive me if I keep my eyes and ears open to see how you do it. I have already obtained several ideas. One I shall most surely suggest to our bicentennial committee,—that is, if possible, to secure just such another lot of alumni, in quality, as you have succeeded in doing at Middlebury. I remember hearing Henry Ward Beecher say, in a lecture on "Success in Life," that if a man wanted to be successful in life, he ought, first of all,

to make a judicious selection of his parents; and I think if a university wants to succeed in celebrating its centennial, it ought to be judicious, as you have been, in selecting its alumni.

I presume you have seen in the public prints an analysis of the list of the alumni of Middlebury College for the last century. I will simply say I have read it with wonder and delight. I do not see how that record can well be matched. Such a number of ministers of the gospel, and missionaries of the Cross, and presidents of universities and colleges, and senators, and governors, and others conspicuous in church and state, — I will honestly say that I do not believe our record for our two centuries will be, in quality, equal to that.

One reason for this is because, it seems to me, Middlebury has had an advantage over larger institutions in the stuff you have had to work with. I think that the Vermont boy, as he has come up from his country home nestling amid your mountains, is about as good stuff for a university to make a record of its alumni with as could well be had. Mr. Chairman, I believe in young men who have their futures before them and not behind them, — young men coming from frugal homes, — homes of frugal abundance, full of work, full of energy, with all their vitalities untainted, all their ambitions unsated by luxury and wealth, — such is the stuff out of which great alumni are made. Such youth have

ever been the boast of Yale University, also its very bone and sinew. The best material we have and have ever had is the poor boys who come to us, and out of them our best men are fashioned. I have thought there was a certain likeness in that material to the marble which you dig out of your mountains. It is good stuff to work at. It pays for the toil you put upon it. It takes a polish, and when the structure is done, wherever you set it, there it stands, age long, resplendent and enduring.

Another reason why it seems to me that your list of alumni is so superior, is the quality of the tuition and the administration which you have enjoyed in Middlebury. I am sure you will forgive me if I say that I know from personal observation what was the patience, the energy, the wisdom, the faith which was put into one decade of that administration, and I am sure into all the rest.

It is the fate of the college teacher to enjoy the fruits of his work not at once. He sits in his chair in his lecture-room, and the stream of youth pass before him. He utters his message and they go, passing on and out into the world and its activities, when he has seen little more than the beginnings of the work he has wrought upon them. Sometimes he almost feels like the poet who said: "I have writ my name in water." But when the decades are fulfilled, and the great "round up" of the century comes, then the patient teacher has at last

his hour of triumph. To-day, you of Middlebury College are "returning, bearing your sheaves with you." And it is my faith to believe that those who labored in this place in earlier days, who have gone to their rest, though we see them not, are yet with us. We cannot hear their voices with the ear of sense, yet we may with the ear of the spirit, as they, too, join with us in our song of joy and our hymns of triumph.

In closing, may I offer this sentiment: Middlebury College, — may she go on in other centuries to do like work to that which she has done in this.

MR. STEWART: The University of Vermont and Middlebury College. It is a matter of extreme gratification to me that under the administration of our honored guest, President Buckham, and the administration of our honored President Brainerd, the relation between these two colleges has become that of cordial, friendly cooperation in the great work of education. There is no rivalry between us except that which comes from a generous desire on the part of each to do its best for the country. I introduce to you President BUCKHAM.

PRESIDENT MATTHEW H. BUCKHAM'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN, FELLOW ALUMNI OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE:

FOR the last two days, during these most delightful exercises of your Centennial, I have been watching and listening with a mingled feeling

of admiration and envy. Now, by the kindness, Mr. Chairman, of the President and Fellows of Middlebury College, you have taken away from me all this feeling of envy, and have left with me the feeling of admiration, adding to it a delightful sense of fellowship and participation with you.

But this is not the first expression of good-will between Middlebury College and the University of Vermont. I do not know that it would do any harm for me to divulge on this occasion a little history which very few of you probably have heard of. Several years ago, in the attempt which was made to unite Middlebury College and the University, the University made overtures to Middlebury College by the intimation to one of your trustees and former professors, George N. Boardman, that if he would accept the situation, our trustees would make him President of the University of Vermont. But as he did not accept, you put upon us a return courtesy, and it was intimated to me that if I would accept the situation I might be President of Middlebury College.

To make sure there was no mistake about that, and also to get my heart warmed up towards Middlebury College, before I left home yesterday morning I looked up the correspondence and found that my memory was correct. So now, brethren, you see what an honor I have lost, and what a merciful escape you had. But I am sure it is better as it is.

I want to congratulate my brother Brainerd, and all the trustees of Middlebury College, that they will never have to wrestle hereafter with the problem of uniting the two colleges. It was an original mistake to have the two, but we can never say which should go out. Now, when both institutions are a hundred years old, the thought of transplanting one of them is so absurd that no president or trustee will ever have occasion to tackle that problem again.

I want to congratulate the friends of Middlebury College on two or three things. I want to congratulate you on your history. It seems to me the best treasury of any college is its history. All these college presidents will sympathize with me when I say that the pressing problem with us is the financial one. But I would like to ask you, gentlemen, as trustees, and you, as president, if you were offered a large sum of money on condition that you would give up the history of Middlebury College, and give away the inspiration and potency of this history, if you would take the sum of money as an equivalent. Of course you would not.

And I want to congratulate you upon the affection of your alumni. I had thought that the love of the alumni of the University of Vermont was about the most intimate and devoted affection that possibly could exist between a body of alumni and their alma mater. But what I have witnessed here,

this large assemblage from all parts of the land, the intense and unflagging interest in all these prolonged exercises, the enthusiastic response to every appeal to your loyalty and pride, — all this has convinced me that you also have your full share of this most beautiful and most honorable sentiment of affection for your college. And now that you have made me one of you, you have given me the right to have, to a certain extent, although a late comer, the same feeling, and to rejoice with you in your prosperity. And you must believe me, that the honor you have conferred upon me, great as it is, is not so gratifying as is the expression of your good-will, and the kindly thought of the institution which you represent towards the University of Vermont.

And now I congratulate you upon your future. To me the future prosperity of Middlebury College seems just as secure and settled as is the noonday after the dawn. It is coming; it is sure to come and to grow. And as you have said, and I echo the sentiment from the bottom of my heart, there shall be no rivalry between the University of Vermont and Middlebury College hereafter but that generous rivalry by which we shall provoke each other to love and good works.

MR. STEWART: President Hopkins, of blessed memory, the great President of Williams College,

is said to have said many years ago, that he hoped to bring Williams up to the standard of Middlebury. I had the pleasure to be in Williamstown about the time of their anniversary last year, and in looking about, although I did not interview President Carter or anybody else, I was an observer, and I was satisfied from appearances that President Hopkins, if he had then lived, — in fact he did live to see his hope more than realized, — would have been gratified. We all rejoice in the prosperity of Williams, even if she has surpassed us. She has done a magnificent work, and it is with great pleasure that I am able to present to you President CARTER of Williams College, who delivered yesterday an admirable address which you all ought to have heard.

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN CARTER'S SPEECH

IT may not be within the knowledge of this body of alumni that when the line was run which now constitutes the line between Massachusetts and Vermont, by a deflection of the needle it was run two miles farther north than it should have been. Had it only run two miles farther south, Williamstown would have been in Vermont. Whether Williams College would then have been Middlebury College, or Middlebury College would have been Williams College, I am not able to say. I think I am safe in saying that Williams College would not

have existed, because it was a provision in the will of Ephraim Williams that unless that town should fall within the State of Massachusetts, Williams College, or the academy from which the college grew, should not be founded. Undoubtedly if Williams College had not existed, Middlebury College might have existed; but as it is, they shine together like two stars in the firmament.

It is a matter of great congratulation that I, as a native of Connecticut coming into Vermont, find myself so much at home. The very names that were familiar to my boyhood — New Haven, Waterbury, and Middlebury — give me a sense of home feeling.

It is unquestionably true that both Williams and Middlebury have been devoted to the Bible. It was not a son of Middlebury, it was not a son of Williams I am sure, — it may not have been a republican, it may have been a populist, who, upon being asked who it was that said his burden was more than he could bear, said that "it was Agag when he was hewn in pieces before the Lord."

I have a single word to say about the loyalty which alumni show to their college. No matter where we see it, it is an evidence that he who cherishes it is not without noble affections; and it is as marked in the son of the small college as in the son of the great university. Any one familiar with the history of these lesser colleges knows that there are

men in their alumni who love to show the greatest loyalty to the common centre of their scholarly life, and to that organic unity which we call the college. Any one who has watched the history of the smaller colleges cannot fail to be inspired by the record. As the young men come to receive greater respect and attain higher positions, and as the older men pass out of our vision into the great reward, leaving a noble record, no accurate observer can fail to feel that he is watching the sure progressive growth of a great and mighty influence; and if he be a worthy son of the college, his heart will thrill with joy that he has a right to inherit these traditions, and to have a share in the ministrations of his college to the service of humanity.

The university snob — a rare creature, thank God — sometimes sneers at the small college, and the graduate of the college sometimes thinks that he might blush for the homespun which his college is clothed with; but the true son will rejoice to see that inner, high, and invisible glory, the glory of self-sacrifice, which a few names have made to rest like a Shekinah upon the altar of his worship.

There is an epigram current in England that the Oxford graduate looks as if the world belonged to him, and that the Cambridge graduate looks as though he didn't care to whom the world did belong. I don't know that there is any real significance in this analysis. But the graduate of the New

England college is a modest man, and looks neither as if the world belonged to him, nor as if he did n't care to whom the world belonged; he looks, as we have seen him, in lofty and lowly positions, as if he belonged to the world, and was in the world to make it better.

Mr. President, in the sure certitude of this fellowship, the sons of Williams greet to-day the sons of Middlebury.

I do not know whether the story which I have heard is true or not, but it is said that in the revival of missionary zeal in our college, a young man came to this college in its infancy and spent a year here that he might revive its missionary spirit. But whether the story be fable or truth, it is the sympathy of purpose that has caused the sons of Williams to wish for the sons of Middlebury, and for this College, the same fidelity to God's love that has made the last century glorious; and they ask for this College that it may have the amplest resources in order that that fidelity may contribute even more efficiently in the future than it has in the past, to the uplifting, and the blessing, and the redemption of all sorts and conditions of men.

MR. STEWART: We had a letter of regret from President Stryker of Hamilton College, but we have a representative from that institution to which we once sent a president, — President Davis, —

with us to-day, and I take pleasure in introducing to you the Rev. Dr. WINSLOW.

DOCTOR WILLIAM C. WINSLOW'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

MY commission is brevity itself. Your honored President, Ezra Brainerd, wonderfully blends the two qualities which make a man equally dogmatic and winsome. When I met him yesterday, for the first time in my life, he quietly touched me on the shoulder, smiled benignantlly, and said he had heard from Hamilton College ; adding, with a will greater than mine, " Say just a word or two to-morrow at the luncheon." A word or two ! It naturally means *multum in parvo* — I fear, very little in my case. But what can you say in a word or two at the birthday festival of one so loved and honored as is Middlebury ?

I am introduced as of Hamilton College ; but I am not even a non-commissioned officer of that noble institution ; I am one of her sons, however, and although not affiliated with any college, yet in my way as archæologist I dig up Egyptian roots rather more than Greek roots, and try to advance the cause which seeks after buried knowledge relating to the classical past and perhaps to Adam, and the beginning of education, when Adam began to talk, — or, rather, Eve instructed him in that art.

But I must take care of my minute or two, and remember how it was with the mummies. Were they not pressed for time? So am I.

In a word, I bring you hearty greetings from Hamilton. I am sure you will deplore with me that my college-mate, Secretary Root, of Washington, or Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, or Charles Dudley Warner, could not be here to congratulate you; and, above all, that President Stryker, the Chrysostom of college presidents, is not here with his own golden words to hail your twice-golden birthday of one hundred years. I seem to hear his voice, however, on behalf of Hamilton, coming to us from the heart of New York State, over the Mohawk valley and across Lake Champlain, as the word from one of the smaller colleges to another one, saying, in effect, "Be of good cheer, the day of the college shall never pass away! The Middleburys, Amhersts, Williamses, Hamiltons have a part and a place to fill as much as have the old and the rich-new universities." You see I believe in colleges — my educational creed — and I look from my own height to-day over the "Presidential Range" before me; following after some of the presidents, speaking before others; so that I feel like eulogizing the true and essential work which the college does, whose students are in close touch with president and professor as well as instructor and tutor.

But no; of the several things in my mind inspired by this occasion, I will say that I am a convert to-day, henceforth and forever, to coeducation. I uphold the Wellésleys, Smiths, Vassars, Bryn Mawr where so much advanced work is done; but as a result of my visit here, where my eyes and ears are wide open, I am in favor of coeducation. The Roman drama performed last evening so admirably by the undergraduates brilliantly proves that a college of young men and young women can enact a drama which, to my mind, would grace Sanders' Theatre of Harvard University. I seem to see before me now that beautiful daughter of Cicero, those other daughters of Middlebury, and Cicero himself, so naturally earnest, Catiline, so brazen and yet so abashed, and the others, too, and I take additional pride in Middlebury and stronger belief in coeducation.

Yes, pride in Middlebury, for it is a kind of family college, as my uncle Miron, of the Class of 1815, graduated here, and my father here entered the Class of 1825; besides which the family came from Williston, where and elsewhere in Vermont I often go to snuff your glorious Green Mountain air; and, among other connecting links, I am on the roll of your Vermont Historical Society. So my love for Middlebury is at once natural and inspired — inspired by your very successful celebration.

But I now look up to see emblazoned over there your cherished motto, *Scientia et Virtus*, and I will wed to it two words from very old Egypt — older even than Heliopolis, which was the Middlebury College of Egypt, where Moses graduated in cap and gown; Moses, the far-back predecessor of Ezra. (*Cries of 'rah, 'rah, 'rah.*) Rah, by the way, goes back to Egypt, too. Ra was the god of the rising sun, and is most fitting for a rising college like yours to invoke. I refer to Memphis now. It got its name from *men* and *nefer*, two Egyptian words standing for secure and beautiful. And so I will end my simple but heartfelt remarks, as I once more recall your noble motto, with this addition, transmitted to us through thousands of years: May Middlebury College forever represent whatever is secure in character and beautiful in every form of culture.

MR. STEWART: We have a representative of another institution, and a very useful institution, one that has been adorned for some years by two of our own men, Professor Kellogg and Professor Sheldon; and such an institution as that must have done good work. It gives me great pleasure to present to you the president of that institution, Dr. SNOW.

PRESIDENT HENRY S. SNOW'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN, ALUMNI OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN:

IT is a very great pleasure to me to be here with you in Middlebury on this occasion. The Polytechnic in Brooklyn owes very much to you that you have sent us the man whose eloquence, whose profound thought, you have listened to with such delight during the present week. I looked up to him years ago, and I look up to him still, as my professor. I cherish him as one of the dearest of my friends, and I am more and more thankful for every influence in Middlebury which made him what he is, and which may have sent him to Brooklyn. You have also given us Dr. Samuel Sheldon, your talented alumnus, and Professor of Electrical Engineering, who has already made for himself a prominent place among the scientific men of Brooklyn.

It has been an inspiration to me, coming, too, as I do, from an institution hardly half as old as your own, to witness the wonderful gathering of alumni this week, and the enthusiasm which pervades your air. It must be a delight as well as an inspiration to the officers of the College to feel it. To be here as an unworthy recipient of the honors which you have bestowed upon me on this centennial occasion is indeed a pleasure which I recognize, and I equally recognize in it your tribute to what Middlebury men

have done for other colleges. Perhaps if I recognize the way to render service in the cause of education, I shall be better able to stand the responsibility and the dignity.

And now, what shall I say to you, gentlemen of Middlebury, and ladies of Middlebury, looking forth upon the new century? I doubt not the future of the College will be larger than the past. I think it stands for truth, but for that truth which recognizes that so much of it as man has yet acquired and proved is but the smallest fragment; that the great undiscovered realm of truth lies before and not behind us; and that he who would dogmatically plant himself upon the little that man has yet acquired, and shut his eyes to the vastness of the future, being contented with what the past has given, would be as blind as would Columbus have been, had he stationed himself upon the West Indian island, thinking he had discovered the yet undiscovered country that lay beyond the sea.

And the expression that I have heard this week from the College stands for faith in the triumph of men; for faith in the power and ability of men to grow; for faith in the power of men to subdue the vast forces of nature to their service; for that faith which rolls on with every additional conquest in the world of science; for the conviction, if not the perception, of the reality of the unseen world, — the world of soul and spirit.

I wish for you a future larger than your past has been, and that the College, founded upon a truth as unshakable as the mountains that look down upon Middlebury, with clearer vision, with a horizon as boundless as that overarched by the blue dome from which you have taken the colors of the College, may go forward in the labors and duties of the new century with larger hope and with larger success.

MR. STEWART: It gives me great pleasure to introduce to you, as the next speaker, the Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, of Washington. I recollect that when I was a lad in the time of Saxe, the poetic sons of Middlebury were divided between Saxe and Sunderland. Saxe was in the Class of '39, and Dr. Sunderland in the Class of '38. It depended on your mood somewhat, which of the two poets you preferred. Saxe was a little more funny; Dr. Sunderland was a little more sentimental, and possibly poetic. At that time of my career, being somewhat in a sentimental way, my bias was rather in favor of Dr. Sunderland. Now, we want to hear a word from my good friend. He labors under a severe cold, and it is not easy for him to speak at all, and you will therefore bear with that infirmity.

DOCTOR BYRON SUNDERLAND'S SPEECH

NOW, Mr. Chairman, what on earth made you invite me to speak to-day, after all that we have heard? These gentlemen have gone over the whole subject; they have used it up, and there is nothing left for me to say.

But I wish to tell President Brainerd that when he read out that peculiar handle to my name this morning, I was completely overwhelmed. I wanted to say something about my Alma Mater; I wanted to express my joy that she had not forgotten me, and to say that it was still my prayer that she should continue to be more and more in the future, more illustrious than in the past.

But what can I say? A man comes here and is overwhelmed with memories and thoughts. I have been out of college sixty-two years, and where shall I set in and where shall I come out? But wouldn't it have been a pleasure if we could have had James D. Butler here to-day, that most wonderful encyclopedia of all knowledge that ever, I think, went out from this college? If we could have had John G. Saxe, the prince of poetical punsters, or Edward J. Phelps, of lamented memory? Had that been possible, you would have listened to something worthy and entertaining.

In reference to Mr. Phelps, I want to say that I owe more to him than to any other one man for the turn

of my life, and the fact of my going to Washington, the capitol of the republic, and spending so many of the years of my life there. It all depended upon a little, almost whispered, sentence that fell upon the ear of Mr. Phelps in the Treasury Building at Washington, when he was seated at his desk as the Second Comptroller of the Treasury. His chief clerk was a member of the old First Presbyterian Church, and they had been without a minister for about eighteen months. They had sent a committee to the north and east, and all through New England, and it came home without avail; but there was a conversation just in the open doorway of Mr. Phelps's office, between this secretary and another member of the church, and the secretary, Mr. Johnson, said: "Well, it is too bad; I don't know what we shall do for a minister." This was said almost in a whisper, but it fell upon the ear of Mr. Phelps, and he looked up from his writing and said: "What is that, Johnson,—you have n't any minister? Well, I know just the man for you." I heard this from Mr. Phelps, who told me afterwards that he had n't thought of me for five years; but we were in college together two years, and he knew that I intended to be a minister. He did n't know where I was at that time, but it shot into his head, and he named me, and that was the beginning.

The reminiscences of this time are so many that with your indulgence I will simply refer to two

things that happened while I have been living there. One was the conversation that I had with President Lincoln about two days before his proclamation of emancipation came out, which you will remember was on the first of January, 1863. The papers had been intimating that he had merely made a bluff of it, and that he didn't intend to put forth this proclamation, but merely to frighten the Southern people into submission. I was very anxious about that, and I got a friend to make an appointment with the President for me. The first of January came that year on Thursday. On Tuesday evening I held this interview with the President by appointment. I went in and said to him: "Mr. President, I have come to present my congratulations, and to talk with you about a proclamation." He was standing, a great tall figure, the shades of night around us; we had only one little gas burner on the table between us, and I almost feared to approach him. I could just see his form, and when I said this he replied: "Oh, Doctor, go on; every little helps." I was very earnest about it, but to make a long story short, I made a remark or two, and he said: "Well, you know, Doctor, Peter was going to do it, but when the day came he did n't do much." I had just been studying Peter's case, and I was glad he referred to it; I said: "Mr. President, if you will follow the example of Peter until you are rebuked in the presence of the enemy as Peter was by his Master, you

will come out all right." You will remember that he was going to fight, and drew his sword, and never left off until the Master turned and rebuked him. That seemed to take the President, and then he sat down and made one of the most magnificent presentations of the whole question. He made me think of one of the old prophets, and I always regretted that there wasn't some stenographer there to take down what he said. Among other things he told this story when he was talking about the immediate effect of the emancipation proclamation upon the negro race. He said: "I don't know how it will be, it is a great responsibility to think of such a thing; four million of those poor creatures set loose in this way to take care of themselves. I told old Wade the other day it reminded me of one of the first books I read in my boyhood, a rough wood-cut on one side, and on the other page a story telling what it meant; about the middle of the book were two or three men who had got a large potash kettle and had filled it with ice water, and had got a negro and had plunged him in several times, thinking they were going to make a white man of him, but in the mean time the negro took cold and died. And so, I don't know what will be the effect."

In 1862, Senator Salisbury of Delaware, who had been educated for the ministry and was a very fine Hebrew scholar, but afterwards turned to the side

of the law and got into the Senate, got up one day and made a tremendous speech in favor of the Bible argument for slavery. Many of the senators were not as well acquainted with the Old Testament as he was, and it made considerable of a disturbance. He spoke an hour and a half. When I went up the next morning to open the session of the Senate, I was surrounded by a number of gentlemen who said: "You ought to have been here yesterday; Salisbury has been giving a Bible argument in favor of slavery." We were all strained up in those days, and our ideas and thoughts were very swift; and just then Hannibal Hamlin rapped the Senate to order. As I stepped up into the desk to commence my prayer, this thing, I don't know how, shot into me like an arrow, and I said: "O God of this Nation, be pleased to teach this Senate, and to teach the American people, that if slavery is a Bible institution, so is hell itself; and O Lord God, be pleased to help this Senate and the American people to abolish the one and escape from the other." Well, the senators got about Salisbury that day and nagged him almost to death, so that about four o'clock in the afternoon he sent up a resolution to be read by the clerk, which was, after considerable of a preamble: "Resolved, that the chaplain of the Senate be expelled." But just then it was time to adjourn, and that was the last we ever heard of his speech or his resolution.

I must not take up any more time. I have been under the doctor's care since I have been here, but I am delighted to be with you, and I think it is a gracious kindness of Providence that I am here.

MR. STEWART: We would like to hear a few words from Dr. BOARDMAN, of the Class of '47.

DOCTOR GEORGE N. BOARDMAN'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I HAVE been asked to say a word about Dr. Labaree's administration. I rise with reluctance to speak on this subject, because it may seem a discordant note in this tide of congratulations and joyful sentiment, but perhaps it will do us no harm to look back for a few moments and see from what we have grown in attaining our present altitude.

In 1841, Dr. Labaree was forty years old, a man of great physical strength, fine attainments, good reputation, from whom much was expected by his friends. The old people of Hanover remembered young Labaree as a stirring speaker in public meetings, and he was known as a man of fine attainments as a college graduate. He made no claim to special acquisitions. He did, however, once have a little brush with a learned professor of Latin in an educational meeting, and I believe the learned professor came in, in the afternoon, and made an

apology for having assaulted him. He was a man who was successful in whatever he undertook. I remember that General Nash said of him once: "I don't know what the College is coming to, but there is a great man at the helm."

But he came in somewhat troublous times. He sometimes said he had to make a new college. His friends said the same thing. I have myself sometimes compared his work with that of President Atwater, who began his institutional career here in 1800, and I have been reminded of these words of Watts; he says, does he not, somewhere:—

"'T was great to speak a world from naught,
'T was greater to redeem."

He really restored the College, for it seemed to have lost its standing. He did not know it when he came, certainly not when he was appointed and accepted the place, but he found afterwards he had some difficulties to meet that were at first unsuspected; and it is a significant fact that he labored twenty-five years without an attempt to enlarge the institution, except to enlarge its funds. He came in 1841; I talked with him in 1859 about one additional professorship; that is, to have a professorship of philosophy, as other institutions were having. He said it was useless to think of it at that time. There were six instructors,—the president with his professorship, four other professors, and a tutor.

These constituted the Faculty, — a marked illustration of the truth of the remarks of President Tucker as to the curriculum, in his address yesterday.

I will speak of one or two things that he had to encounter. One was the alienation of the former graduates of the college. I myself have met good men who were vexed with the work or action of the Trustees of that time, because they ignored Middlebury for some reason, — I never could explain it, — and filled vacancies in the Faculty from graduates of other colleges. They had an excellent tutor, who was almost the backbone of the institution, of the Class of '38, and who is present with us to-day, William F. Bascom; but in new appointments other colleges were given the preference.

Dr. Labaree supposed that he was coming to Middlebury to connect his work with what had been done before, but he happened to meet, at some place, Professor Hough, and there learned the state of things. I do not know what Professor Hough said, but a lady of Middlebury told me she supposed she had heard the same remarks, and that never before did she know what the English language was capable of by way of reproach.

The antislavery sentiment was working like leaven at the time, and he had to encounter it. The younger people here know nothing of that. I suppose they know that the civil war made some commotion, but at the North it really united people,

while the agitation preceding it divided them. When such a man as Wendell Phillips, a good orthodox churchman, could propose an antislavery resolution, that the exit of the slave from the house of his bondage must be over the ruins of the church and the constitution, we may know there was something in the air. There was a good deal of jealousy of the churches and of educational institutions, and in order to test our College some one got up the story that there were five colored young men, of good character, who desired to enter some college in New England, and wrote to President Labaree asking if he would take them. He answered, very discreetly, that we were willing to do our share in educational work of that kind. The abolition papers through New England, from Boston to Burlington, rang with criticisms and sarcastic sneers over the reply. That, however, was a small matter, for it soon passed off, and the truth came out that no such five persons existed, except in some one's imagination.

Then there was the question of the union of the colleges. The President was engaged in soliciting funds, and was met with the remark that one college was enough for Vermont. He entered into a very cordial correspondence upon this matter with President Wheeler, and they always remained excellent friends, — the President of the University and the President of Middlebury College, — but after a good

deal of discussion, not to the detriment of Middlebury, the matter was dropped.

When this question was out of the way, he proceeded to raise twenty-five thousand dollars,—a modest sum, but he did not dare go higher, as it was thought best to confine the first effort towards endowment to the vicinage of the College. Connected with these turmoils was the breaking up of the Faculty. At the close of the year 1847, President Labaree and James Meacham, afterward our distinguished Congressman, were left alone as college instructors. It was not till the commencement anniversary of 1848 that a new Faculty was fully formed.

The semicentennial celebration in 1850 was a cheering one, and the president hoped that the still remaining work of college endowment might be performed by agents, but this was an anticipation not to be realized. After several abortive attempts, he was compelled to resume himself that unattractive part of college labor, and continue it, on occasions at least, to the close of his term of office.

We have not time to speak of later and better known discouragements, as the distractions caused by the civil war, the loss of students who entered the army, and the loss of Starr Hall by fire. It can be truthfully said, and it is but just to say, that President Labaree, sustained indeed by loyal friends, by his wisdom, courage, and indomitable

perseverance, through twenty-five years of peculiar trials, steadily advanced the interests of the College, and in 1866 gave it over into the hands of his successor in a much better condition than that in which he found it.

There are two things that occur to me to say as a matter of exhortation to the alumni,—that every rich man give his money when it is needed. Fifty thousand dollars in 1841 would have changed Dr. Labaree's administration from a period of trial to one of cheer. Another thing is this, to the college authorities, to stand by the traditions. The breaking off of the past from the future in 1840 was a sad mistake. We had a wise Corporation in many respects. They knew a good minister, they knew a good lawyer, but they did not know a college. They were not imbued with the traditional sentiment that pervades an institution. They had not learned to love it for what it was and had been.

Our friend and honored alumnus, recently gone, Edward J. Phelps, used to dwell with great eloquence upon the power of traditions. We need, the corporation needs, to be imbued in every muscle, bone, and sinew with the living transmitted sentiments of the institution. I have been sometimes called a conservative, and I am willing to bear the name, for there can be no advance except through a force already existing. There is no growth except in the maintaining of that which we have, and in

guarding that which is already established. "To thyself be true."

MR. STEWART: I know you will all be glad to hear a word from Dr. Hamlin, who came to the College in an hour of extreme depression, and, in my judgment,—and I know what I am talking about,—gave it its first impulse on the upward grade, on which it has been going ever since. He took his coat off and went into the laboratory and into the department of physics, and with his own hand repaired the machinery. I came up here one day, and said, "Where is Dr. Hamlin?" They told me, and I went to the library but didn't find him; and I kept going up and finally got into the attic, and there,—it was dark and full of cobwebs, as it usually was, with the beams so close that I nearly broke my head in getting up,—there I found Dr. Hamlin hard at work. We owe him a debt of gratitude. He began with this century, he is almost as old as the College; he cannot make a long speech, and he ought not to try it; but I know you want to see him, and I take great pleasure, and feel it an honor, to introduce to you Dr. HAMLIN.

PRESIDENT CYRUS HAMLIN'S SPEECH

MR. PRESIDENT:

I THINK I can make a short speech without taking off my coat, and I wish to say at this hour only two things: I wish to express my admiration of what President Brainerd and his faithful and able coadjutors have accomplished since I left the College in 1885, and my profound gratitude for the great kindness with which I have been received by everybody in the College and out of it. God bless you all.

MR. STEWART: We are honored by the presence of a gentleman, a busy man, but one who finds time in the affairs of this world to devote a great deal of time to the advancement of the cause of missions, and I take pleasure in introducing to you the Honorable SAMUEL B. CAPEN, LL.D., of Boston.

DOCTOR SAMUEL B. CAPEN'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN:

MY first word is to express my appreciation for the honor you conferred upon me this morning, and for the permission to enter this brotherhood. I am glad I can now say that.

I have been asked to say a word about the graduates of this institution in the foreign missionary

work. An American bishop has said: "If you set a Christian scholar working for God, you put a force into the world that will counteract the influence of a thousand illiterate, vicious men." The most effective force in this world to-day is the living man in touch with living men. We do not undervalue the power of the printed page; but when the truth that is in that page is in the heart and brain of the living soul, and then with conviction and earnestness that truth is sent home to others, it becomes a life in their lives. It was the Master's method; He wrote nothing himself. We are told that He made once a few letters in the dust upon the pavement, and that was all. What did He do? He took a little handful of men and told them of the glory of the Kingdom, and then sent them forth to preach and to teach in the spirit of the Master. Middlebury College for a hundred years has been doing just that thing. She has breathed her life into her sons and her daughters, and then she has bade them go forth to honorable achievement.

I have in my hand a list of thirty-five men, and I think the list is not quite complete, who have been sent forth by the American Board, who are graduates of this institution. Magnificent list! Among the names of those living I read those of Benjamin Labaree, of the Class of 1854, a missionary to the Nestorians, and my brother James L. Barton at my left, of the Class of 1881, who was sent fifteen years

ago to Turkey, and was fitted there as a missionary and then as President of Euphrates College, for the great position he now holds. One of our great leaders said to me last year, "Doctor Barton is a statesman and he is everywhere loved."

May I take two names out of the list and use them as illustrations? The first I would call your attention to is that of Miron Winslow, whose honored nephew you have listened to. You know him here as the author of that wonderful Tamil English Lexicon, which was the result for him of more than a quarter of a century of work, three hours a day. He had to make a language of thirty thousand words; it is a monument to his industry. He translated the Bible and text-books, but he did another service with which you are perhaps not so familiar. For many years there was a conflict whether the whole work of missions was not done, so far as missionaries were concerned, when they simply did the evangelical work of preaching the Gospel. Mr. Winslow contended that we must train the boys and girls to be missionaries to their own people. There is no conflict to-day; the preacher and teacher go hand in hand, and you must ever, in this institution, remember Miron Winslow as the pioneer of those days.

The other name is that of Hiram Bingham, who went to what were then called the Sandwich Islands, in the same year, 1819. When he went there, what

did he find? A race so degraded that men almost doubted whether they were human or not. The natives were sitting on the beach eating raw fish with the dogs, and then eating the dogs. And what is Hawaii to-day? President Barrows of Oberlin College says: "If I were asked to give the place in all the world where there is the greatest manifestation of the power of the Gospel, I would take you to those little islands in the Pacific." They are only about the size of the State of Vermont, yet those Hawaiian Christians give one-sixth as much money as is given for missions in our Congregational churches of the United States. The man who says to-day that he does not believe in foreign missions speaks from inexcusable ignorance, for the story of the Hawaiian Islands is written. It is a stirring story, and almost beyond comprehension, but you friends of Middlebury will remember that Hiram Bingham was there. You have been doing magnificently in the past, and you are going to do magnificently in the future. We are on the eve of great movements; we are coming to great achievements. Your sons, and the sons of other institutions, in the spirit of the living Christ have turned themselves against heathendom, and all the customs and superstitions of the past, and the world has been standing back to say, absurd! Yes, friends, the same absurdity as when a little band of disciples, inspired by the living Christ, threw themselves

against the Roman Empire; they who won then are going to win now. God is back of it all. The noblest work in this world, the noblest service, is to be a minister of the Gospel; the noblest place in that service is to be a missionary of the Cross. And the sons of Middlebury have written their names large in the roll of honor. Your past at least is secure. May I not express the wish that the glorious history of that past may be the prophecy of still more glorious service in the future?

MR. STEWART: There is a financial and business end to all of this matter. You cannot make millionaires, or lawyers, or anybody else, unless you put business into it, and the law element is an essential element in all the affairs of this world.

I wish to announce to the alumni present that we have taken the opportunity, without consultation with my friend, the gentleman I shall name, to utilize his intelligence and his knowledge of affairs, which are large and wide and acquired in many fields, — we have undertaken to utilize these, without his notice and without his knowledge, in making him a member of the Board of Trustees of this institution.

He went far afield in early life. He made a large mark on the shore of the Pacific, but he was drawn back to our beloved State by a magnet which he could not resist, and has been an honored resident of the State for a quarter of a century. I take

great pleasure in introducing to you my friend,
JOHN G. McCULLOUGH of Bennington.

GENERAL JOHN G. McCULLOUGH'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN :

IN this era of universities (for everything is now a university), it is quite exceptional and refreshing, but no less charming, to be allowed to attend once more a college Commencement; and that, too, of a college whose venerable locks are whitened by an hundred years, and which for a whole century has resisted the insidious process of metempsychosis, and still stands in 1900, as in 1800, proudly erect, plain Middlebury College. Her sons are to be congratulated that their Alma Mater has not become by transmigration a step-mother, but still remains true to her first love.

And so, too, in turn, is the College to be congratulated, that she has sent out into the world, during all these years, so many sons who have reflected honor upon her, and have won for themselves distinction in every walk of life. Many of them we have heard from to-day; others, doubtless, will speak later on at this crowded banquet, all bringing their tribute to this shrine. (The Chairman, in the hour or so at his disposal, is embarrassed with riches.) Many more are absent, living lives of usefulness all over this land. Still many more

have gone over to the other shore, leaving enviable records of well-spent lives. Among these, may I not say, is Middlebury's greatest alumnus; and it has been suggested to me by one or two of those in authority here, that it would be appropriate to voice a word, and only a word, of eulogy at this time. Had he lived, it was expected that Mr. Phelps would have delivered the Centennial Oration to-day. It detracts nothing from the gentleman who delivered the oration at the church this morning; it is no disparagement to that able and eloquent and discriminating address, to say that those who listened to Phelps on Marshall, at Saratoga, and on Vermont, at Bennington, or who heard his farewell at the London banquet as he was leaving the shores of England, or his reply to the toast of Forefathers' Day, at a New England dinner in New York a few years ago, would have been electrified on this occasion by a masterpiece of American oratory on Middlebury College. But neither the time, the lateness of the hour, nor the limitations of the surroundings, permit any extended eulogy. We can but throw a wild flower on his bier as it passes by to-day. It must be left to some fitter one on some more fitting occasion to pronounce a full and just review of the man and his life work.

Mr. Phelps was a thorough New Englander, and came of strong New England stock. He was endowed by nature with a good constitution and he

never abused it. He grew in mental vigor from his youth to the end of his days. I did not know him in his earlier years, but ever since I had the pleasure of his acquaintance I always felt that he would be equal to any emergency and easily meet every demand. In his intercourse with men he was a perfect gentleman. His transforming and uplifting influence, especially with the young, seemed ever present. He despised pretense and sham. He detested hypocrisy and demagoguery.

Mr. Phelps was a scholar, a lawyer, a statesman, a diplomatist. He was an educated and refined scholar; and would have graced the ermine of the judge, or the lawn of the prelate, the one as easily as the other. He was a lover of the fine arts, especially of music and painting, and it was ever an exquisite delight to lead him into an easy conversational discourse on either. He was a born conversationalist, — interesting, intelligent, charming, instructive, full of anecdote, and bubbling over with wit and humor.

In letter-writing, — that lost art, — in my opinion neither Lowell, nor Stevenson, nor any other excelled him. He was only his own equal. Racy and bright, full of novel conceits and unexpected lights and shadows, now a vein of sadness, anon of gladness, running through his lines as the mood ran through his being. Unless Governor Stewart or some other gathers together and publishes a volume

of his letters, it will be an irreparable loss to literature.

As a member of the Vermont Bar, although there are those present who could speak with fuller knowledge and greater authority, in my judgment Mr. Phelps during the past thirty or forty years was almost, if not altogether, *facile princeps*. At the bar of the Supreme Court of the Nation, of which body he just escaped, by political chicanery, being Chief Justice, he stood second to none, during the past score of years and more, of all that able and brilliant galaxy of lawyers and advocates appearing before that august tribunal. His style was so direct, his presentation of the facts of the case so clear and concise, and so incisive and trenchant, that victory was already half won when his statement was made; and this, followed up by a logic that was at once the scimitar and the sledge-hammer, carried conviction unerringly and irresistibly.

As a representative of this country at the first court of the world, all along down the long line of ambassadors and ministers at St. James', he is the acknowledged peer, on both sides of the ocean, of the proudest. The nation that sent him, and the nation to which he was sent, seemed equally proud of the lofty and dignified bearing that ever characterized his course.

Mr. Phelps was an orator in the best sense of the word. Webster was his great exemplar—the God-

like Daniel, who trod this earth a demigod. He was cultured and finished and eloquent, — eloquent in ideas, not in words, — and his diction was perfect. Our loss of the oration which he would have delivered here to-day is not our loss alone; it is the loss of the English-speaking world.

In a word, he was preeminent in every sphere. But I forbear, my time is up, and I would close with the salutation: Hail, good friend, bright genius, Middlebury's greatest alumnus, hail and farewell!

MR. STEWART: I would like to hear a word from Mr. LABAREE, the son of our former honored president.

DOCTOR JOHN C. LABAREE'S SPEECH

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I THANK you for the courteous invitation to say a word on this occasion. The good Book says that "the seat of the righteous shall be blessed." Now I very carefully refrain from any criticism assaulting that blessed Book; but still it seems to me somewhat questionable, the blessing of being called upon to make a speech at this late hour, simply because I am near the seat of the righteous.

It would be very agreeable to me, Mr. President, in the name of one who has been spoken of very kindly by Professor Boardman this afternoon, to extend congratulations on the prosperity of Middlebury College at this time; and I am sure, Sir, and

I delight so to say, that were my father present he would take great pleasure, as his sons do, in the success attending the administration of President Brainerd, and the gifts coming so largely and magnificently from those who were his friends while he was here.

Mr. President, I forbear to speak longer. It was said by Professor Boardman that some one remarked of my father that he had perseverance. It strikes me that this audience has great patience; I will not trespass upon it any longer, but offer my thanks for your kindness and courtesy at this time.

MR. STEWART: I want to hear a word from the Rev. Dr. HOLMES.

DOCTOR RICHARD S. HOLMES'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN :

LIKE Mr. Labaree, I thank you for the privilege of standing upon this platform, but I have regard for the patience and weariness of the audience.

Let me call your mind back to the fact that we are gathered together because this is the centennial anniversary. I offer the following sentiment in the name of our one hundred years:—

One hundred years, one hundred years;
What are one hundred years?
Our Alma Mater's lifetime,
And they wake our hearts to cheers.

What though her numbers are but few,
She's in achievement great,
Great in her patience, in her faith,
And in her power to wait
While centuries come and centuries go,
If such the call shall be,
Till patience, faith, and power joined
Shall crown her destiny.

MR. STEWART: I see a smiling friend over in the corner, and I know he is anticipating with great pleasure the call I now make upon him.

COL. ALDACE F. WALKER'S SPEECH

MR. CHAIRMAN:

I AM sure no one wishes to hear anything from me at this stage of the game. We have had a most interesting and delightful week. It has been profitable to us, and I trust it has been profitable to our Alma Mater. I was asked—I won't deny it—to make a few remarks on this occasion with reference to Middlebury College in connection with the civil war. This request came to me three or four days ago, and I prepared a most beautiful speech which I do not propose to deliver. I will say only one word connected with that topic, which has come to my mind since our genial friend from Hamilton called your attention to the motto at the other end of the hall. I understand that to be the motto of Middlebury College,—*Scientia et Virtus*. I do not profess to give the Roman pronunciation, and if I

did, you would not recognise it as the *Scientia et Virtus* we were taught. It has occurred to me that our worthy forefathers, in selecting that motto as the motto of this institution, had not perhaps the benefit of the modern system of teaching Latin, and other vicious things of which we hear so much. They evidently considered that *virtus* meant that character which we call virtue in poetry and in oratory. But we are told now by our learned professors of rhetoric that the chief virtue the good old Romans knew was physical courage. That was what they meant by virtue, — courage and physical power to stand up and fight for the country. And so, perhaps, our forefathers builded a little better than they knew when they selected that motto, because we have there before us knowledge, science, and the fighting quality which I understand the motto really and truly to signify. And did not Middlebury College typify the motto in that signification when about one hundred of her sons went to fight for their country? Year by year the College fell away as its members fell on the field of battle; year by year the professors and president, as has been told to you to-day, failed in their courage for the future of the institution; but they lost no whit of their courage for their beloved land. Middlebury College did its share on that occasion, — its full share, and more than its share.

I thank you for hearing me say this much.

MR. STEWART: Last, but not least, I want to call upon our friend from New York, whom we had the pleasure of putting into the Board the other day, and who is now one of the Trustees of Middlebury College, Brother GIFFORD.

MR. JAMES M. GIFFORD'S SPEECH

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I HAVE been wondering of what offense I may have been guilty during my course in Middlebury College, or with what crimes you may be chargeable, that I should be inflicted upon you at this late hour. I have tried to escape, but at every effort I have been called back by the subtle influence of Governor Stewart, and prevented by the old-time control of President Brainerd.

Returning to his Alma Mater after an absence of a fifth of a century, one views the changes on every hand with feelings of surprise. We knew we would miss the faces of the professors of long ago, and feared that few of our college mates might return. We had heard rumors of the progress the College had made, but had no comprehension of the academic and material improvements of recent years. Let us proclaim a meed of praise to the Faculty and Trustees of the College for the wonderful improvements on every hand, and devoutly pray that "the good work may go on."

Although we have just dedicated a library building, the last gift of one of the College's most generous friends in the past, and the munificence of one of her beloved sons has made possible the beautiful Science Hall, just rising into view, the College needs a permanent auditorium in place of this temporary structure, equipped as a gymnasium for the use of the students during the school year, and to whose halls the sons and daughters of Middlebury may return at each recurring Commencement. If through the generosity of any of the alumni who have shown their courage and demonstrated their love for the old College by remaining until the shadows of evening have fallen, this dream shall become a reality, I pledge you that the opening of the new century shall be as propitious for the future usefulness of the College as the closing of the old marks the end of a hundred years of successful work.

If I were to speak to a particular topic in the short time allotted to me, it would be of the small college and its true relation to the dawning century. I do not agree with the views expressed by one of the speakers here to-day, that the small college is destined to be submerged by the onmoving tide that tends toward immensity. I believe in the small college; I believe that the man who completes a course here receives more than the simple instruction indicated by the curriculum. He par-

ticipates in the personality of the instructor in a degree that cannot take place in the larger college.

It has always been the pride of Middlebury College that its chief object has been to make men,—men who accomplish results, men who do things; men who carry messages out to those waiting in the world, and not the men who simply theorize and adore in the market-place; and I firmly believe that in proportion as you strengthen the bond which exists between the professor and the student, in proportion as you increase the influence of the professor over the student, in that proportion you help the student to know himself, and send forth into the world a man who will make a success and not a failure.

I will leave the thought which I have endeavored to express by quoting from the inscription which marks the granite shaft standing on the battlefield of Lexington,—only two lines, but they are instinct with eloquence, and symbolize the true spirit that has guided the graduates of Middlebury College both in peace and war:—

“Too few to win,
Too brave to flee.”

MR. STEWART: The exercises of the afternoon are now concluded.

A REGISTER

OF GRADUATES AND NON-GRADUATES ATTENDING THE ANNIVERSARY

GRADUATES.

CHARLES E. ABELL, 1861	Orwell, Vt.
JULIN W. ABERNETHY, 1876 . . .	Brooklyn, N. Y.
BERTHA B. ADAMS, 1895	Knoxville, Ill.
CHARLES A. ADAMS, 1895	Knoxville, Ill.
DAVID H. ADAMS, 1860	Hampton, N. H.
FLORENCE C. ALLEN, 1898	Brattleboro, Vt.
FREDERIC H. ALLEN, 1900	Warehouse Point, Conn.
M. ANNETTE ANDERSON, 1899 . . .	Shoreham, Vt.
CLARA B. ANDREWS, 1900	Elba, N. Y.
FLORENCE M. ANDREWS, 1900 . . .	Elba, N. Y.
LEWIS A. AUSTIN, 1856	Orange City, Fla.
LUCIA E. AVERY, 1898	Middlebury, Vt.
WILLIAM N. BACON, 1853	Bridport, Vt.
HENRY L. BAILEY, 1886	Middletown Springs, Vt.
CONSTANCE F. BARKER, 1900 . . .	Sidney, N. Y.
WILLIAM T. BARNARD, 1900	Granville, N. Y.
HENRY M. BARNUM, 1858	Freeport, Ill.
JAMES L. BARTON, 1881	Boston, Mass.
ROBERT J. BARTON, 1884	Salisbury, Vt.
WILLIAM F. BASCOM, 1838	Washington, D. C.
WILLIAM M. BASS, 1832	Neponset, Mass.
ARTHUR E. BATCHELDER, 1900 . . .	Townshend, Vt.
ETHEL BATES, 1900	South Royalston, Mass.
EDWARD H. BAXTER, 1876	Hyde Park, Mass.

EZRA W. BENEDICT, 1891	Warrensburg, N. Y.
FRANK H. BIGELOW, 1894	Natick, Mass.
CHARLES BILLINGS, 1886	Poultney, Vt.
EUGENE C. BINGHAM, 1899	Randolph, Vt.
RENA I. BISBEE, 1900	Chicopee, Mass.
CHARLES C. BIXBY, 1847	Brockton, Mass.
DAVID H. BLOSSOM, 1896	Salt Lake City, Utah.
GEORGE N. BOARDMAN, 1847	New York, N. Y.
HARLAN S. BOARDMAN, 1874	Montpelier, Vt.
SAMUEL W. BOARDMAN, 1851	Maryville, Tenn.
HARRIETTE E. BOLTON, 1890	Boston, Mass.
SAMUEL B. BOTSFORD, 1900	Vergennes, Vt.
WILLIAM H. BOTSFORD, 1898	Vergennes, Vt.
HERBERT E. BOYCE, 1900	Winchendon, Mass.
THOMAS E. BOYCE, 1876	Middlebury, Vt.
EDWARD R. BRAINERD, 1879	Los Angeles, Cal.
EZRA BRAINERD, 1864	Middlebury, Vt.
F. VIOLA BRAINERD, 1898	Middlebury, Vt.
CORA A. BROCK, 1896	Wells River, Vt.
G. WOLCOTT BROOKS, 1873	Boston, Mass.
EDGAR R. BROWN, 1893	Newark, N. J.
LUTHER A. BROWN, 1897	New Haven, Vt.
WALTER I. BROWN, 1876	Nephi, Utah.
BLOSSOM P. BRYANT, 1891	Middlebury, Vt.
ERNEST C. BRYANT, 1891	Middlebury, Vt.
FREDERICK H. BRYANT, 1900	Lincoln, Vt.
DAVID N. BURKE, 1867	Port Henry, N. Y.
PATRICK F. BURKE, 1868	Port Henry, N. Y.
JOSEPH W. BURNHAM, 1864	Calumet, Mich.
FREDERICK H. BUTTON, 1890	Rutland, Vt.
WILLIAM H. BUTTON, 1890	New York, N. Y.
JOHN A. CADWELL, JR., 1897	Proctor, Vt.
FRANK W. CADY, 1899	Chicago, Ill.
GILBERT E. CADY, 1893	Benson, Vt.
MARTIN E. CADY, 1869	Chicago, Ill.

SIDNEY B. CADY, 1880 Bloomfield, N. J.
 THOMAS A. CARLSON, 1900 Middlebury, Vt.
 FRANK D. CHATTERTON, 1900 Proctor, Vt.
 B. FRANK CHURCHILL, 1884 New York, N. Y.
 FRANK G. CLARK, 1864 Cedar Rapids, Ia.
 JAMES T. CLARK, 1887 Oswego, N. Y.
 LAURA S. CLARK, 1894 Randolph, Vt.
 EDWIN B. CLIFT, 1890 Middlebury, Vt.
 GEORGE P. COLLINS, 1868 Ferrisburg, Vt.
 ELMER E. COWLES, 1884 Weybridge, Vt.
 ADALINE C. CRAMPTON, 1899 St. Albans, Vt.
 WILLARD R. CRAY, 1876 Minneapolis, Minn.
 EVELYN A. CURTIS, 1900 Rockdale, N. Y.
 EARL L. CUSHMAN, 1895 Jersey City, N. J.

EDWARD DANA, 1876 Rutland, Vt.
 EDWARD J. DAVENPORT, 1871 Minneapolis, Minn.
 EVELINE L. DEAN, 1900 Orange, Mass.
 FRANCIS B. DENIO, 1871 Bangor, Me.
 HERBERT W. DENIO, 1888 Concord, N. H.
 ELIAS DEWEY, 1858 Chicago, Ill.
 JAMES B. DONOWAY, 1893 Middlebury, Vt.
 HENRY R. DORR, 1880 Rutland, Vt.
 GEORGE C. DOUGLASS, 1895 Worcester, Mass.
 MARY D. DOUGLASS, 1893 Scranton, Pa.
 MARION E. DUNBAR, 1897 Milford, N. H.
 VIDA A. DUNBAR, 1898 Milford, N. H.
 WALTER B. DUNTON, 1898 Rutland, Vt.

EDWIN H. EASTMAN, 1876 Marblehead, Mass.
 MERRITT H. EDDY, 1860 Middlebury, Vt.
 STANTON S. EDDY, 1894 Middlebury, Vt.
 LOYAL D. ELDRIDGE, 1857 Middlebury, Vt.
 WILLIAM H. ELDRIDGE, 1895 Proctor, Vt.
 EDWARD D. ELLIS, 1874 Poultney, Vt.
 JESSE A. ELLSWORTH, 1886 Rutland, Vt.

- RUFUS C. FLAGG, 1869 Ripon, Wis.
 JOHN A. FLETCHER, 1887 Middlebury, Vt.
- WILLIAM W. GAY, 1876 New York, N. Y.
 HARRIET D. GEROULD, 1897 . . . Hollis, N. H.
 JAMES M. GIFFORD, 1877 New York, N. Y.
 HENRY M. GODDARD, 1890 West Concord, N. H.
 JAMES E. GOODMAN, JR., 1896 . . Granville, N. Y.
 ELLEN C. GORDON, 1897 Amesbury, Mass.
 WILLIS A. GUERNSEY, 1880 . . . Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
- JOHN P. HALNON, 1896 Cornwall, Vt.
 MICHAEL F. HALPIN, 1898 New Haven, Vt.
 VERNON C. HARRINGTON, 1891 . . Cleveland, O.
 ERWIN A. HASSELTINE, 1862 . . . Bristol, Vt.
 GEORGE L. HASSELTINE, 1893 . . . Bristol, Vt.
 AVA L. HAWLEY, 1896 Middle Granville, N. Y.
 FLORENCE M. HEMENWAY, 1900 . . Brattleboro, Vt.
 LEWIS H. HEMENWAY, 1864 . . . Manchester, Vt.
 CHARLES E. HESSELGRAVE, 1893 . . Madison, N. J.
 SUSIE W. HESSELGRAVE, 1893 . . Madison, N. J.
 ALFRED E. HIGLEY, 1868 Middlebury, Vt.
 EDWIN H. HIGLEY, 1868 Groton, Mass.
 HENRY P. HIGLEY, 1860 Washington, D. C.
 MARY G. HIGLEY, 1898 Middlebury, Vt.
 HERBERT A. HINMAN, 1898 . Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.
 EDWARD H. HOBBS, 1862 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 FLORENCE M. HOLDEN, 1897 . . . Worcester, Mass.
 RICHARD S. HOLMES, 1862 Pittsburg, Pa.
 EDWARD C. HOOKER, 1900 Marshfield, Mass.
 GUY B. HORTON, 1900 North Clarendon, Vt.
 CHARLES W. HOWARD, 1872 . . . Shoreham, Vt.
 HENRY E. HOWARD, 1882 Highgate Center, Vt.
 L. ROY HOWARD, 1899 Barre, Vt.
 WALTER E. HOWARD, 1871 . . . Middlebury, Vt.
 EDWARD W. HOWE, 1869 Boston, Mass.

- EDWIN D. HOWE, 1887 Valatie, N. Y.
 EUGENE E. HOWE, 1888 Gilboa, N. Y.
 PRENTISS C. HOYT, 1889 West Addison, Vt.
 HENRY W. HULBERT, 1879 Cleveland, O.
 EDMUND G. HUNT, 1857 Beldens, Vt.
 JOHN W. HUNT, 1847 Washington, D. C.
 DONALD P. HURLBURT, 1899 Bridport, Vt.
 FRANK B. HYDE, 1884 Castleton, Vt.

 ANNA L. JAMES, 1897 St. Albans, Vt.

 BRAINERD KELLOGG, 1858 Brooklyn, N. Y.
 CHARLES F. KINGSLEY, 1872 Salisbury, Vt.

 JOHN C. LABAREE, 1856 Saugus, Mass.
 IRA H. LAFLEUR, 1894 Middlebury, Vt.
 HARRY F. LAKE, 1899 Suncook, N. H.
 ALBERT W. LAMB, 1877 East Orange, N. J.
 GUY C. LAMSON, 1896 West Cornwall, Vt.
 C. FORD LANGWORTHY, 1887 Washington, D. C.
 ADELBERT A. LAVERY, 1890 Ballston Spa, N. Y.
 GEORGE E. LAWRENCE, 1867 Rutland, Vt.
 CLARENCE G. LEAVENWORTH, 1882 Cleveland, O.
 CHARLES L. LEONARD, 1895 Cambridge, N. Y.
 EMMA D. LEONARD, 1893 Cambridge, N. Y.
 JAMES A. LOBBAN, 1898 Wilmington, Vt.

 ALEXANDER MACDONALD, 1892 St. Regis Falls, N. Y.
 JULIUS N. MALLORY, 1871 Scituate, Mass.
 SARA V. MANN, 1900 Rockland, Mass.
 BERT E. MARSHALL, 1895 Albany, N. Y.
 MOSES M. MARTIN, 1861 Ovid, Mich.
 T. P. DWIGHT MATTHEWS, 1870 Cornwall, Vt.
 THOMAS H. MCLEOD, 1854 Middlebury, Vt.
 JAMES F. McNABOE, 1892 New York, N. Y.
 CARL A. MEAD, 1891 New York, N. Y.
 CHARLES M. MEAD, 1856 New Haven, Conn.

JOHN A. MEAD, 1864 Rutland, Vt.
 JUNIUS E. MEAD, 1890 Cohoes, N. Y.
 PAT M. MELDON, 1880 Rutland, Vt.
 ELIZABETH E. MERRIAM, 1895 . . Sterling, Mass.
 CARL M. MERRILL, 1896 Glens Falls, N. Y.
 PETER J. H. MEYERS, 1847 . . . Chazy, N. Y.
 ELMER P. MILLER, 1884 Catskill, N. Y.
 JOHN C. MILLER, 1882 Boston, Mass.
 BENJAMIN C. MINER, 1893 . . . New Haven, Vt.
 CALVIN B. MOODY, 1877 Minneapolis, Minn.
 JAMES MOORE, 1896 Camden, N. Y.
 CHARLES S. MURKLAND, 1881 . . Durham, N. H.

F. ELISABETH NICHOLS, 1900 . . . Norwich, Vt.
 HARRISON P. NICHOLS, 1869 . . . Chicago, Ill.
 NATHAN R. NICHOLS, 1866 . . . Norwich, Vt.
 THOMAS H. NOONAN, 1891 . . . Buffalo, N. Y.

JAMES B. O'NEILL, 1883 Portland, Me.

C. B. F. PALMER, 1883 New York, N. Y.
 KATE E. PALMER, 1895 Round Lake, N. Y.
 EMILY G. PARKER, 1900 West Rutland, Vt.
 FRANK A. PARKER, 1880 Whiting, Vt.
 JOHN E. PARKER, 1858 Washington, D. C.
 ARTHUR C. PARKHURST, 1897 . . Worcester, Mass.
 SYLVESTER B. PARTRIDGE, 1861 . . Swatow, China.
 ALVA C. PECK, 1880 Boston, Mass.
 JOSEPH A. PECK, 1898 Chicago, Ill.
 MAY B. PECK, 1887 Boston, Mass.
 LYMAN W. PEET, 1861 Cornwall, Vt.
 HARLAN S. PERRIGO, 1870 . . . Potsdam, N. Y.
 ERASTUS H. PHELPS, 1861 . . . Fair Haven, Vt.
 LAWRENCE PHELPS, 1875 Boston, Mass.
 LEROY M. PIERCE, 1866 Medfield, Mass.
 IRA E. PINNEY, 1891 Washburn, No. Dak.

- MARY O. POLLARD, 1896 Ludlow, Vt.
 M. GRACE POTTER, 1899 Boston, Mass.
 HARRY P. POWERS, 1882 Proctor, Vt.
 CHARLES E. PRENTISS, 1864 Middlebury, Vt.
 CHARLES W. PRENTISS, 1896 Middlebury, Vt.
 SAMUEL J. PRESTON, 1882 Mamaroneck, N. Y.
- LESLIE H. RAINE, 1889 New York, N. Y.
 JEREMIAH E. RANKIN, 1848 Washington, D. C.
 BERTHA E. RANSLOW, 1894 Swanton, Vt.
 EUGENE J. RANSLOW, 1866 Swanton, Vt.
 LAUREN REDFIELD, 1857 New York, N. Y.
 DANIEL G. REILLY, 1891 Dayton, O.
 GEORGE H. REMELE, 1872 West Medford, Mass.
 WILLIAM A. REMELE, 1876 Bridgewater, Vt.
 JOEL T. RICE, 1853 New York, N. Y.
 NORMAN F. RIDER, 1862 Bristol, Vt.
 FLORA C. ROCKWOOD, 1897 East Middlebury, Vt.
 EDWARD M. ROSCOE, 1896 Waterbury, Vt.
 LENA M. ROSEMAN, 1896 Bristol, Vt.
 CARROLL B. ROSS, 1882 West Rutland, Vt.
 CHARLES L. ROSS, 1895 Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
 ELEANOR S. ROSS, 1895 Rutland, Vt.
 HENRY H. ROSS, 1872 Rutland, Vt.
 LUCRETIVS D. ROSS, 1852 Poultney, Vt.
 LUCRETIVS H. ROSS, 1890 Bennington, Vt.
 PAUL G. ROSS, 1893 Poultney, Vt.
 WILLIS M. ROSS, 1886 Rutland, Vt.
 LEROY C. RUSSELL, 1897 Buffalo, N. Y.
- SARAH SCOLDS, 1899 Leverett, Mass.
 GEORGE D. SCOTT, 1895 Newton, Mass.
 GEORGE R. W. SCOTT, 1864 Newton, Mass.
 HERMAN D. SEARS, 1898 New York, N. Y.
 FRANCIS H. SEELEY, 1863 Delhi, N. Y.
 HENRY H. SEELY, 1894 Middlebury, Vt.

LOCKWOOD M. SEELY, 1895 . . .	East Orange, N. J.
H. ELROY SESSIONS, 1898 . . .	Middlebury, Vt.
MILTON L. SEVERANCE, 1859 . . .	Middlebury, Vt.
LOUIS W. SEVERY, 1900 . . .	Middlebury, Vt.
ANNAH B. SHELDON, 1892 . . .	Bristol, Vt.
SAMUEL SHELDON, 1883 . . .	Brooklyn, N. Y.
BERNIS W. SHERMAN, 1890 . . .	Chicago, Ill.
ELIJAH B. SHERMAN, 1860 . . .	Chicago, Ill.
LINUS E. SHERMAN, 1861 . . .	Colorado Springs, Col.
WILLIAM R. SHIPMAN, 1859 . . .	Somerville, Mass.
DAVID K. SIMONDS, 1862 . . .	Manchester, Vt.
ABNER SMITH, 1866 . . .	Chicago, Ill.
ALICE M. SMITH, 1900 . . .	Hyde Park, Mass.
CLAYTON O. SMITH, 1899 . . .	Willsboro, N. Y.
NATHAN B. SMITH, 1863 . . .	Pulaski, N. Y.
LUCY W. SOUTHWICK, 1899 . . .	Worcester, Mass.
HILAND SOUTHWORTH, 1875 . . .	Abilene, Kas.
AUSTIN O. SPOOR, 1874 . . .	Winooski, Vt.
ANDREW T. STAPLETON, 1877 . . .	Middlebury, Vt.
JAMES E. STAPLETON, 1870 . . .	Middlebury, Vt.
JESSE STEARNS, 1883 . . .	New York, N. Y.
CHARLES G. STEELE, 1860 . . .	Boston, Mass.
HARRIETTE H. STEELE, 1895 . . .	Boston, Mass.
JOHN E. STETSON, 1900 . . .	Hanover, Mass.
JOHN W. STEWART, 1846 . . .	Middlebury, Vt.
CHARLES F. STONE, 1869 . . .	Laconia, N. H.
EDWARD P. STONE, 1853 . . .	Lapeer, Mich.
GEORGE W. STONE, 1899 . . .	Newton, N. J.
ANNIS M. STURGES, 1899 . . .	Centreville, Mass.
BYRON SUNDERLAND, 1838 . . .	Washington, D. C.
FANNY M. SUTTON, 1898 . . .	Shelburne, Vt.
EDWARD Y. SWIFT, 1850 . . .	Detroit, Mich.
FREDERICK G. SWININGTON, 1875 . . .	Rutland, Vt.
BEATRICE K. TAFT, 1900 . . .	Greenville, N. H.
WINIFRED L. TAFT, 1900 . . .	Greenville, N. H.

JAMES TEN BROEKE, 1884	Toronto, Canada.
ALLEN TENNY, 1856	Providence, R. I.
CHANDLER N. THOMAS, 1861	Bristol, Vt.
GRACE S. THOMAS, 1891	East Orange, N. J.
JOHN M. THOMAS, 1890	East Orange, N. J.
CHARLES B. TOLEMAN, 1894	Little Britain, N. Y.
ELIJAH M. TORREY, 1854	East Dorset, Vt.
WILLIS I. TWITCHELL, 1877	Hartford, Conn.
ALBERT W. VARNEY, 1886	Burlington, Vt.
BESSIE C. VERDER, 1898	Rutland, Vt.
BLANCHE A. VERDER, 1895	Rutland, Vt.
HEDLEY A. VICKER, 1895	Sennett, N. Y.
RUFUS WAINWRIGHT, 1852	Middlebury, Vt.
RUFUS WAINWRIGHT, JR., 1899	Montreal, Canada.
ALDACE F. WALKER, 1862	New York, N. Y.
EDGAR L. WALKER, 1872	North Blenheim, N. Y.
FREDERICK H. WALKER, 1891	Burlington, Vt.
HENRY F. WALKER, 1860	New York, N. Y.
CHARLES B. WARNER, 1877	Port Henry, N. Y.
ERNEST J. WATERMAN, 1899	Brattleboro, Vt.
EMMA P. WAY, 1900	Manchester, Vt.
BENJAMIN M. WELD, 1877	New Haven, Vt.
JOHN G. WELLINGTON, 1838	Middlebury, Vt.
HARRY E. WELLS, 1894	Middlebury, Vt.
THEODORE D. WELLS, 1898	Middlebury, Vt.
CHARLES E. WHEELER, 1900	Sidney, N. Y.
JOEL T. WHITNEY, 1868	Eldred, N. Y.
LUELLA C. WHITNEY, 1898	So. Ashburnham, Mass.
MARCUS D. WHITNEY, 1897	Hyde Park, Vt.
CHARLES M. WILDS, 1875	Middlebury, Vt.
JOHN K. WILLIAMS, 1860	Peacham, Vt.
A. BUSH WILLMARTH, 1900	Middlebury, Vt.
ORLANDO WOOSTER, 1844	Rutland, Vt.
BELLE E. WRIGHT, 1900	New Haven, Vt.

GEORGE M. WRIGHT, 1874 New York, N. Y.
 GEORGE S. WRIGHT, 1895 Bethel, Vt.

NON-GRADUATES.

GEORGE H. BAILEY, 1864 Ferrisburg, Vt.
 FRANK L. BELL, 1891 Glens Falls, N. Y.
 J. EDWY BUTTOLPH, 1882 Middlebury, Vt.

THADDEUS M. CHAPMAN, 1866 . . Middlebury, Vt.
 LOUISE E. CLIFT, 1887 Middlebury, Vt.
 S. B. M. COWLES, 1858 New Haven, Vt.

ALONZO B. HEPBURN, 1871 New York, N. Y.
 OLA R. HOUGHTON, 1900 Middlebury, Vt.
 OLIVE B. HOUGHTON, 1900 Middlebury, Vt.

JULIA E. LEAVENWORTH, 1884 . . Cleveland, O.

EDWARD J. MATHEWS, 1850 Middlebury, Vt.
 CHARLES D. MEAD, 1851 Middlebury, Vt.

EDWIN F. PRESTON, 1884 Ticonderoga, N. Y.

WALTER L. SHELDON, 1880 St. Louis, Mo.
 WILLIAM H. SHELDON, 1880 Middlebury, Vt.

MAY B. TAYLOR, 1896 Middlebury, Vt.

FRANK H. WARNER, 1881 West Cornwall, Vt.
 ETHEL L. WATERMAN, 1899 Brattleboro, Vt.

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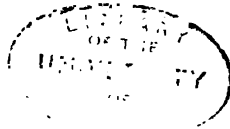
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